BOTSFORD COLLECTION *of* FOLK SONGS



With English Versions by American Poets

Compiled and Edited by

FLORENCE HUDSON BOTSFORD

VOLUME 1. The Americas, Asia and Africa

VOLUME 2. Northern Europe VOLUME 3. Southern Europe

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G. SCHIRMER (INC.)
NEW YORK

ST. FRANCIS CONVENT
MUSIC DEPARTMENT
TIFFIN ✠ OHIO

BOTSFORD COLLECTION OF FOLK-SONGS

With English Versions by American Poets

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An Introduction
By CARL ENGEL
Appears in Volume One of this Collection

VOLUME TWO
Northern Europe

ST. FRANCIS CONVENT
MUSIC DEPARTMENT
TIFFIN ⁘ OHIO

There I beheld a book
With golden leaves clasped by two chrysolites
Inscribed, "Of Humble Folk, Their Lives."
And when one opened it, headlong there came
A flood of simple, importuning song—
Lays of the throstle and the soaring lark,
With now and then a note from nightingale.
. . . We might have had more joy of nightingales
But for the mourning of unnumbered doves.
—Images of a Mystic.

G. SCHIRMER (INC.), NEW YORK

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146 East 61st Street

December 2, 1929.

G. Schirmer, (Inc.),
3 East 43rd Street,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:-

The "Botsford Collection of Folk Songs" compiled and edited by Mrs. Florence Hudson Botsford seems to me to be the most important contribution in that field of music which has been published in our country. The collection represents an incredible amount of research guided by an unerring instinct and the finest musical perception. The wealth and beauty of the songs of many races is truly astounding. Such a treasure-trove should be in the hands of every family that possesses a piano and enough voices to express themselves musically.

Very sincerely yours,

Walter Damrosch

FOREWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This revised edition of FOLK-SONGS contains many examples not found in previous editions and the larger part of the collection has never before been translated into English.

The editor has been guided throughout by a single purpose—to select the best known and most loved folk and composed songs—preferring those upon which time and usage have set the seal of approval. Nor has this choice been arbitrary since final decisions have frequently been made by native singers. It is hoped, therefore, that every selection will be found acceptable in the school and the home. The folk-lore student will miss odd and obscure songs—also many found in famous collections. Music lovers may look in vain for their favorites or find others in unexpected places. Many of these songs have been taken from the lips of singers in their own countries; but this fact, while it helps to determine the source of a folk-song, is not conclusive. World peoples are in constant migration. Their songs cross neighboring boundaries like seeds upon the wind. Where good tunes fall they persist and flourish, their life springs from the emotions and their natural soil is the human heart.

In bringing together songs of different races and translating them into a single language we make it possible for all lovers of music to enjoy a common heritage. But the rendering must be sympathetic as well as metrical. On the subject of translations authorities agree that a singing message in one tongue can rarely be conveyed to another without loss. Native singers who are bi-lingual quickly detect omissions and interpolations, and they resent the practice of separating the melody from the original text and substituting new words. A folk-song is a racial expression and the theme is wedded to the tune by use and tradition.

Indexed in these volumes are melodies from over forty different tongues and dialects and their use over a long period of time furnishes striking proof of song universality. With little urging or practice, scores of the foreign-born in this country have united their voices in singing each others' songs in the English language. For this triumph we must thank our lyric poets of distinction and verse-makers of merit who have thus given fresh proof of the flexibility of the English tongue.

The editor wishes to make acknowledgments to men and women in foreign countries who have generously assisted in making records of their folk-songs; to foreign-born men and women of this country for contributions placed at her disposal; to translators without whose aid the collection could not have been completed.

It is to be regretted that space does not allow individual mention of these co-workers, hundreds in number.

The editor is under obligation to musicians and composers for unsigned arrangements; especially to Franklin W. Robinson, for criticism and encouragement; also to Helen Jauncey Kingsbury, whose enthusiasm in the preparation of these songs has been a constant help.

Members of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations have always generously co-operated. The Chairmen of the Department of Immigration and Foreign Committees—Mrs. R. L. Dickinson, Mrs. Edith Terry Bremer, and Mrs. Elizabeth Hendee—have had long experience with the many-sided problems of immigration. Their interest and support has been unfailing.

Research has been furthered by the music collections in the British Museum, in Petrograd, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Bergen, The Hague, Brussels, Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Milan, Rome, Vienna and Budapest, as well as the public libraries of the United States. Hearty thanks are extended for kindly help of officials in these libraries.

These songs have been edited with permission of authors and publishers wherever known.

FLORENCE HUDSON BOTSFORD.

New York City,
November, 1929.

CONTENTS

PAGE

FOREWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS v

I.

SONGS OF THE BRITISH ISLES:

England 1
Scotland 13
Ireland 24
Wales 43

II.

SCANDINAVIAN SONGS:

Denmark 46
Sweden 63
Norway 78

III.

SONGS OF BOTHNIAN AND BALTIC LANDS:

Finland 93
Esthonia 112
Latvia 121
Lithuania 125

IV.

SONGS OF POLAND 137

V.

SONGS OF RUSSIA AND THE UKRAINE 173

VI.

SONGS OF GERMANY 215

VII.

SONGS OF THE LOW COUNTRIES:

Belgium 227
The Netherlands 235

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF SONGS 244

I.

SONGS OF THE BRITISH ISLES

	PAGE
ENGLAND	1
SCOTLAND	13
IRELAND	24
WALES	43

34888

SONGS OF ENGLAND

PAGE

Summer is a-Coming in 2

The Willow Song 4

The Three Ravens 6

Sally in our Alley 8

Come, Lasses and Lads 10

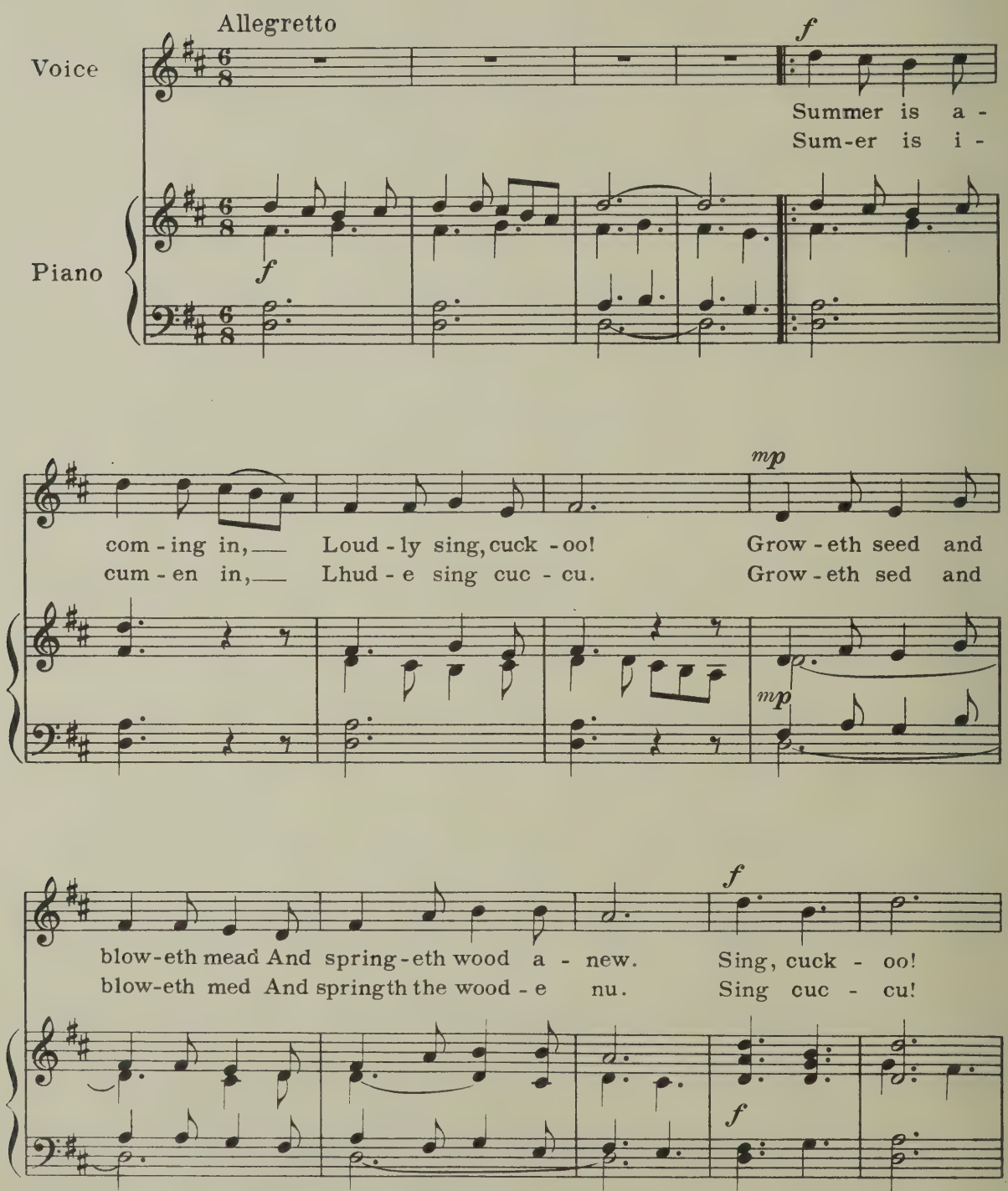
The First Nowell 12

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Summer is a-coming in

(Sumer is icumen in)

About A.D. 1250

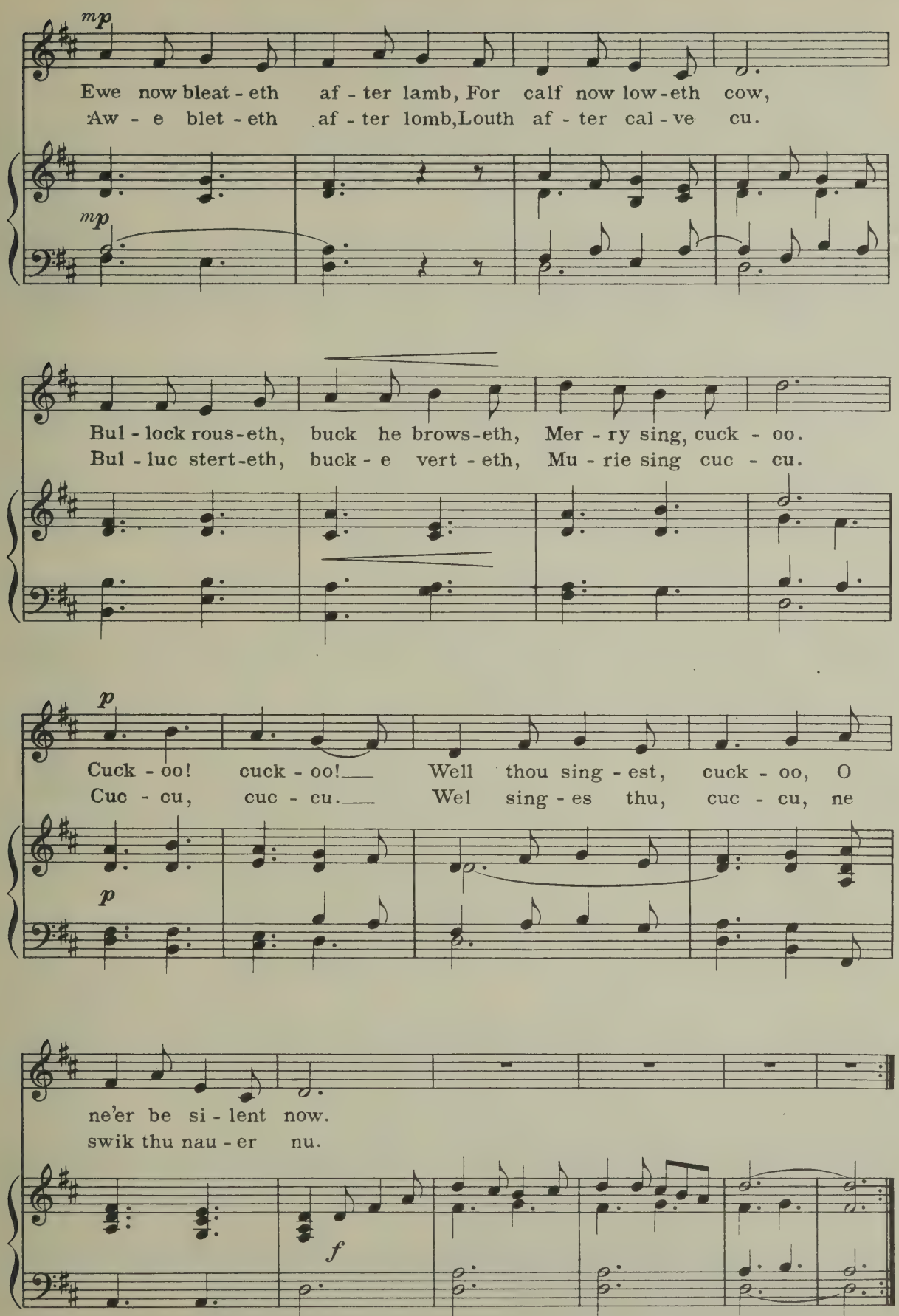


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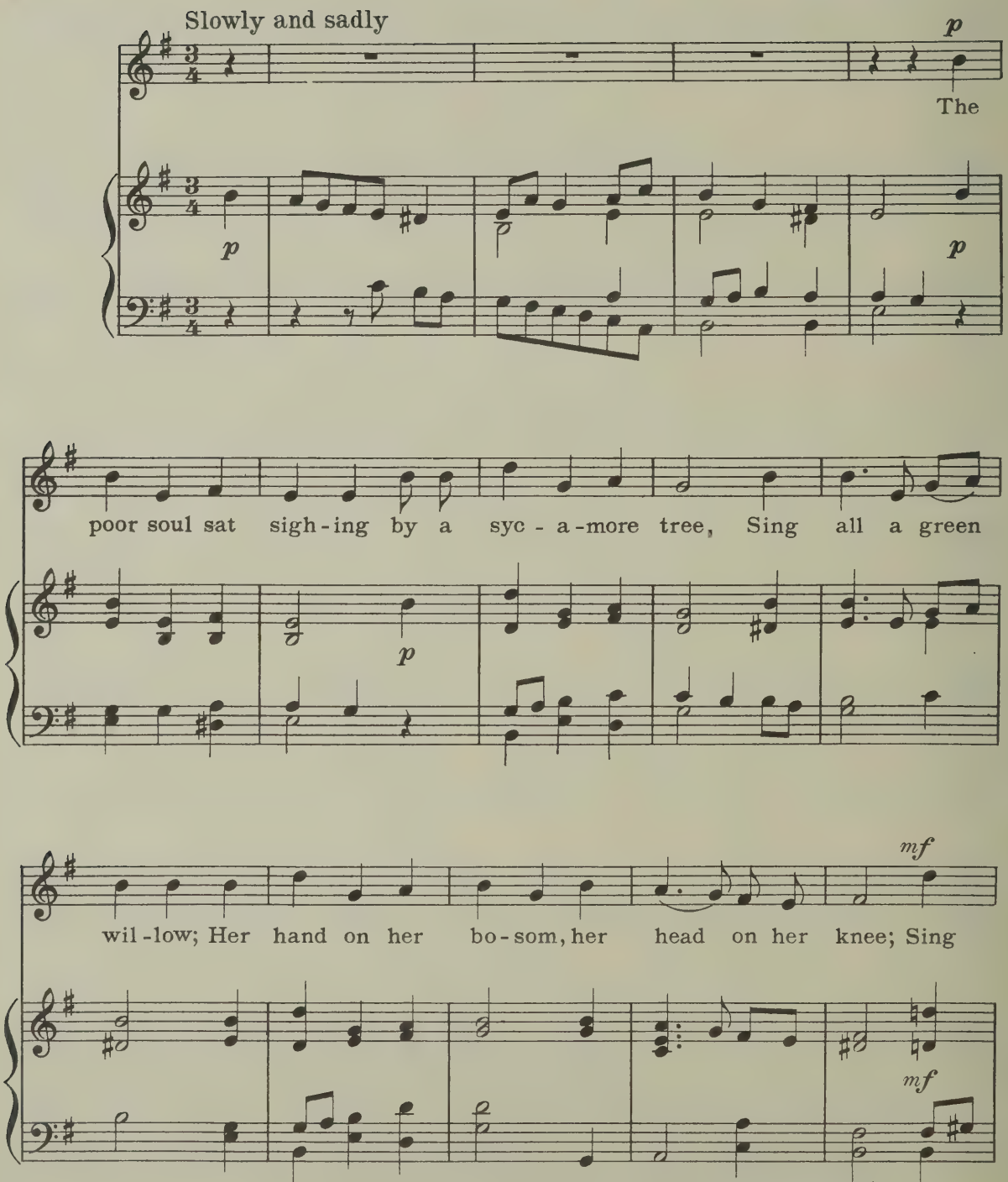
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Printed in the U. S. A.


mp
Ewe now bleat - eth af - ter lamb, For calf now low - eth cow,
Aw - e blet - eth af - ter lomb, Louth af - ter cal - ve cu.
mp
Bul - lock rous - eth, buck he brows - eth, Mer - ry sing, cuck - oo.
Bul - luc stert - eth, buck - e vert - eth, Mu - rie sing cuc - cu.
p
Cuck - oo! cuck - oo! Well thou sing - est, cuck - oo, O
Cuc - cu, cuc - cu. Wel sing - es thu, cuc - cu, ne
p
ne'er be si - lent now.
swik thu nau - er nu.
f

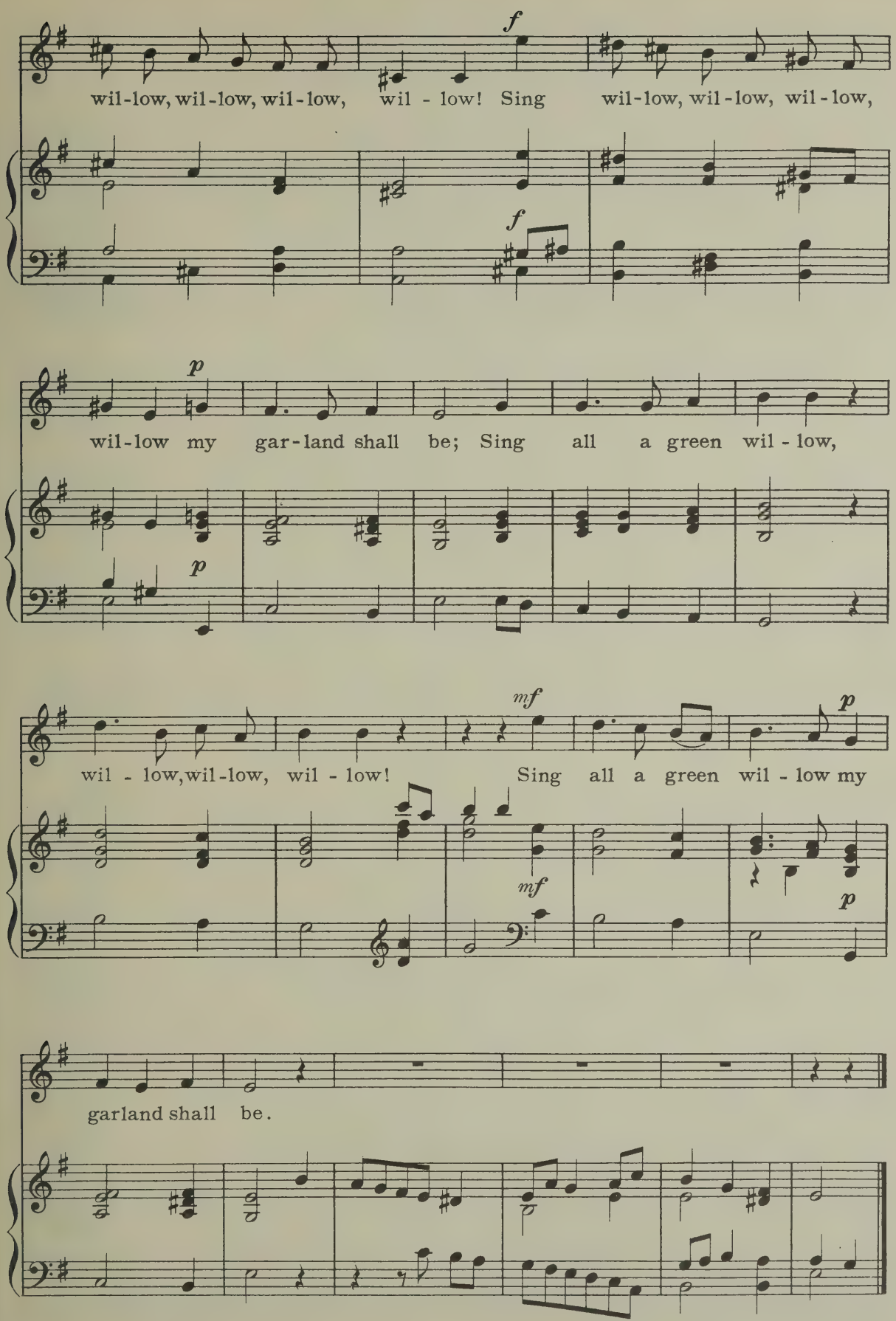
The Willow Song

Time of Elizabeth



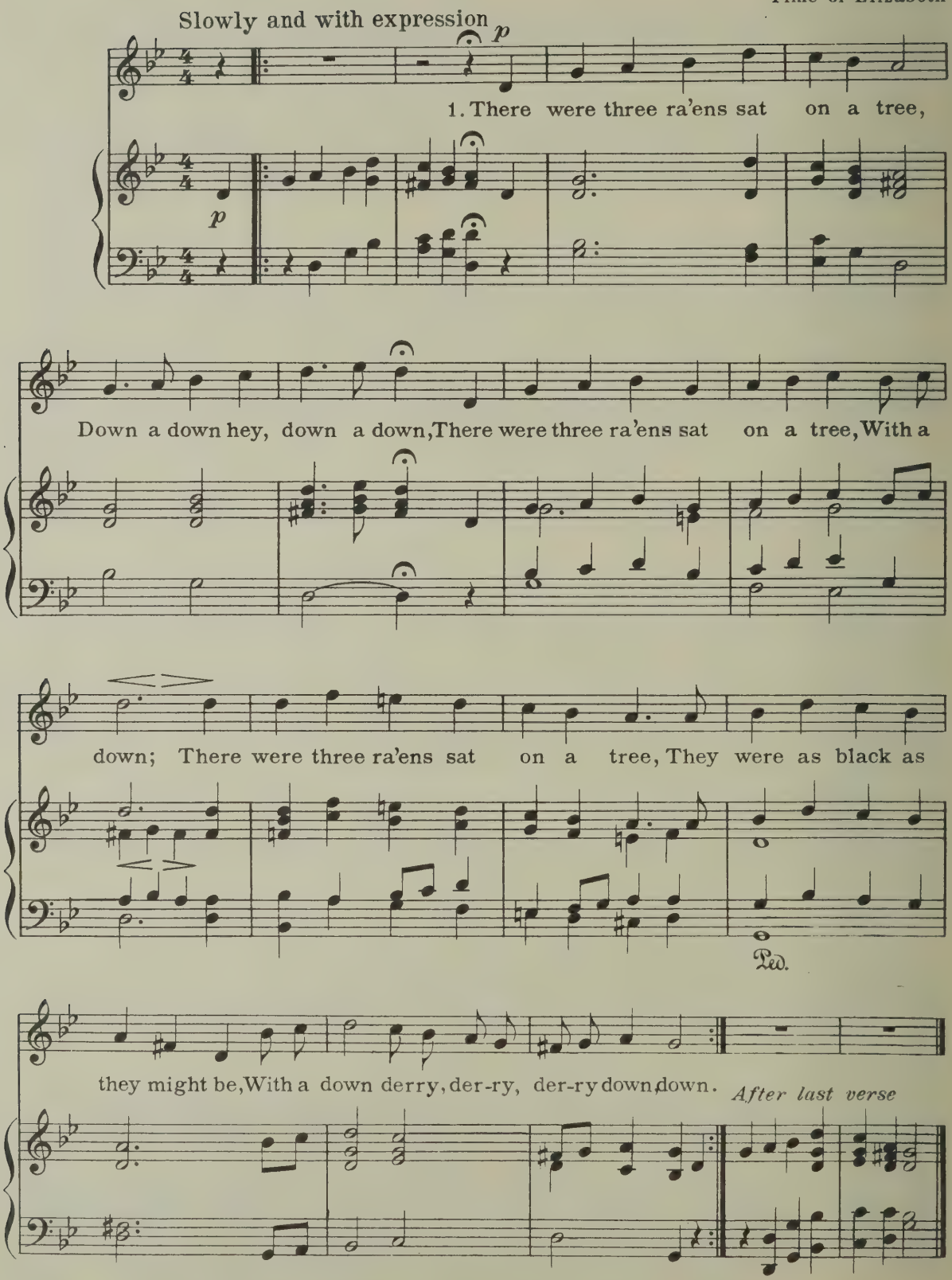
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wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, wil - low! Sing wil-low, wil-low, wil-low,
wil-low my gar-land shall be; Sing all a green wil - low,
wil - low, wil-low, wil - low! Sing all a green wil - low my
garland shall be.

The Three Ravens

Time of Elizabeth



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The Three Ravens

I

There were three ra'ens sat on a tree,
Down a down, hey, down a down,
There were three ra'ens sat on a tree,
With a down;
There were three ra'ens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be,
With a down, derry, derry, derry down down.

II

Then one of them said to his mate,
O where shall we our breakfast take?

III

Down in yonder green field
There lies a knight slain 'neath his shield.

IV

His hounds they lie down at his feet,
So well do they their master keep.

V

His hawks they fly so eagerly,
There's no fowl that dare come him nigh.

VI

Down there comes a fallow doe,
As great with young as she might go.

VII

She lifted up his bloody head,
And kiss'd his wounds that were so red.

VIII

She got him upon her back,
And carried him to earthern lake.

IX

She buried him before the prime;
She was dead herself ere eventime.

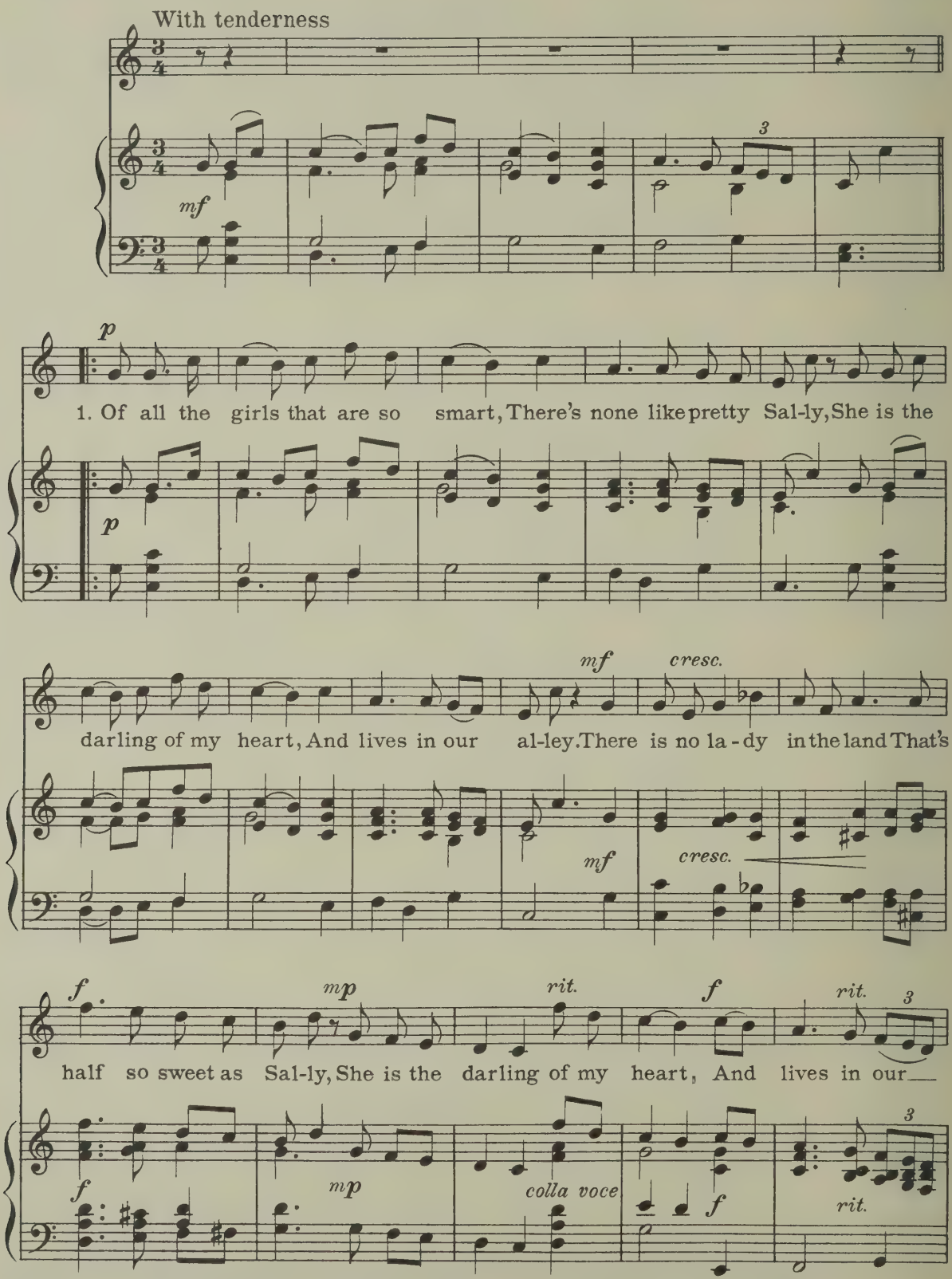
X

God send to every gentleman
Such hawks, and hounds, and such a leman.

Sally in Our Alley

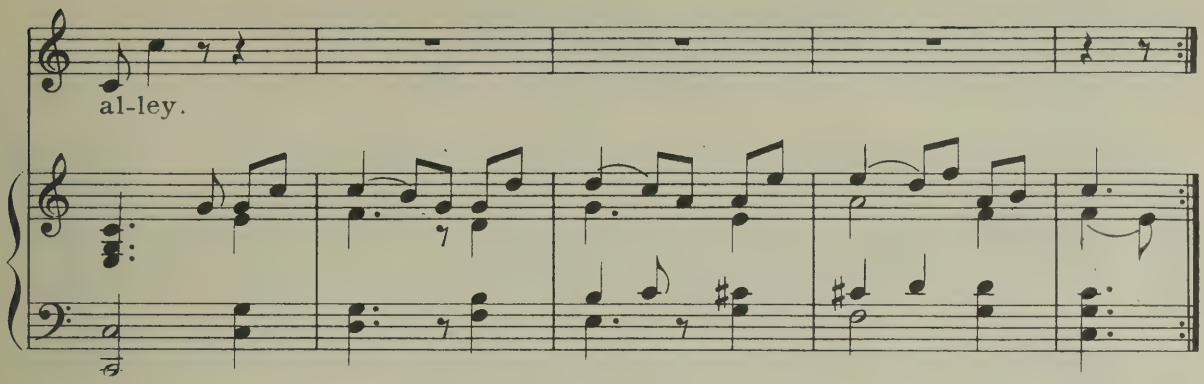
Words by Henry Carey

Tune, time of Charles I



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Sally in Our Alley

I

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart
And lives in our alley.
There's ne'er a lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

II

Her father he makes cabbage nets
And through the streets does cry them;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy them;
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

III

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang, long as he will,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

IV

Of all the days are in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday:
For then I'm drest in all my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

V

My master carries me to church,
And often I am blamèd,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
Soon as the text is namèd.
I leave the church in sermon-time,
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

VI

When Christmas comes about again,
O then I shall have money,
I'll hoard it up, and box and all
I'll give unto my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pounds;
I'd give it all to Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

VII

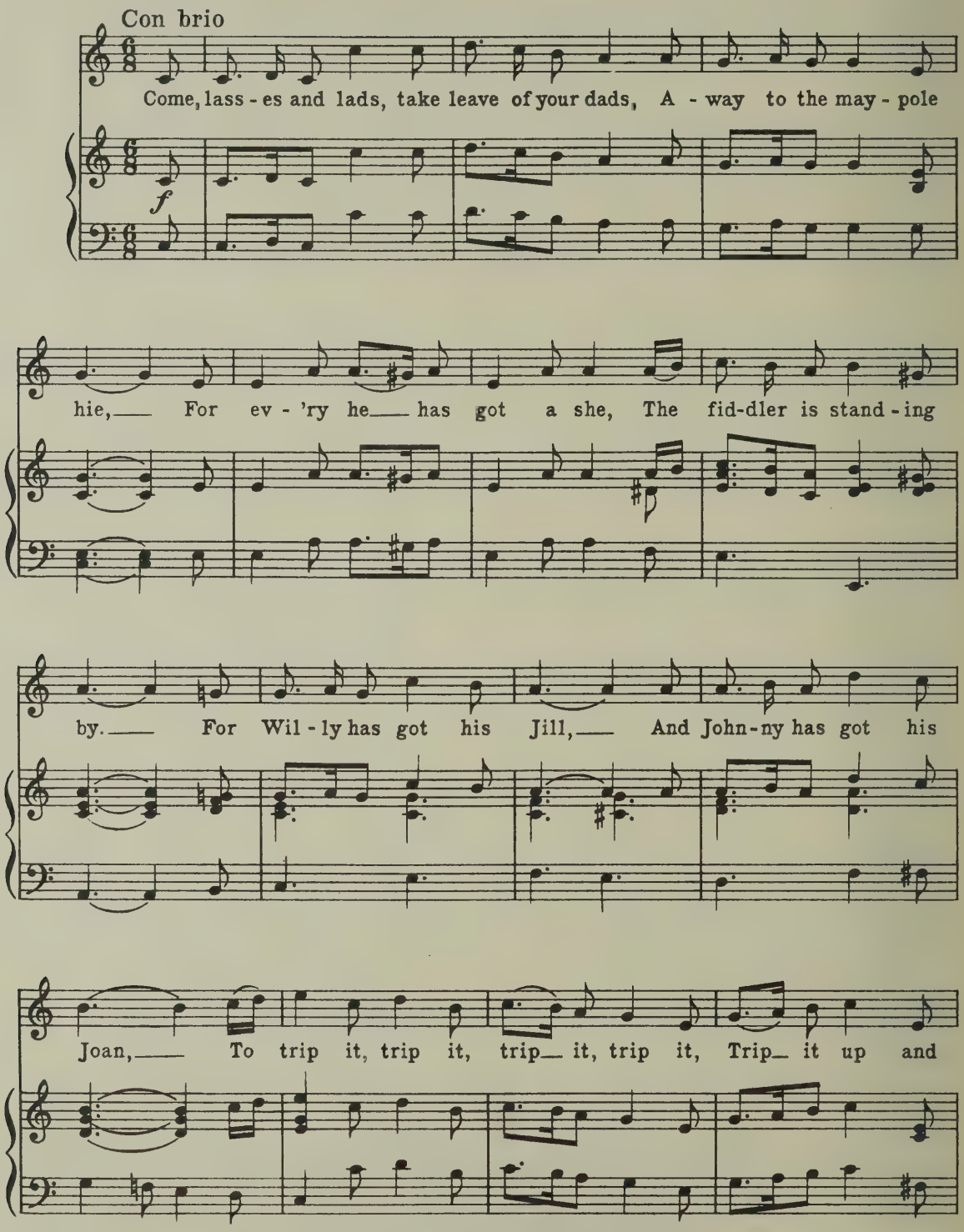
My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her I'd better be
A slave and row a galley.
But when my sev'n long years are out,
Oh! then I'll marry Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And lives in our alley.

Come, Lasses and Lads

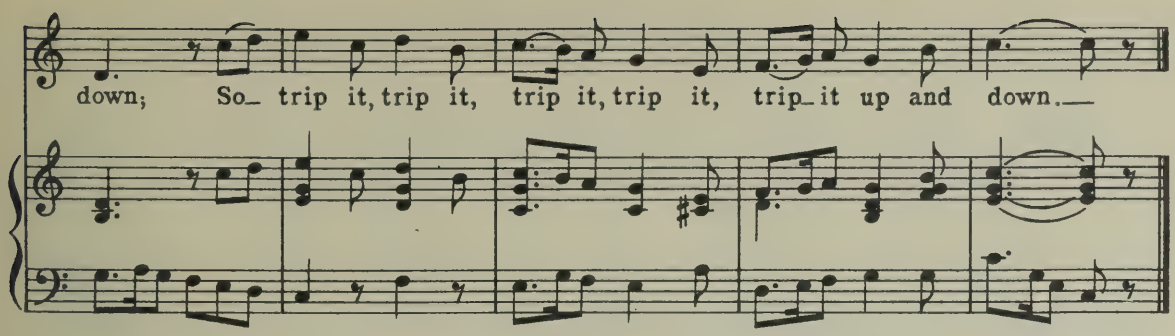
Traditional

17th Century

May-Pole Dance



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Come, Lasses and Lads

Come, lasses and lads, take leave of your dads,
Away to the may-pole hie,
For every he has got a she,
The fiddler is standing by.
For Willy has got his Jill,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down.

"Strike up!" says Watt,—"Strike up!" says Matt,
"I pray thee, fiddler, play";
"Content," says Hodge,—"The same," says Madge,
"For this is a holiday."
Then every lad did doff
His hat off to his lass,
And every girl did curtsey, curtsey,
Curtsey on the grass.

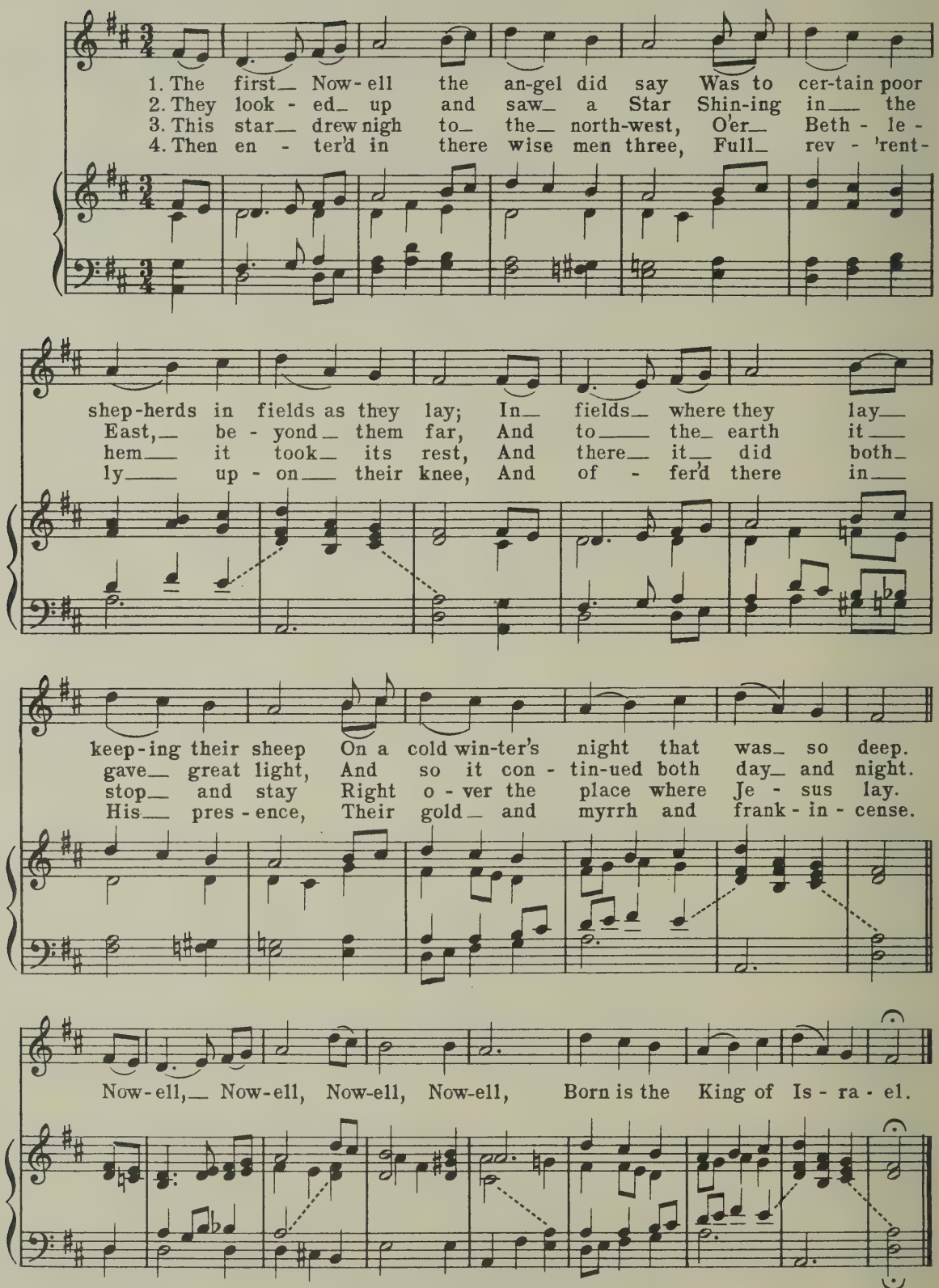
"You're out," says Dick,—"I'm not," says Nick,
"The fiddler played it wrong";
"It's true," says Hugh,—"It's true," says Sue,
And so says every one.
The fiddler, he began
To play the tune again,
And every girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it, to the men.

"Let's kiss," says Jane,—"Let's kiss," says Nan,
And so says every she;
"One, two," says Batt,—"No, three," says Matt,
"For that is a maiden's fee."
And then instead of three,
The men took half-a-score,
The maids in kindness, kindness, kindness,
Kindness, gave them more.

The First Nowell

Traditional

Harmonized by Carl Deis



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SONGS OF SCOTLAND

PAGE

CALLER HERRIN' 14

THE BROWN LAD 17

HOGMANAY NIGHT 19

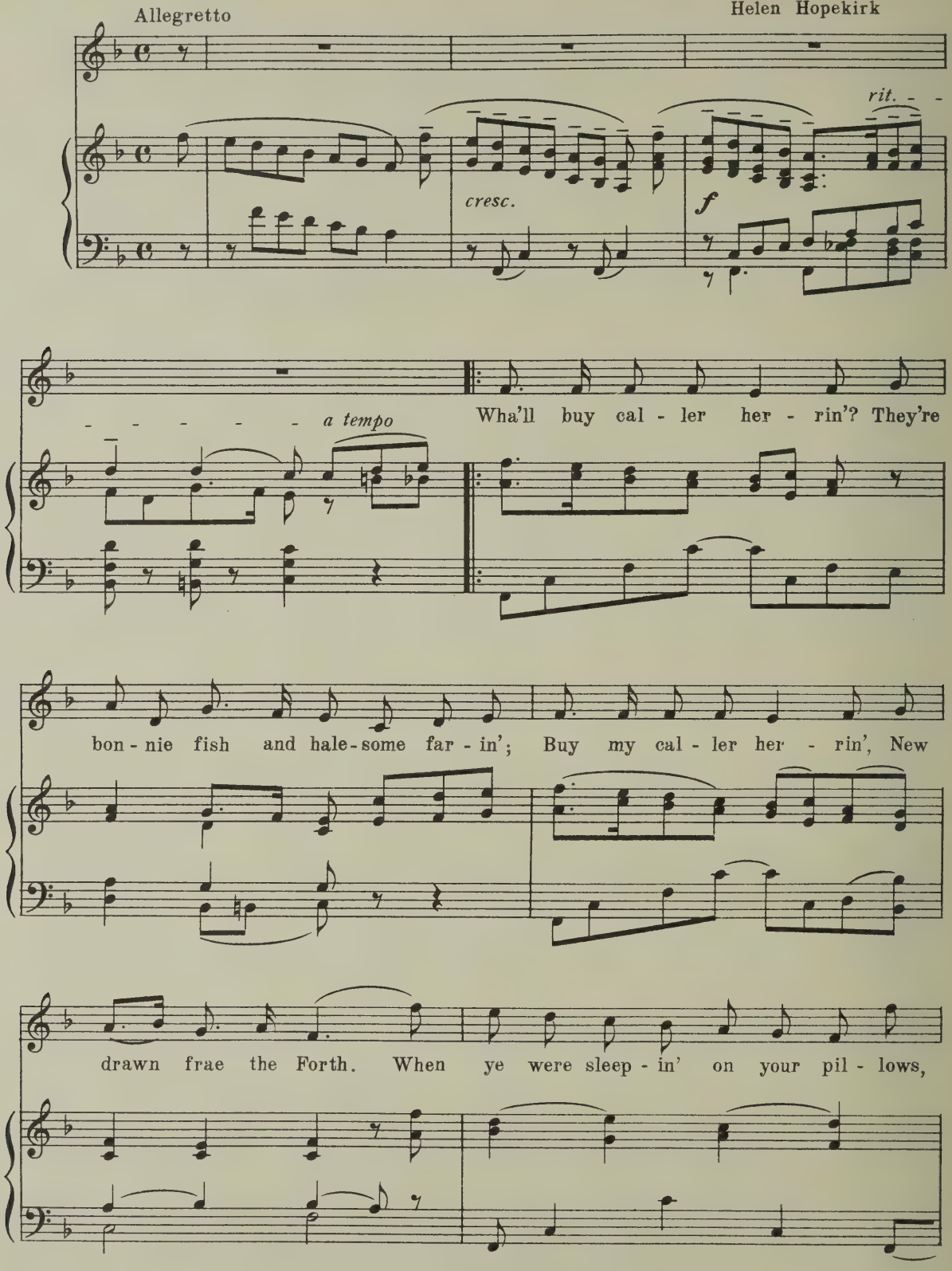
I CLIMB THE MOUNTAIN 21

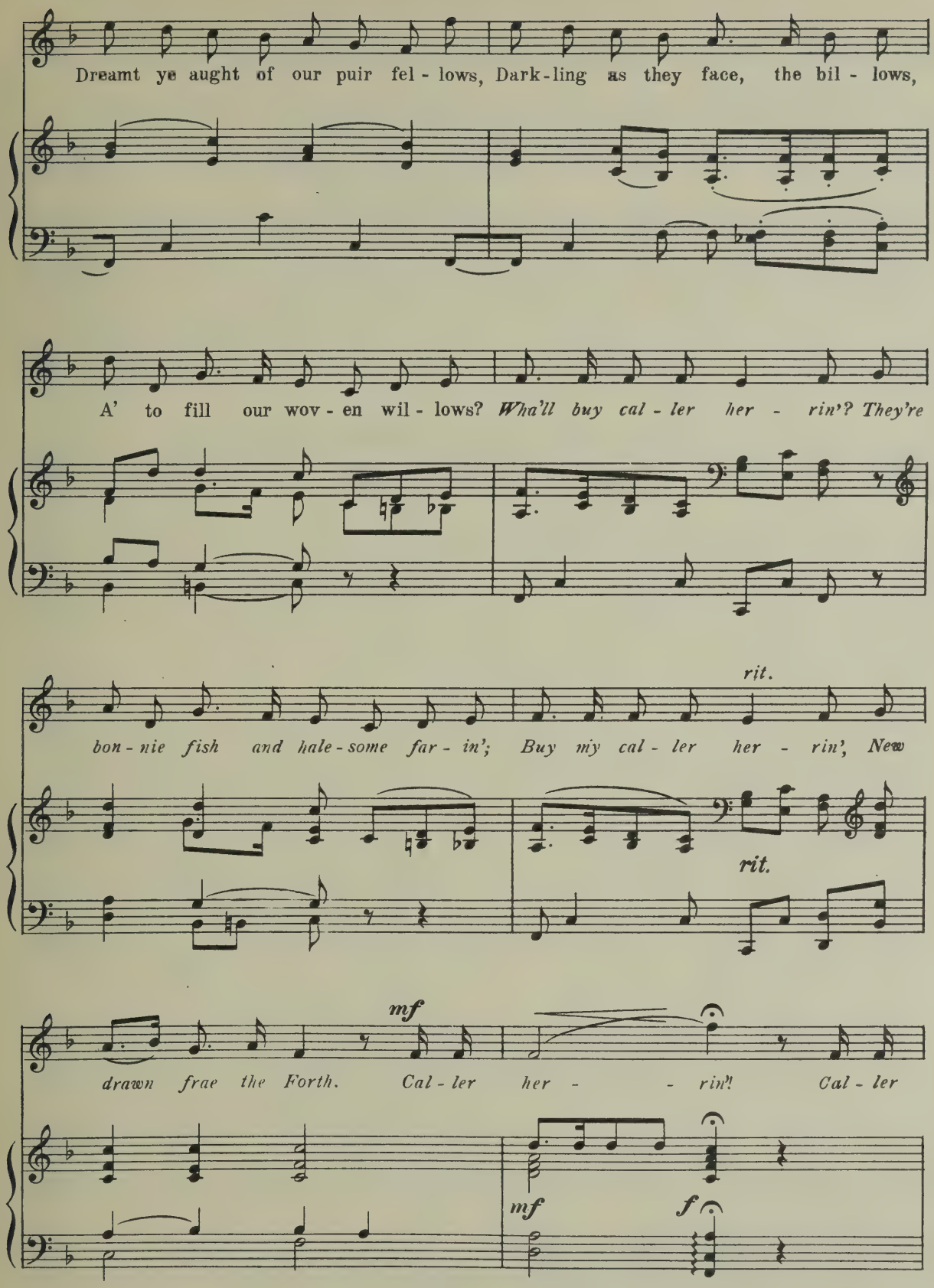
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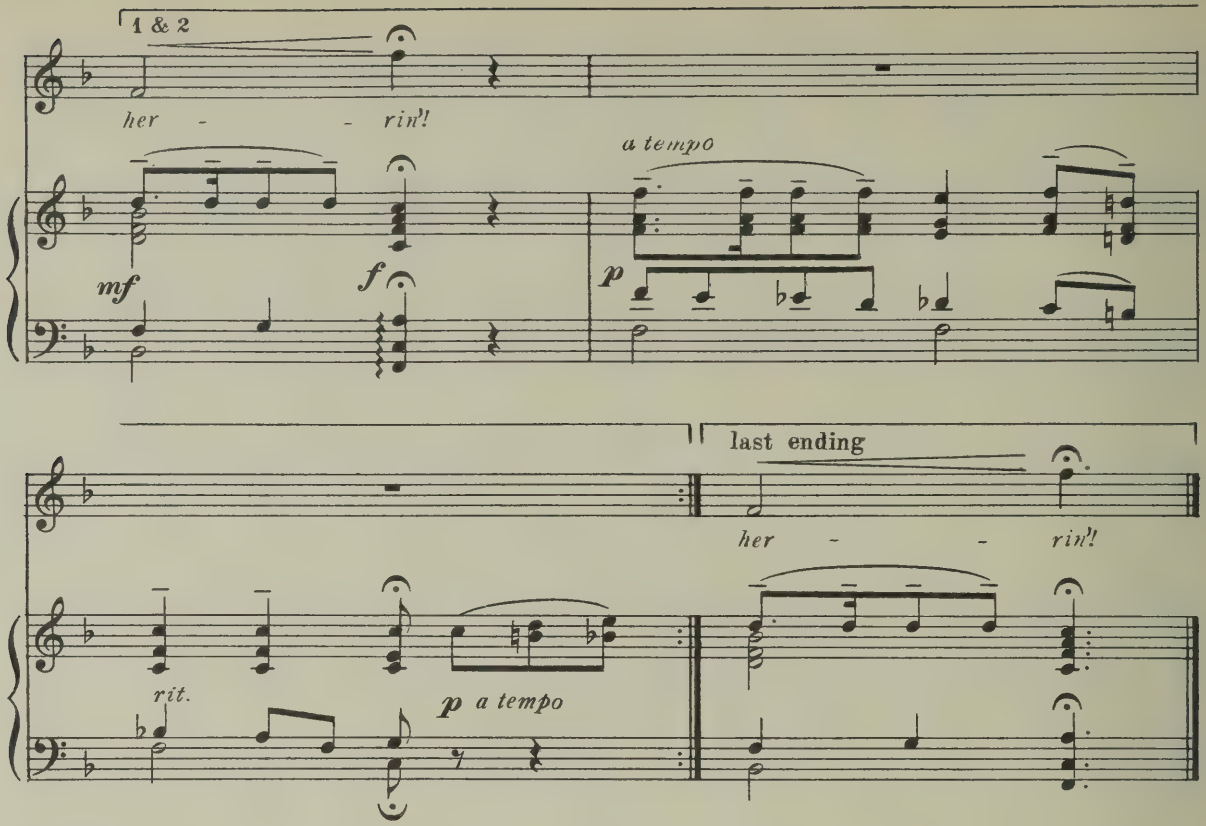
CALLER HERRIN'

Words by
Lady Caroline Nairne

Old Scots Air
Attributed to Nathaniel Gow
Arranged by
Helen Hopekirk




Dreamt ye aught of our puir fel - lows, Dark - ling as they face, the bil - lows,
A' to fill our wov - en wil - lows? Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin'? They're
bon - nie fish and hale - some far - in'; Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New
rit.
rit.
drawn frae the Forth. Cal - ler her - - rin'! Cal - ler
mf
mf
f



Caller Herrin'

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.
When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill our woven willows?

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth
Caller herrin'!
Caller herrin'!

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave darin'
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled through wind and rain.
When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silk and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
O ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.
Neebor wives! noo tent my tellin':
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in your dealin';
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'!

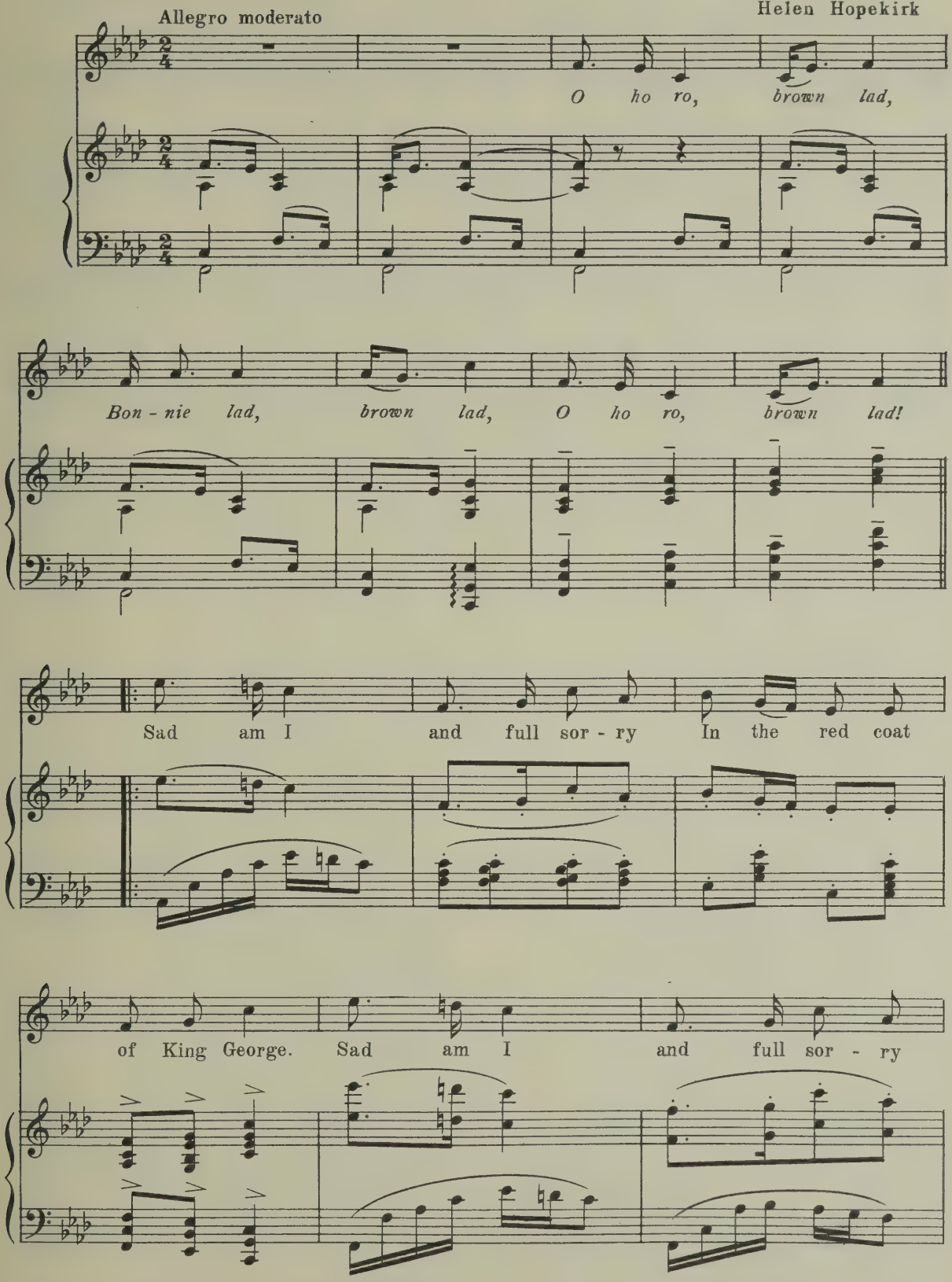
LADY CAROLINE NAIRNE

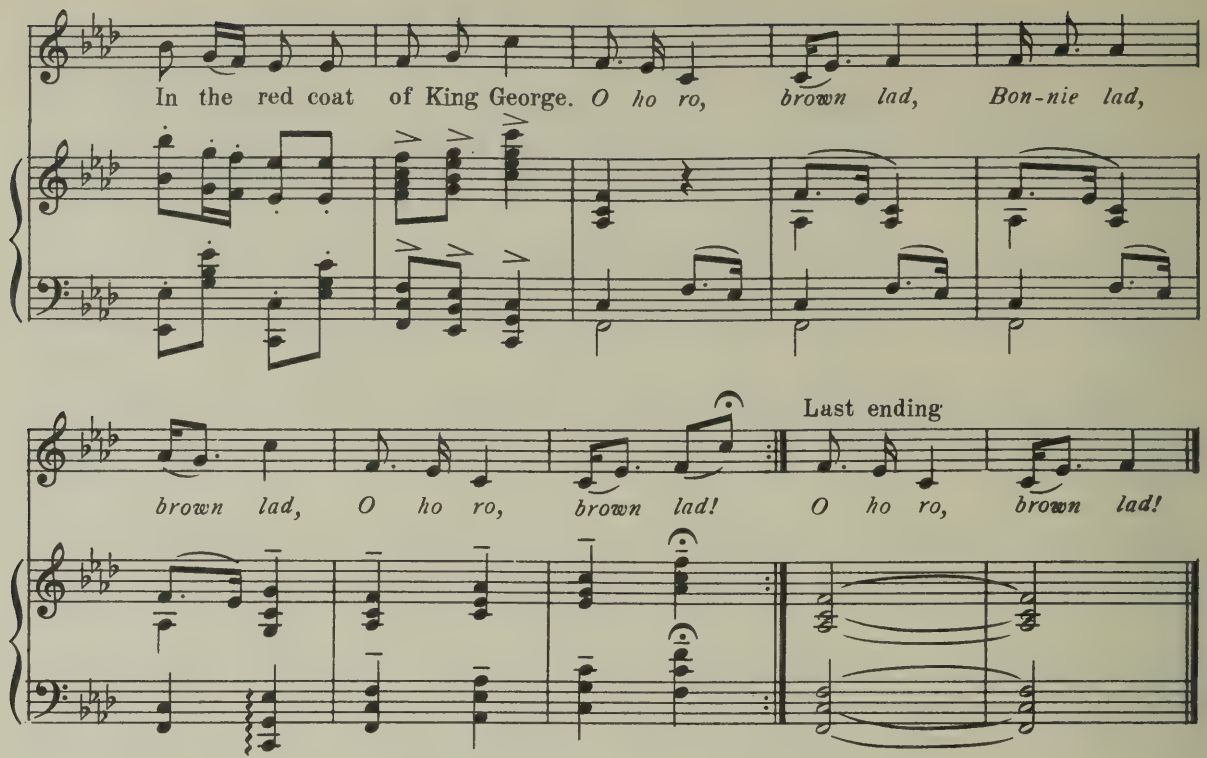
THE BROWN LAD

(Waulking Song from the Hebrides)

Translation by
Padraic Colum

Recorded by Amy Murray
Arranged by
Helen Hopekirk





An Gille Donn

O ho ro, 'ille dhuinn!
'Ille dhuinn, bhòidhich,
O ho ro, 'ille dhuinn!

Gur-a mis' tha fo mhulaid,
Giulan cùla Righ Deorsa.

Mi bhi 'giùlan a' ghunna,
Ann an Cuideachd a' Chòirneil.

Fhuair sinn òrdugh 'bhi 'marsadh,
Gu sràid nan ceum còhmnard.

Gu sràid nan ceum socrach,
Nach dochaim'n ar bròg an.

Luchd na còtaichean-ruadha,
Ga'n cur tairis do'n-t-Olaind.

Gur h-ann feasgar Di-Sathurn,
Thug sinn 'cath a bha deònach.

B'ioma té 'bha gun chèile
'N 'am èirigh Di-Domhnuich.

Agus nighean fir fearainn
'Bha 'na laidhe 'na-h-ourachd.

An deis a cèile 'thoirt uaipa,
'S nach fuasgaileadh òr e.

A's an-t-soiraidh s'gu'm leannan,
Theid mi dhachaidh ma's beò 'dhomh.

The Brown Lad

O ho ro, brown lad!
Bonnie lad, brown lad,
O ho ro, brown lad!

Sad am I and full sorry
In the red coat of King George.

Shouldering pack and musket
In the Colonel's infantry.

Marching as I am ordered,
Keeping step with rank and file.

Feet will grow sore and falter
For the first time shod with brogues.

Heavy will be the red coat
On the weary Holland march;

With the end of the marching,
Battle-lines fornenst us!

Many a wife left a widow
With the night of battle closed!

They'll not wish to be spending
Of the gold that is death's price.

Maids will mourn their staunch lovers
With heads bowed low to the ground!

Fare thee well, Morag, dear one!
If I live, I will come back.

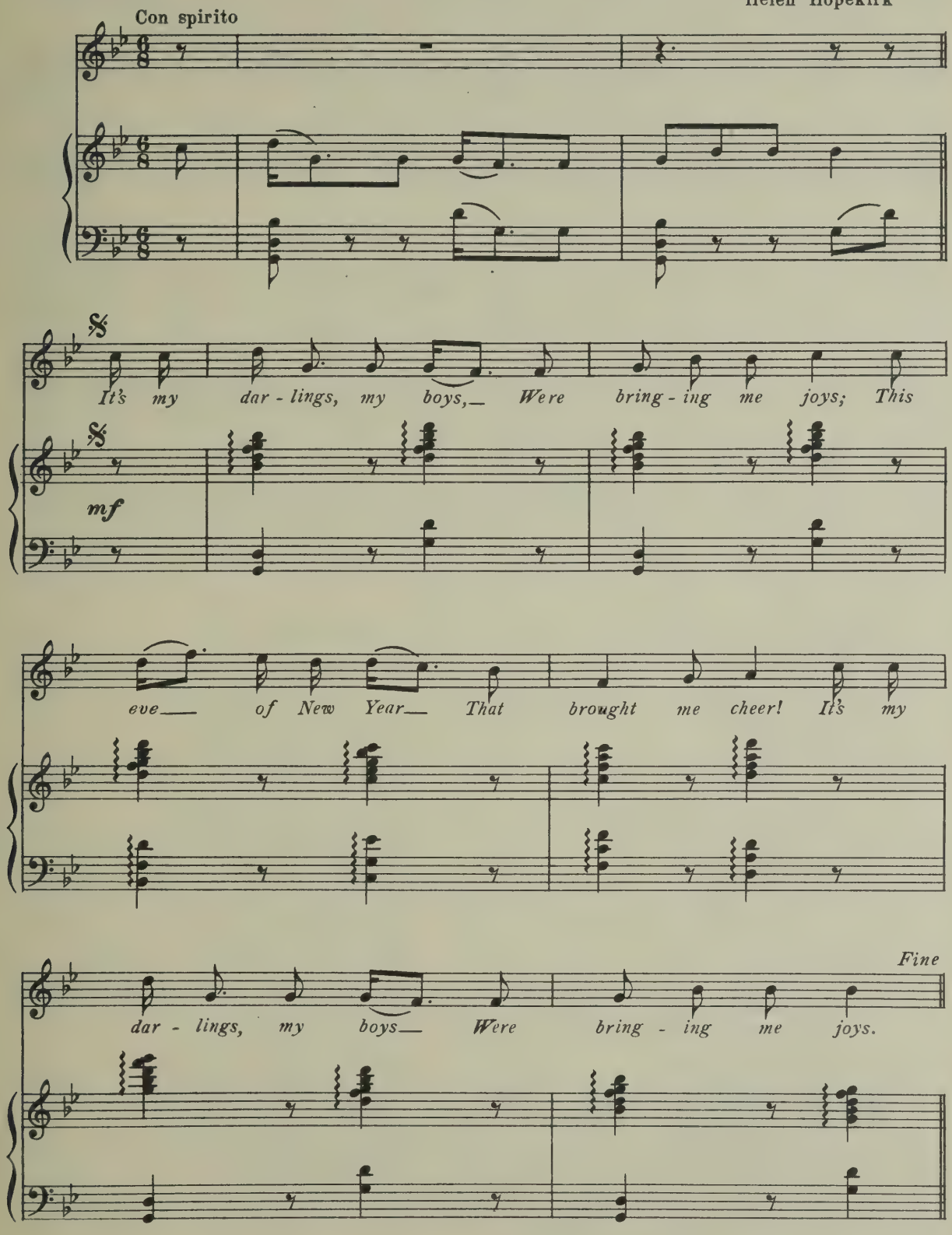
Translation by
PADRAIC COLUM

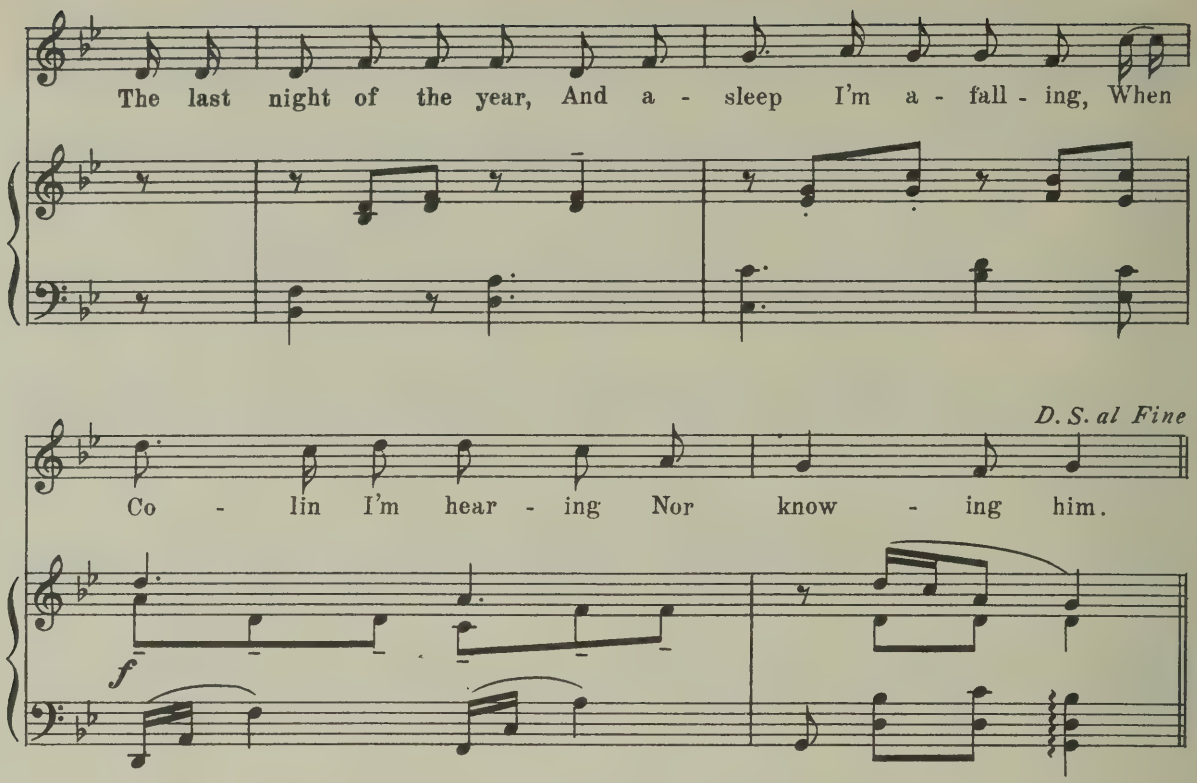
HOGMANAY NIGHT

(New Year's Song from the Hebrides)

Translation by
Amy Murray

Recorded by Amy Murray
Arranged by
Helen Hopekirk





Na Gillean Mo Rùin

'S e gillean mo rùin
A thug oirrn sunnd;
'S e so a bhliadhn'-ùr
Thug sòlas dhuinn;
'S e gillean mo rùin
A thug oirrn sunnd.

A chiad Oidhche dhe'n Challuin,
'S mi tuitean am chadal,
Gun cuala mi Chaluinn
Gun chòrd e rium.

Dol deasail an tigh',
Buille chruiadh ris na fraighean,
Bha caman an làimh
Gach òganaich.

'S e gillean Lochabar,
A Lochaidh nam bradan,
'E failead nan adag,
Nach còrdach riuth

Bha fear dhuibh 's an Fhraing
'S gun tainig e nall
Gun òl, sinn an dràm
'S an tòiseach leis.

Hogmanay Night

It's my darlings, my boys,
Were bringing me joys;
This eve of New Year
That brought me cheer!
It's my darlings, my boys,
Were bringing me joys.

The last night of the year,
And asleep I'm a-falling,
When Colin I'm hearing
Nor knowing him.

Going round the house sunwise
And beating the walls,
With their staves in their hands,
Every mother's son.

It's the boys from Lochaber,
From Lochy of salmon;
It's welcome they are
To this house of mine!

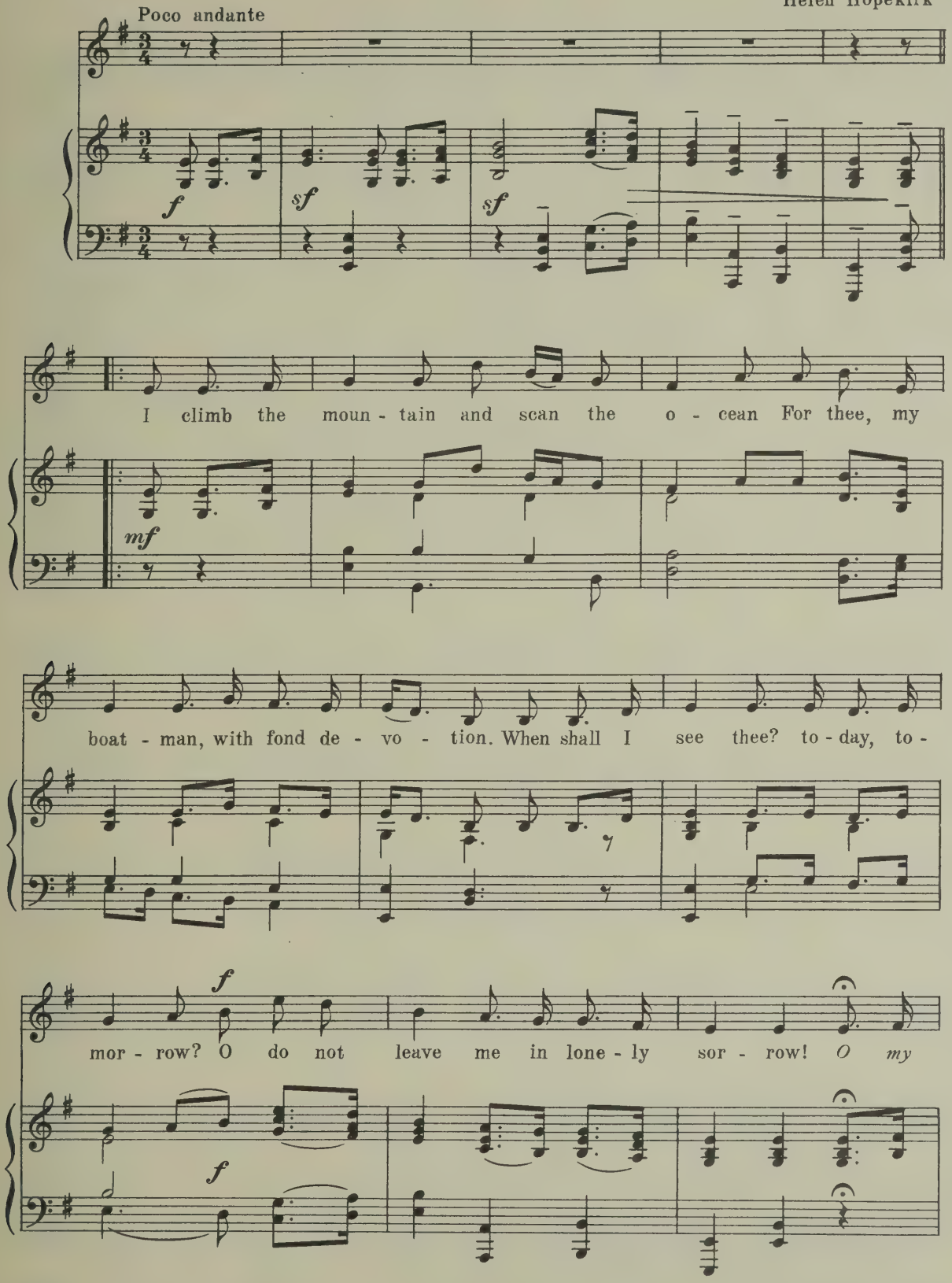
It's the dark man from France;
O he'll never be leaving
Without drinking the dram
I'll be pouring him.

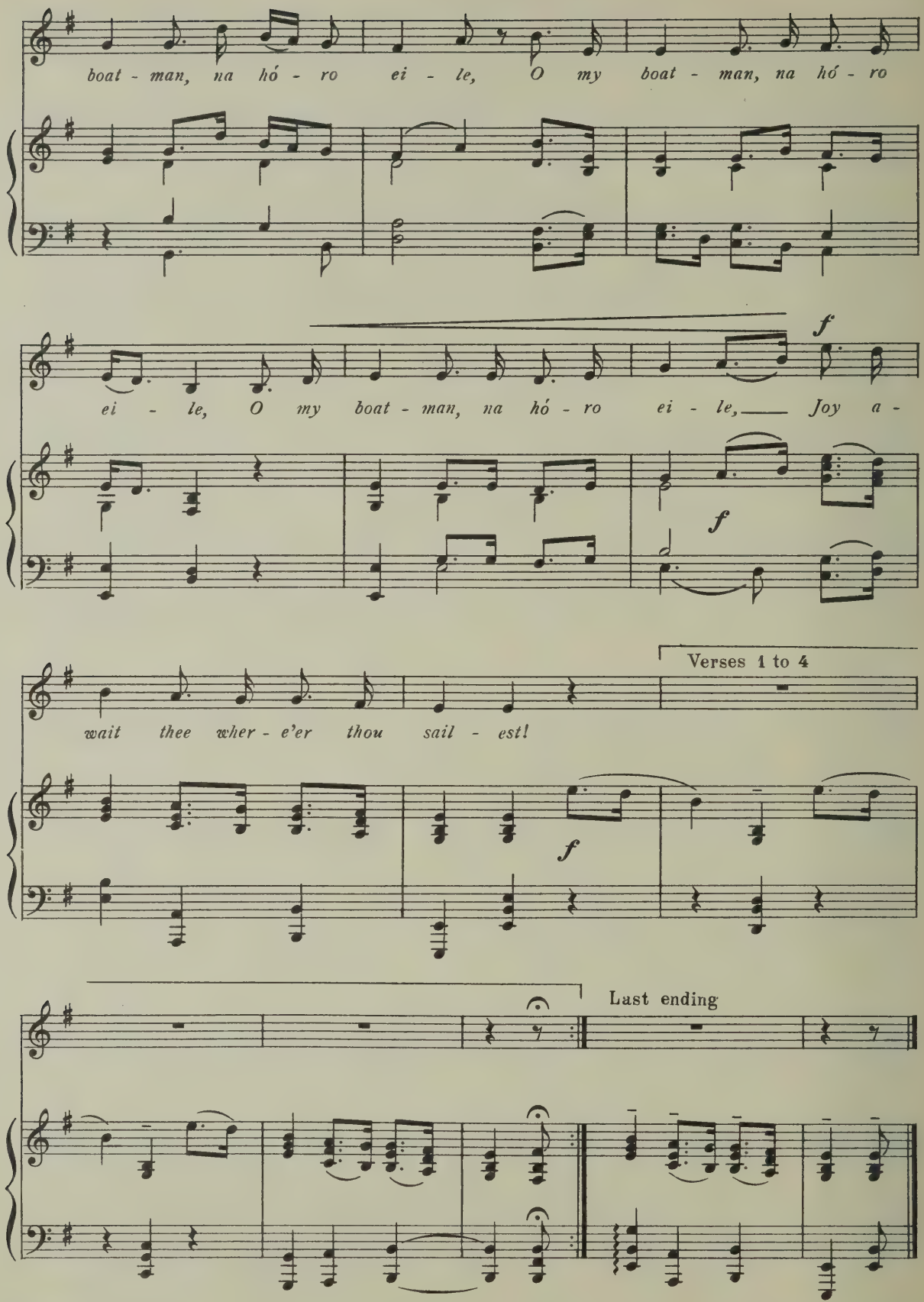
Translation by
AMY MURRAY

I CLIMB THE MOUNTAIN

Translation by
Lachlan MacBean

Old Gaelic Air
Arranged by
Helen Hopekirk




boat - man, na hó - ro ei - le, O my boat - man, na hó - ro
ei - le, O my boat - man, na hó - ro ei - le, Joy a -
f
f
wait thee wher - e'er thou sail - est!
Verses 1 to 4
f
Last ending

I Climb the Mountain*

I climb the mountain and scan the ocean
For thee, my boatman, with fond devotion.
When shall I see thee? today, tomorrow?
O do not leave me in lonely sorrow!

O my boatman, na hóro eile,]3
Joy await thee where'er thou sailest!

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover
If they have heard of, or seen my lover.
They never tell me; I'm only chided
And told my heart has been sore misguided.

My lover promised to bring his lady
A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,
A ring of gold which would show his semblance—
But O I fear me for his remembrance!

I may not hide it; my heart's devotion
Is not a season's brief emotion;
Thy love in childhood began to seize me,
And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,
Like wounded swan when her strength is failing;
Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,
By all her comrades at last forsaken.

Translation by
LACHLAN MACBEAN

* We were unable to trace the original Gaelic text of this song.

SONGS OF IRELAND

PAGE

The Snowy-Breasted Pearl 25

The Fair Hills of Eire O 28

Bendemeer's Stream 30

Fair Una 32

The Wife of Tone 37

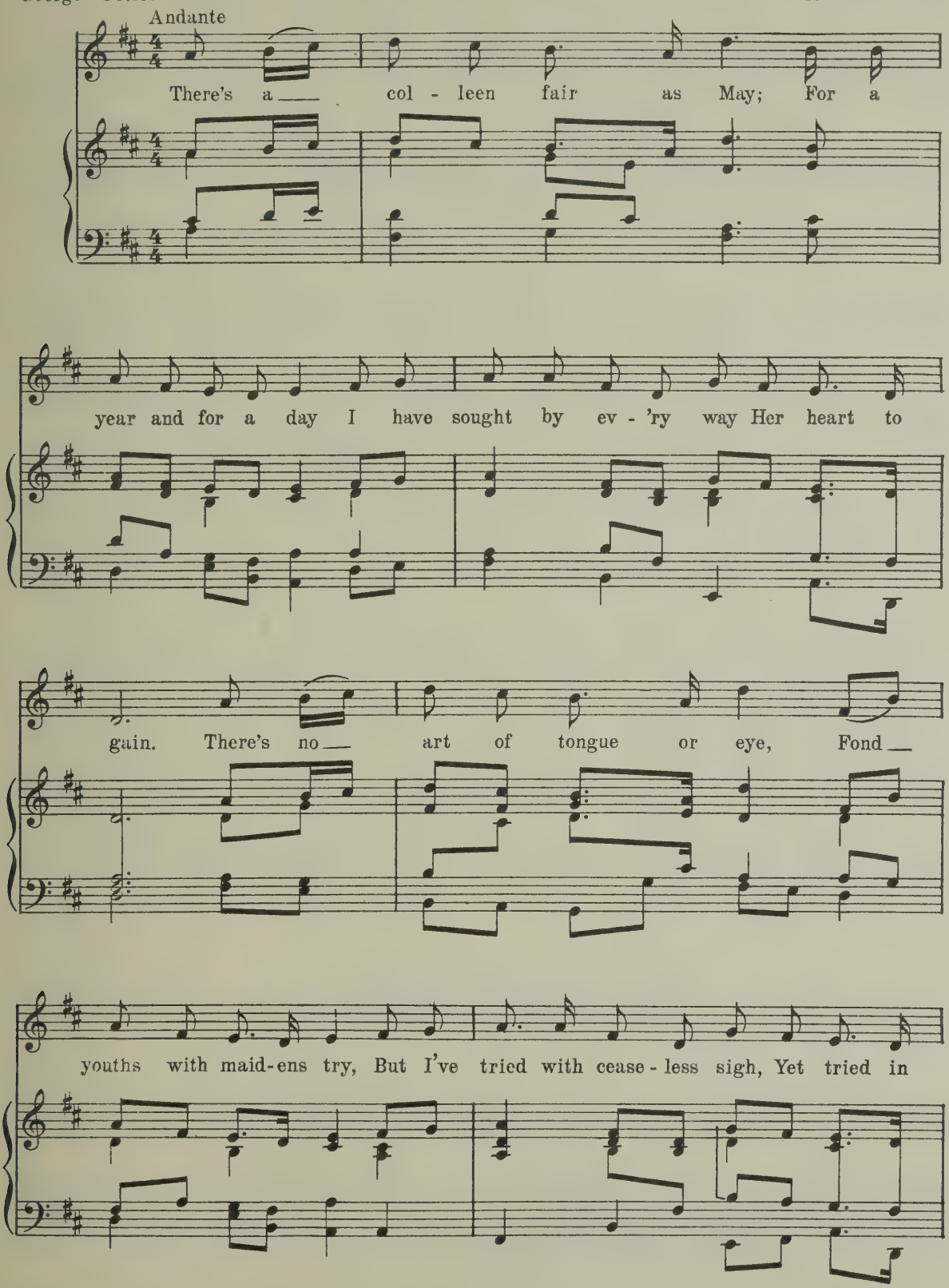
The Fair Young Child 40

34888

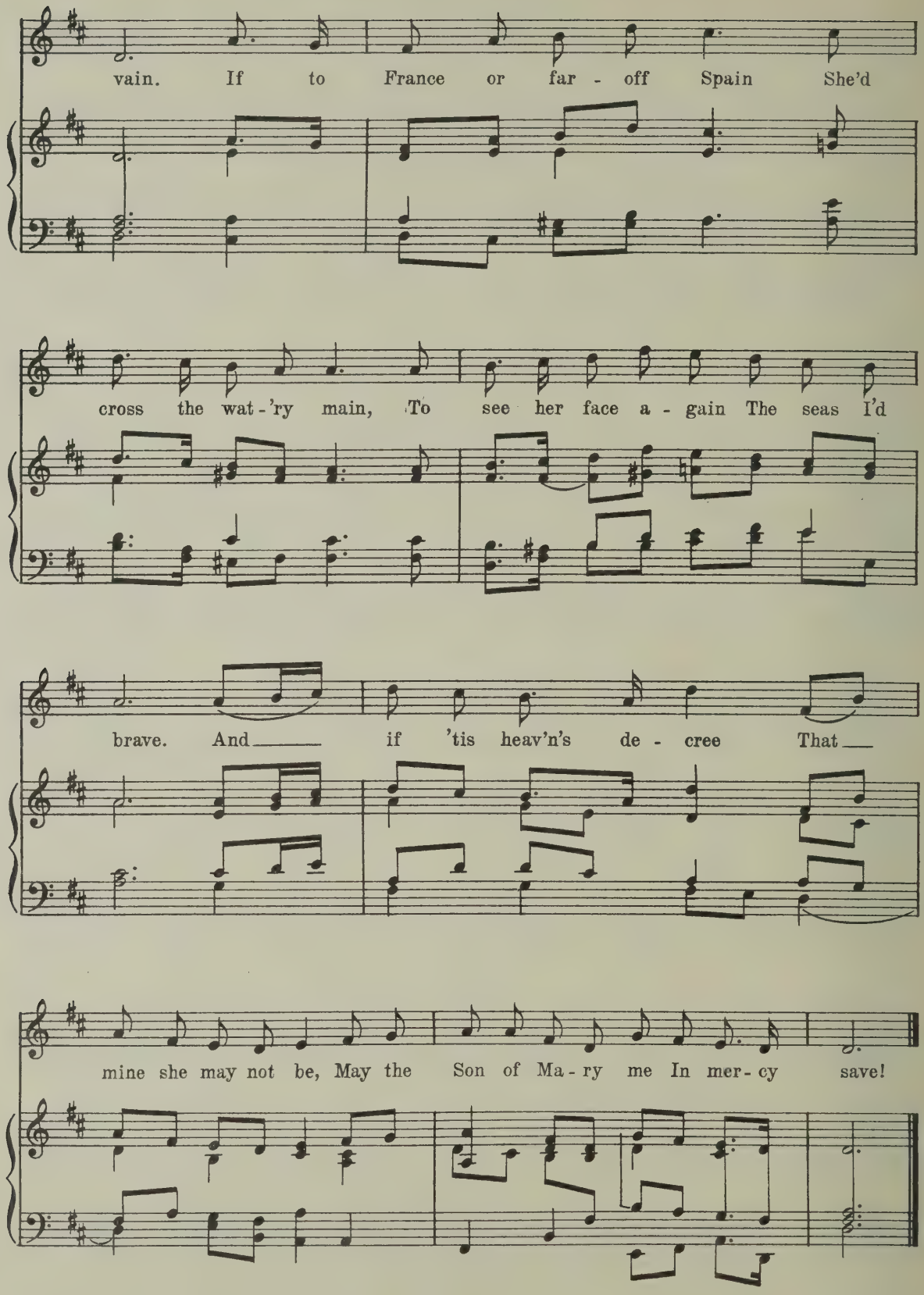
THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL

Translation by
George Petrie

Arranged by
Arthur Foote



MUSIC
TIFFIN


vain. If to France or far - off Spain She'd
cross the wat - 'ry main, To see her face a - gain The seas I'd
brave. And if 'tis heav'n's de - cree That
mine she may not be, May the Son of Ma - ry me In mer - cy save!

Péarla an Bhroillaigh Bháin.

Atá cailín deas am chrádh,
le bliadhain agus le lá,
is ní féadaim a fágáil le bréagadh;
ní 'l aithe cliss le rádh,
Dá gcanaid fir le mná,
nár caitheamair gan tabhacht léi-si:
Do'n Fhrainc nó do'n Spáin,
Dá dtéigead mo ghrádh,
Go raghainn-si gach lá dá féachain,
is mar an bhfuil sé a n-dán
Dúinn an ainnir chúin seo d'fágail,
Uch! Mac Muire na n-grás d'ár saoradh.

'Sa cailín caoilce bhláth,
Dá d'tugar searc is grádh,
Ná tabhair si gach trácht dam gharadh;
'Sa liacht ainnir mhín am dheáigh,
Ré bhuaidh is maoin 'na láimh,
Dá n-gabhamaisi a t'áit-si céile:
Pósg is mîle fáilte,
'S bapraidhe geal do lámh,
Aché 'niarrfuinn-si go brách már threóigh leat:
'S mar an damhsa 'tabhairt dhúinn a n-dán,
A Phéarla an Bhroillaigh bháin,
Nár cíg mise slán ó'n n-aonach.

The Snowy-Breasted Pearl

There's a colleen fair as May;
For a year and for a day
I have sought by ev'ry way
Her heart to gain.

There's no art of tongue or eye,
Fond youths with maidens try,
But I've tried with ceaseless sigh,
Yet tried in vain.

If to France or far-off Spain
She'd cross the wat'ry main,
To see her face again
The seas I'd brave.

And if 'tis heav'n's decree
That mine she may not be,
May the Son of Mary me
In mercy save!

Oh, thou blooming milk-white dove,
To whom I've giv'n true love,
Do not ever thus reprove
My constancy.

There are maidens would be mine,
With wealth in land and kine,
If my heart would but incline
To turn from thee.

But a kiss, with welcome bland,
And touch of thy fair hand
Are all that I'd demand,
Wouldst thou not spurn;

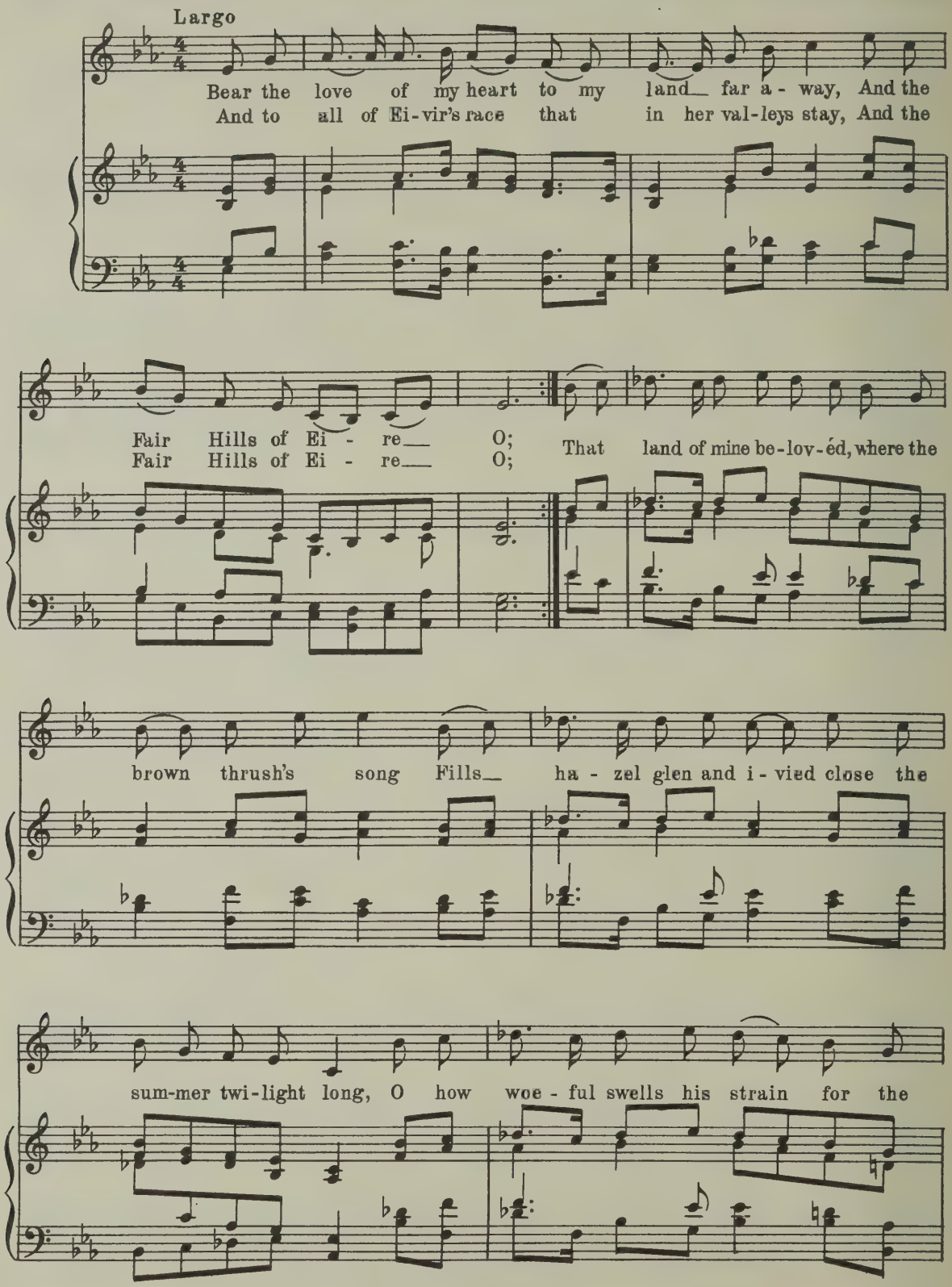
For if not mine, dear girl.
Oh, Snowy-breasted Pearl!
May I never from the Fair
With life return!

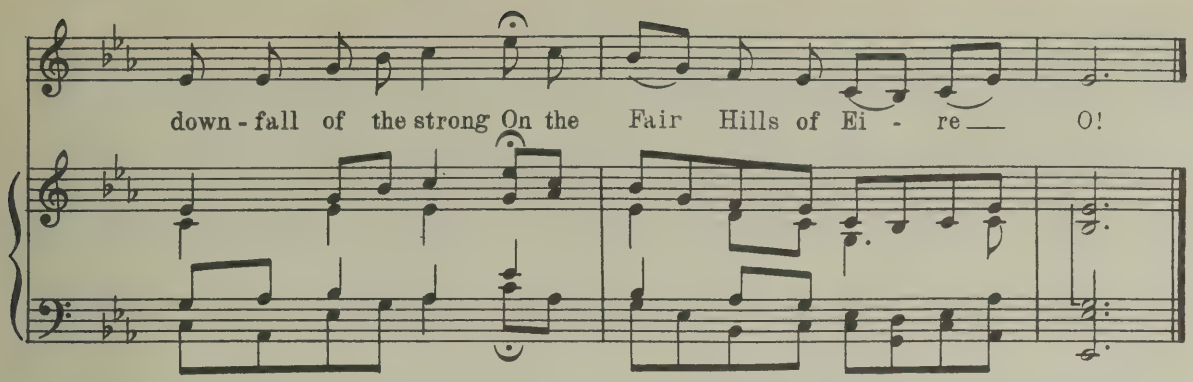
Translation by
GEORGE PETRIE

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE O

Translation by
Padraic Colum

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson





Bán-Chnoic Éireann Óg

Beir beannacht óm' chroíbe go tír na n-Éireann
Go Bán-chnoic Éireann óg!
Cum a mairbeann de fhoilsiú in a'r éibir,
Ar Bán-chnoic Éireann óg.
An áit úd 'nar b-aoibinn binn-guth éan,
Mar fám-chruit chaoin ag caoineadh Gaoidhil,
'Sé mo chás a beith míle, míle i g-céin,
Ó Bán-chnoic Éireann óg.

In orgaillte fáilteach an áit fan Éire,
Bán-chnoic Éireann óg!
Agus torsúd na fláinte a mbárr na béire,
A mBán-chnoic Éireann óg.
Da binne 'ná meurs ar téadaib ceoil,
Seinm 'gur géimreadh a laoch 'r a mbó,
Agus taitneamh na gréine oírda aorda 'r óg
Ar Bán-chnoic Éireann óg.

The Fair Hills of Eire O

Bear the love of my heart to my land far away,
And the Fair Hills of Eire O;
And to all of Eivir's race that in her valleys stay,
And the Fair Hills of Eire O;
That land of mine beloved, where the brown thrush's song
Fills hazel glen and ivied close the summer twilight long.
O how woeful swells his strain for the downfall of the strong
On the Fair Hills of Eire O!

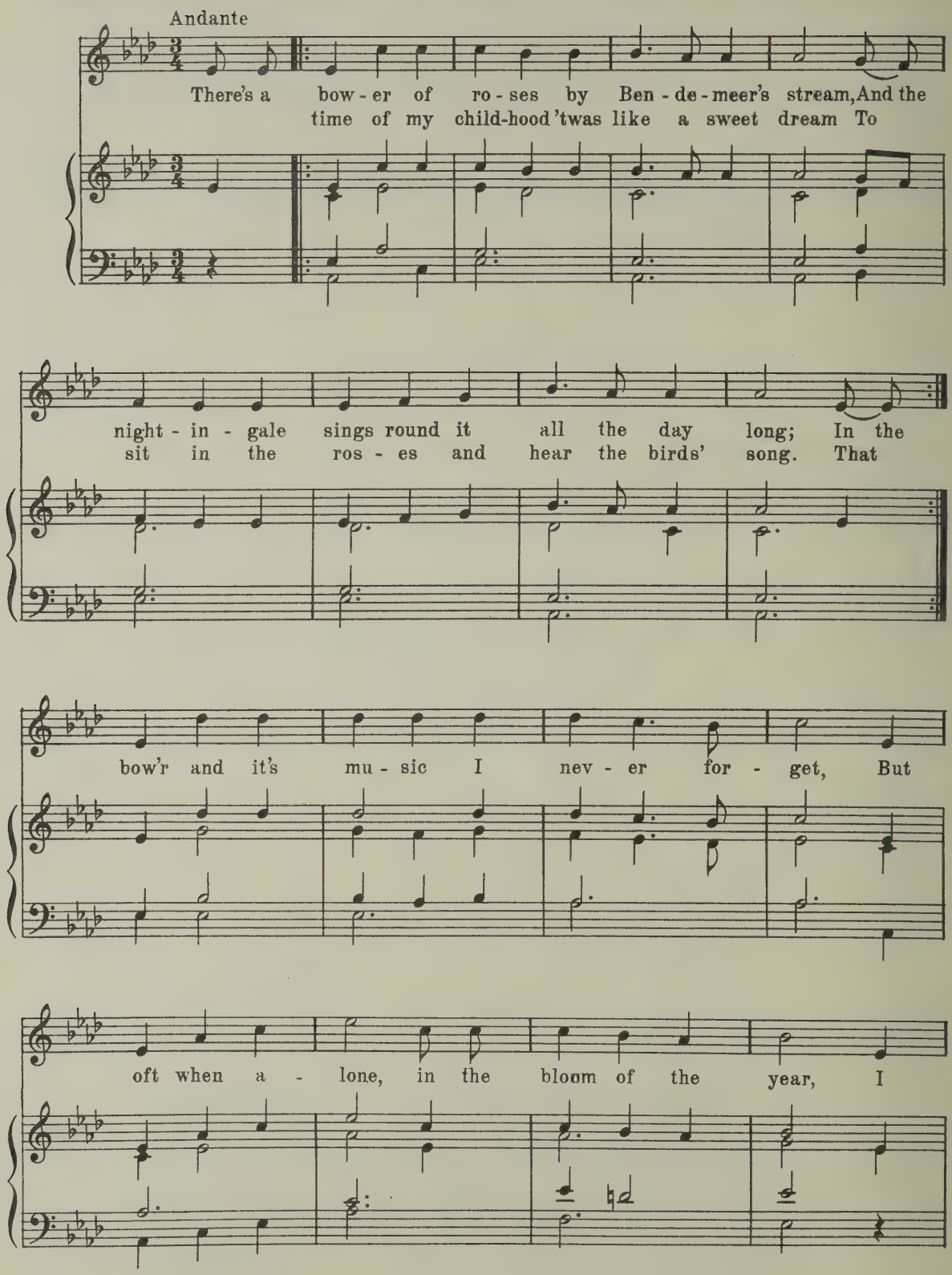
'Tis my lone soul's close sorrow that still I must be far
From the Fair Hills of Eire O,
Where the skies are high and mistless, but hold no homing star
For the Fair Hills of Eire O.
O the honey in her tree-tops where her oak-woods darkly grow,
And the freshness of her cresses where her clear well-waters flow,
And the lushness of her meadows where her soft-eyed cattle low
On the Fair Hills of Eire O!

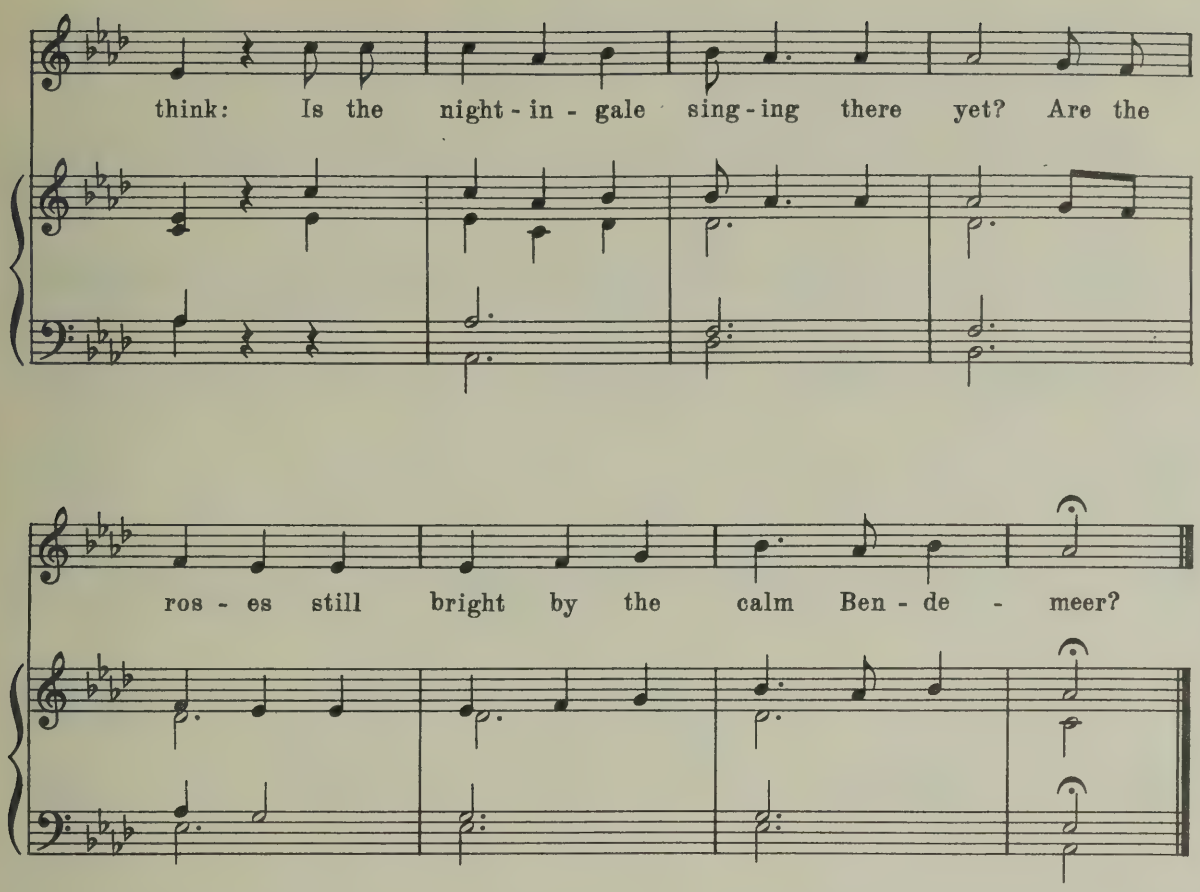
Translation by
PADRAIC COLUM

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BENDEMEER'S STREAM

Words by
Thomas Moore





Bendemeer's Stream

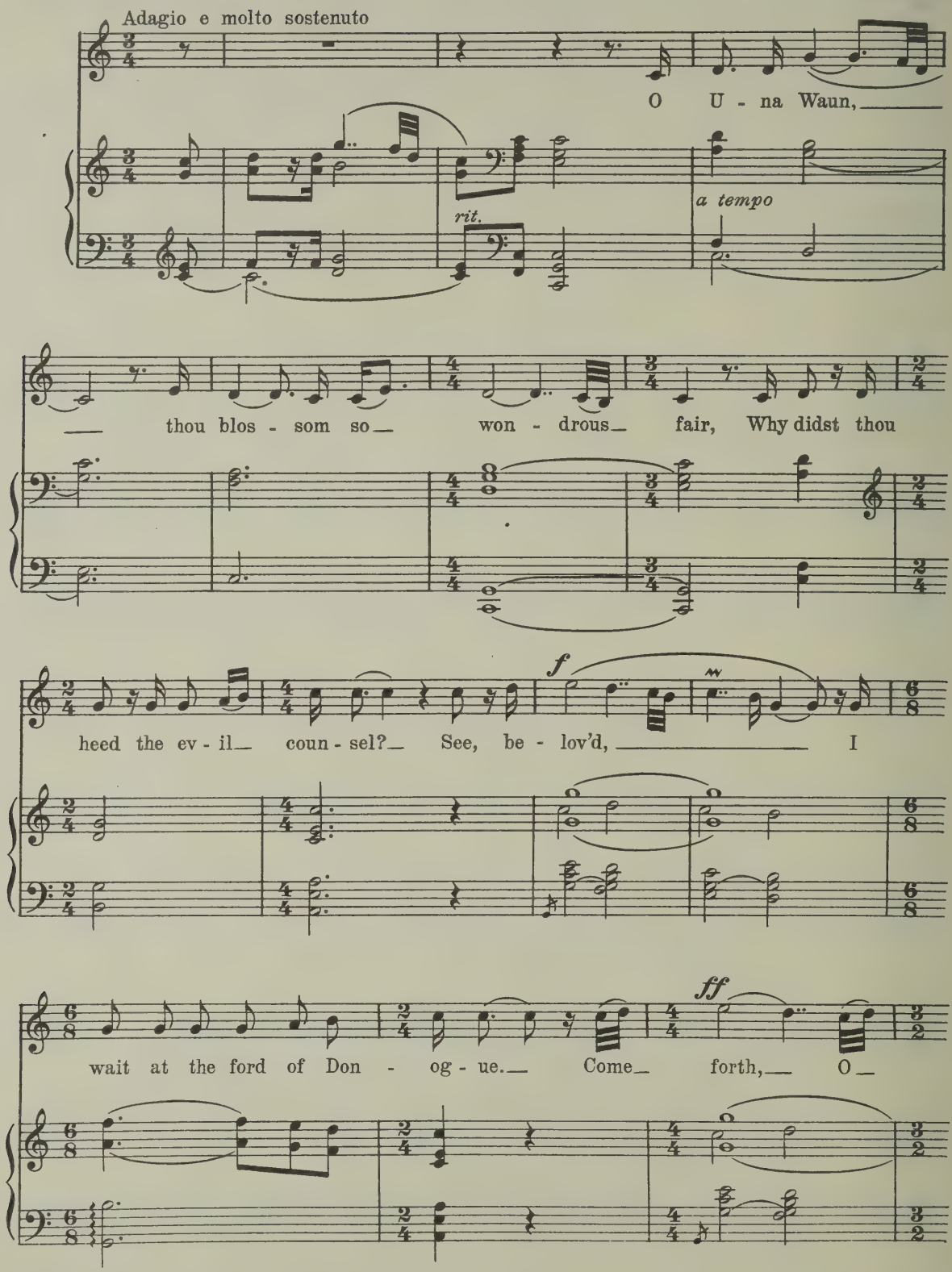
There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the birds' song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft, when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think: Is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

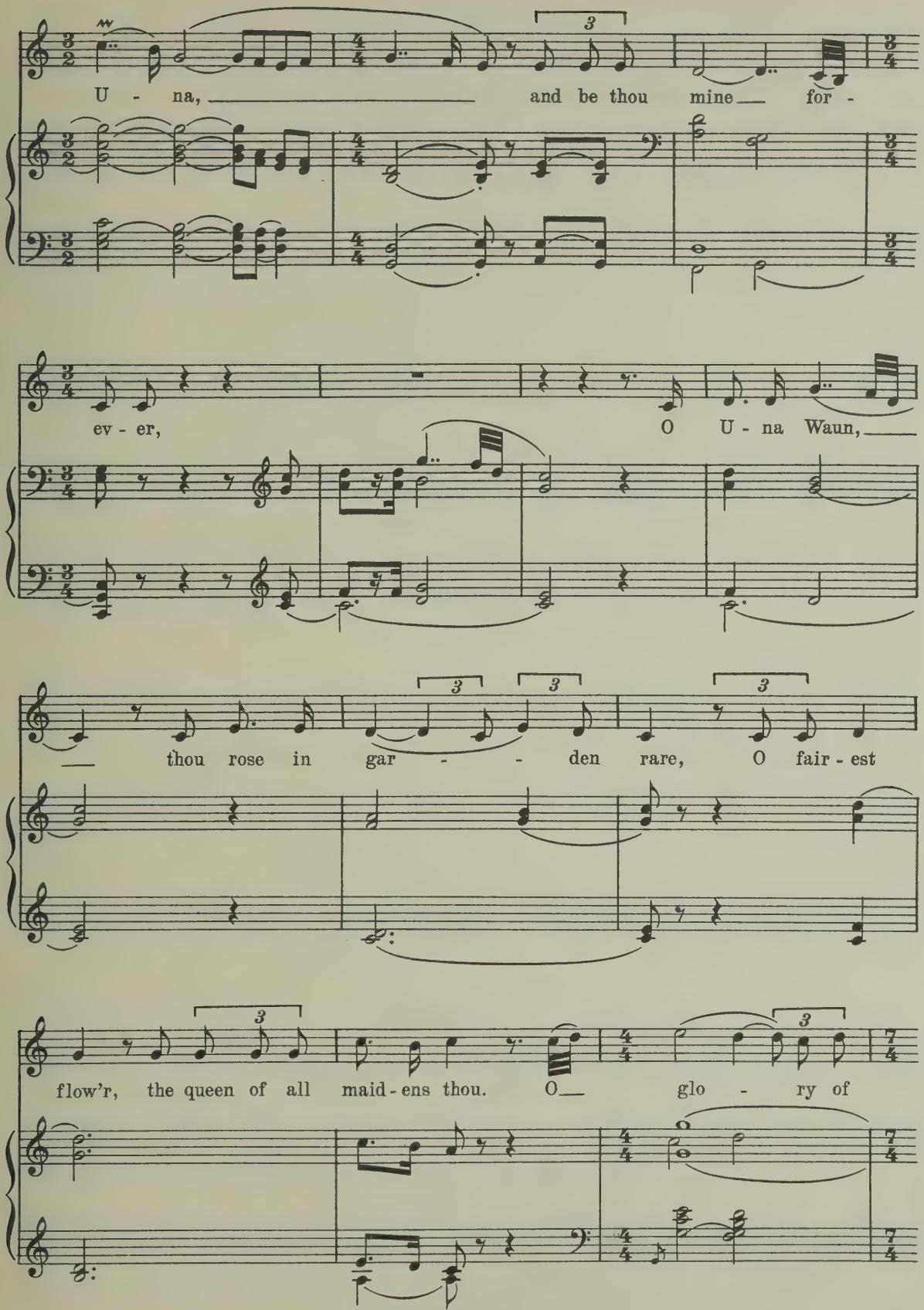
THOMAS MOORE

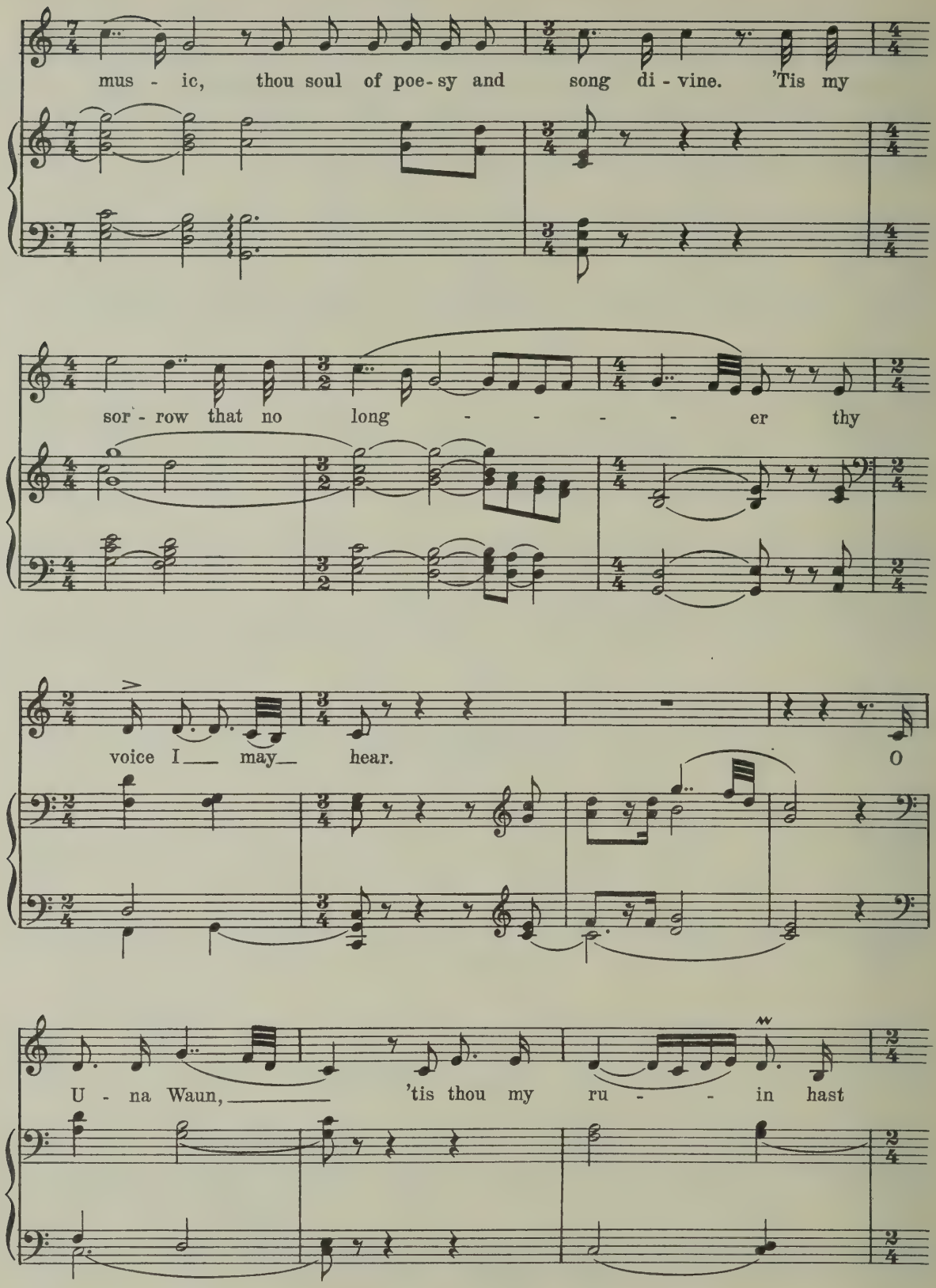
Translation by
Carl G. Hardebeck

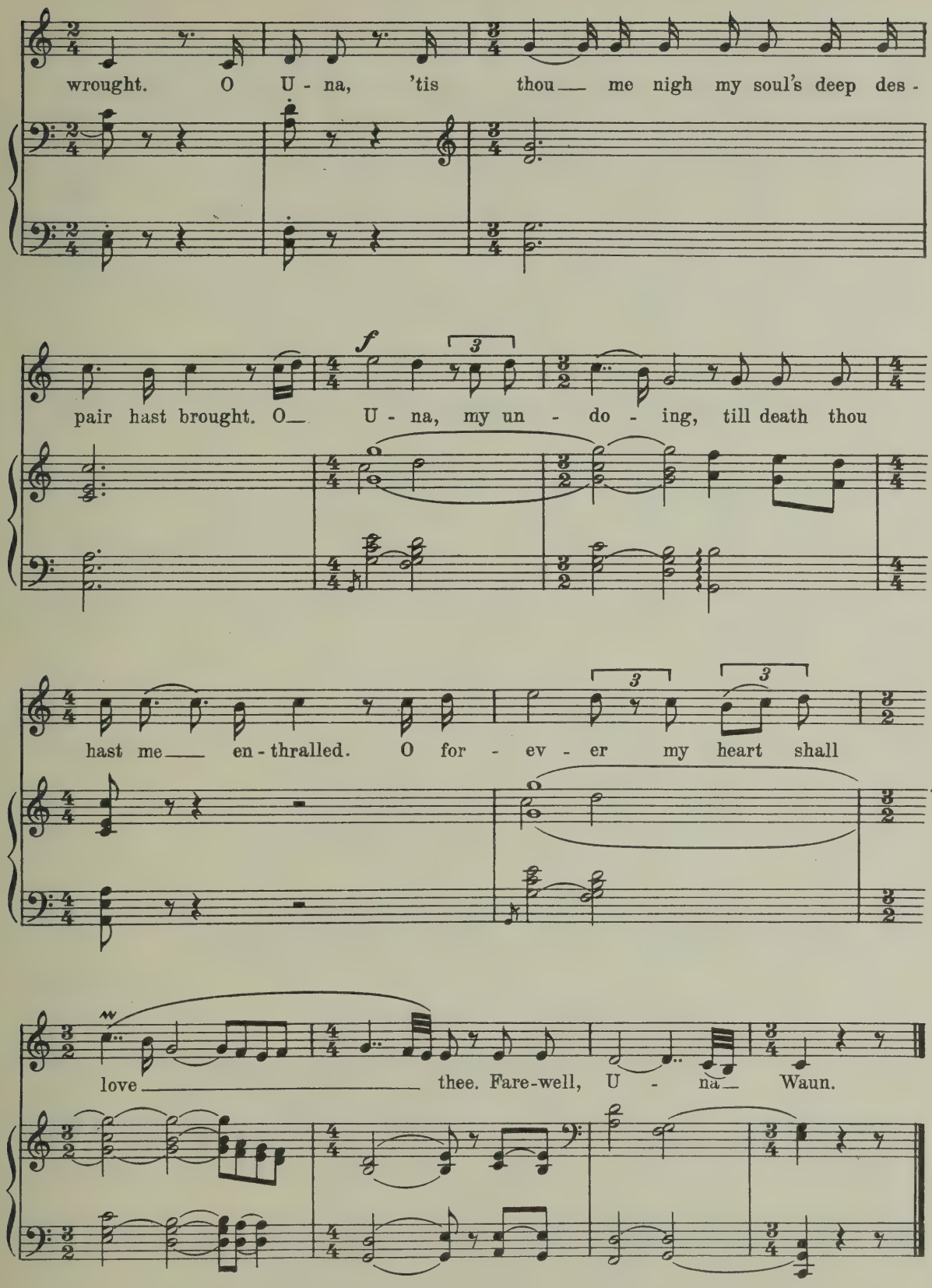
Old Irish Air
Arranged by
Carl G. Hardebeck



34888
Used by permission of Carl G. Hardebeck.


U - na, and be thou mine for -
ev - er, O U - na Waun,
thou rose in gar - - den rare, O fair - est
flow'r, the queen of all maid - ens thou. O glo - ry of


mus - ic, thou soul of poe-sy and song di - vine. 'Tis my
sor - row that no long - - - - er thy
voice I___ may___ hear. O
U - na Waun, ___ 'tis thou my ru - - in hast


wrought. O U - na, 'tis thou me nigh my soul's deep des -
pair hast brought. O U - na, my un - do - ing, till death thou
hast me en - thralled. O for - ev - er my heart shall
love thee. Fare-well, U - na Waun.

Úna Bán

A Úna bán, a bláith na n-dlaoi ómrach
Tar éis do bádh de barr óroc cómairle
Feuch! a grádh, cia aca a d'fearr de'n dá cómairle
A éin i g-cliabán. Sin é i n-Át na Donóige

A Úna bán, ba fór i n-gáirdín tú
'S ba coinnleoir óir, ar bórd na bainrioghna tú
Ba céilebar 'sba ceólmar ag gabáil an bealaigh seo
romain tú
Sé mo chreach maidne bhónach nár pógadh liom tú

A Úna bán, ir tú do mhealaigh mo chiall
A Úna, ir tú a chuaidh go dlúth idir mé ar Dia
A Úna, an chraobh chumartha, a lúibín cartha na g-ciabh
Nár bhfearr doim-sa a beith gan fúilidh. 'Ná dil d'
feicheál arnamh.

Fair Una

O Una Waun, thou blossom so wondrous fair,
Why didst thou heed the evil counsel?
See, belov'd, I wait at the ford of Donogue.
Come forth, O Una, and be thou mine forever.

O Una Waun, thou rose in garden rare,
O fairest flow'r, the queen of all maidens thou.
O glory of music, thou soul of poesy and song divine.
'Tis my sorrow that no longer thy voice I may hear.

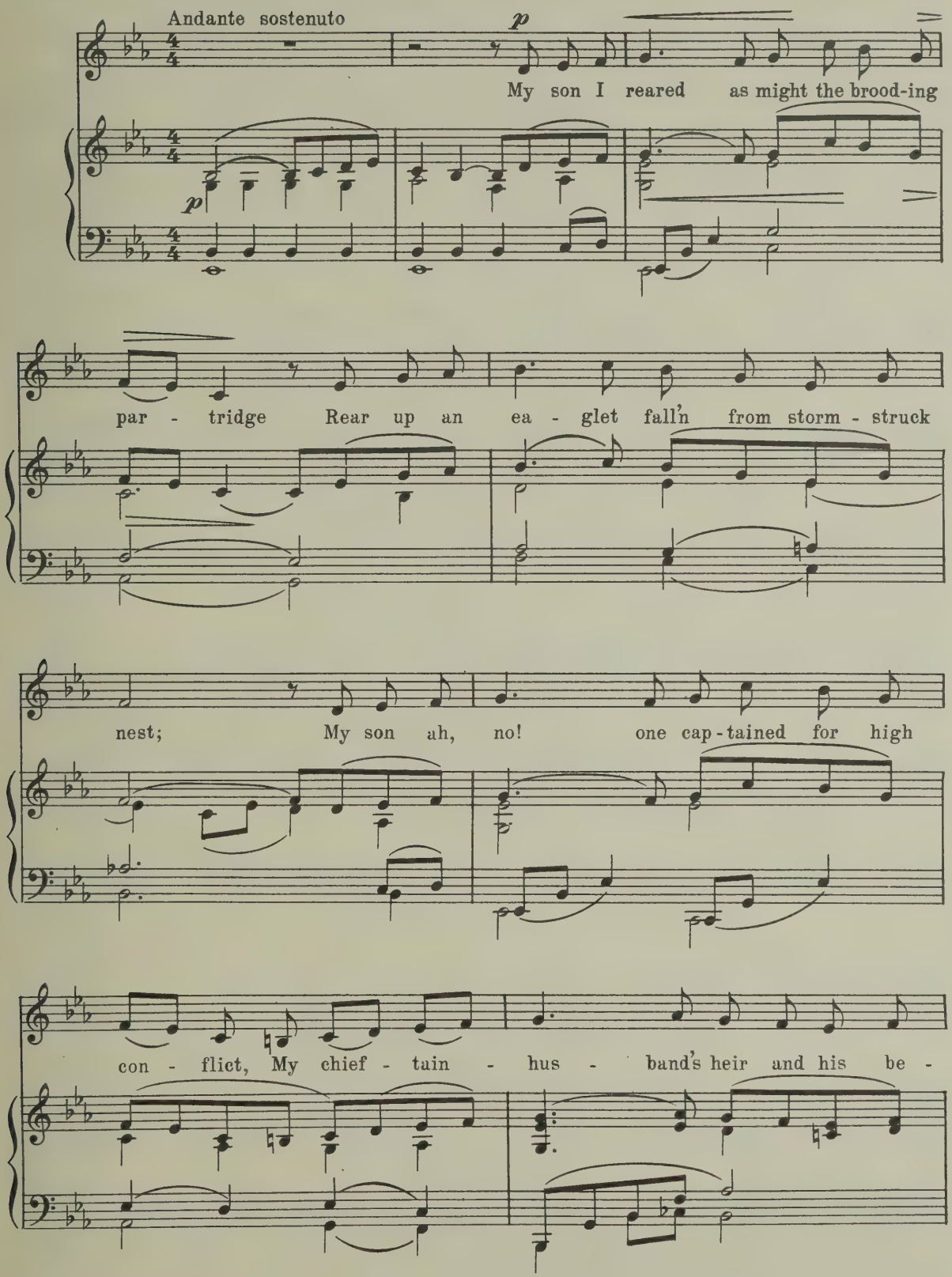
O Una Waun, 'tis thou my ruin hast wrought.
O Una, 'tis thou me nigh my soul's deep despair hast brought.
O Una, my undoing, till death thou hast me enthralled.
O forever my heart shall love thee. Farewell, Una Waun.

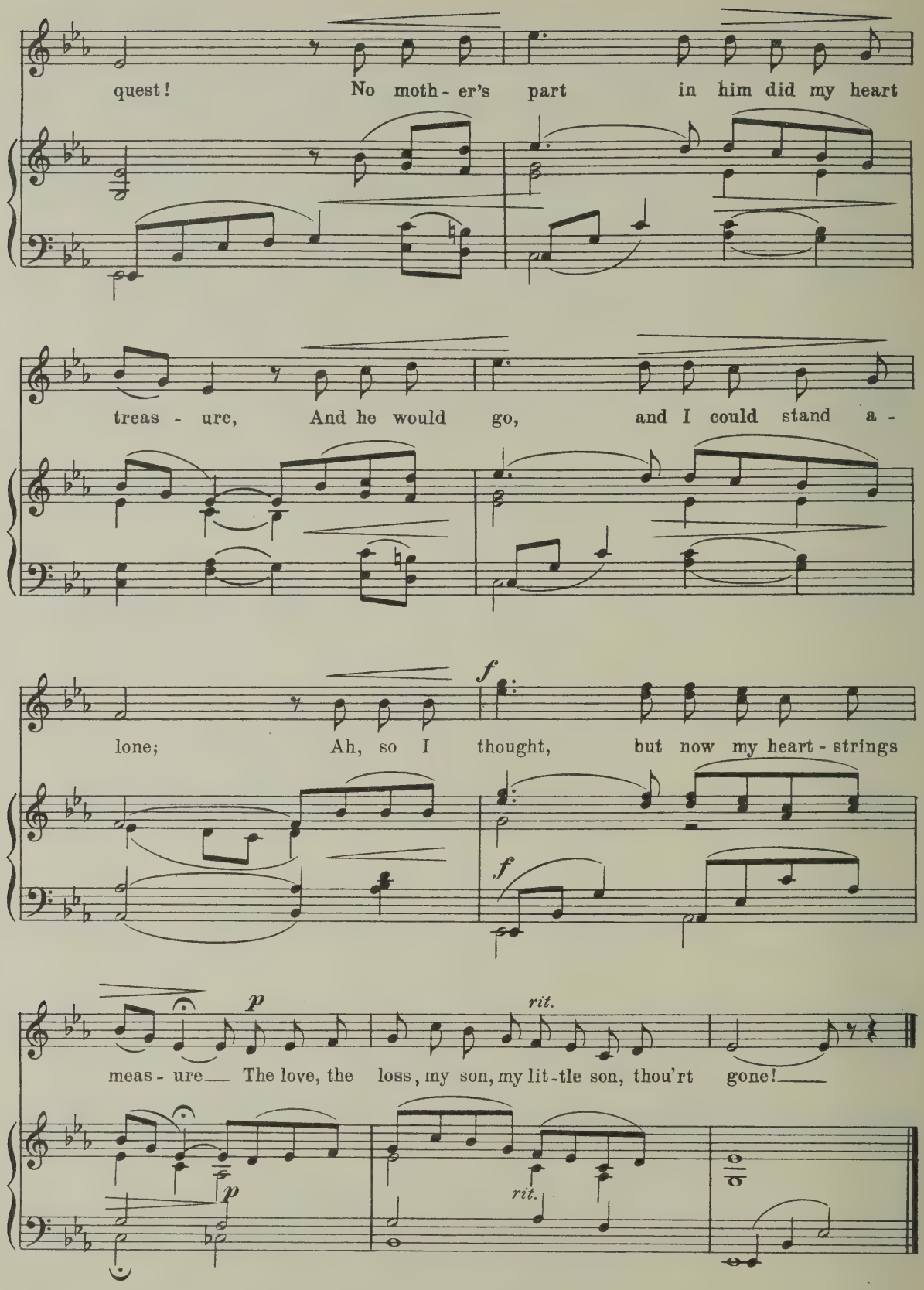
Translation by
CARL G. HARDEBECK

THE WIFE OF TONE

Words by
Padraic Colum

Londonderry Air
Arranged by
Frederick S. Converse




quest! No moth - er's part in him did my heart
treas - ure, And he would go, and I could stand a -
lone; Ah, so I thought, but now my heart - strings
meas - ure The love, the loss, my son, my lit - tle son, thou'rt gone!
f
f
p
p
rit.
rit.

The Wife of Tone

My son I reared as might the brooding partridge
Rear up an eaglet fall'n from storm-struck nest;
My son—ah, no! one captained for high conflict,
My chieftain-husband's heir and his bequest!

No mother's part in him did my heart treasure,
And he would go, and I could stand alone;
Ah, so I thought, but now my heart-strings measure
The love, the loss—my son, my little son, thou'rt gone!

I see the grey roads winding, winding from me,
And thou upon them, exiled, and away;
I turn unto the empty house that's by me—
Ah, dark this day as on Wolfe Tone's death's day!

But no, no, no! Up from the sod beside me,
Up, up, with glorious singing speeds the lark;
'Tis Wolfe Tone's spirit, his, to reconcile me;
And in a sword-flash, gone the loneliness, the dark!

PADRAIC COLUM

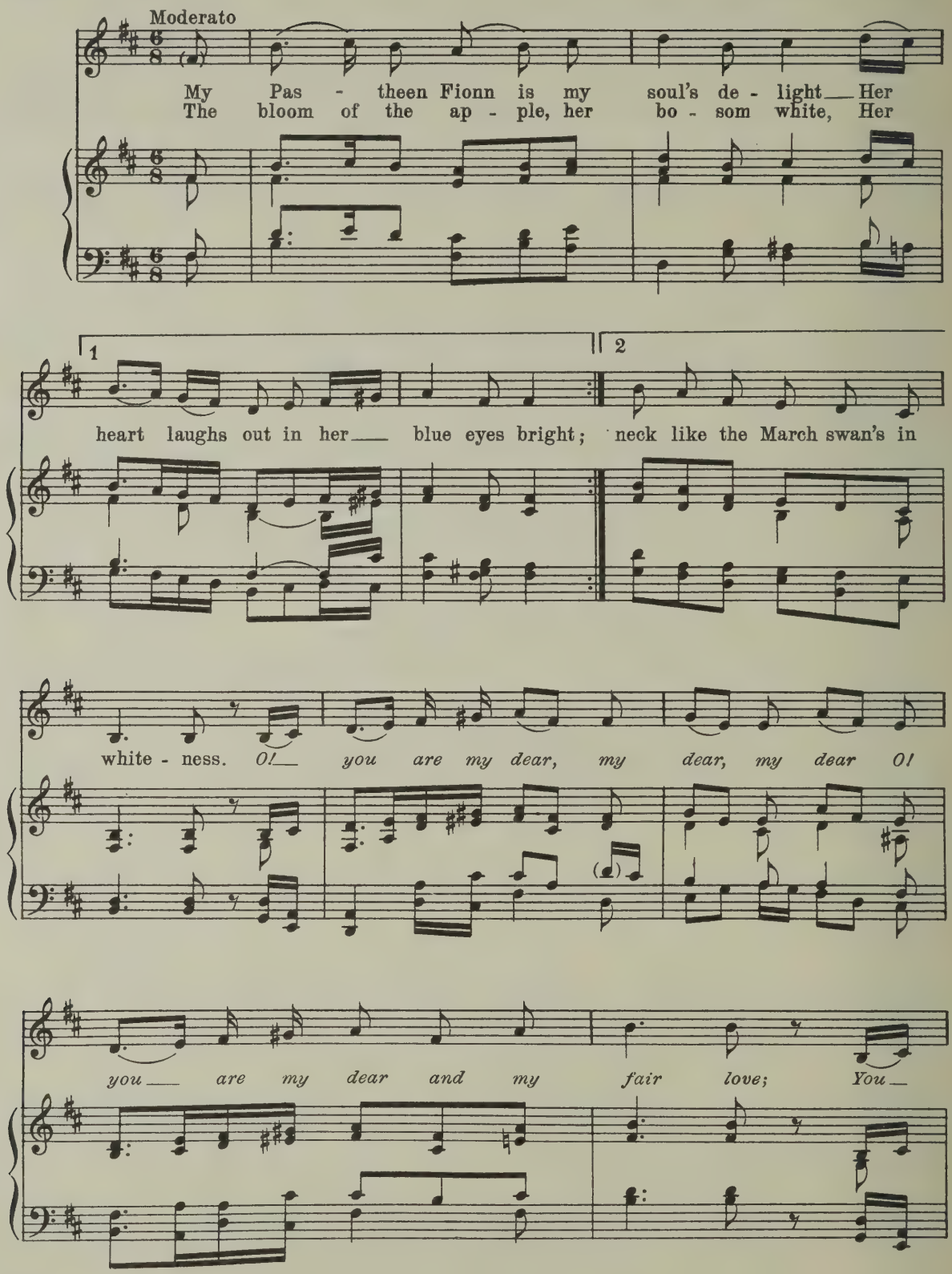
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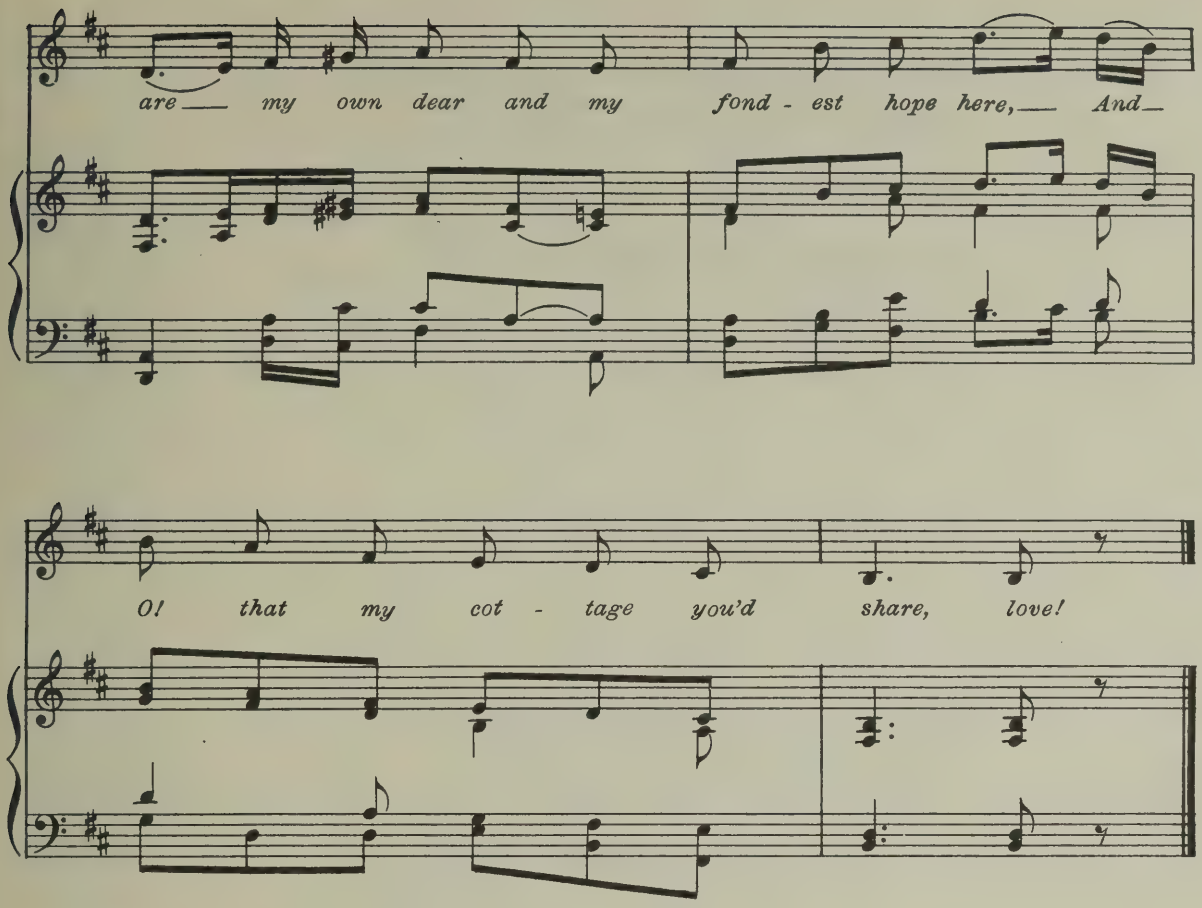
THE FAIR YOUNG CHILD

IRELAND

Translation by
Edward Walsh

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson





Páistín Fionn

Is gráð le m'anam mo Páistín Fionn!
A croide 's a n-aigne as gáirid liom,
A cioca geala mar bláth na n-uball;
'S a piob mar eala lá Márta.

Is tusa mo rún, mo rún, mo rún,
Is tusa mo rún a's mo gráð geal,
Is tusa mo rún, 's mo cumann go buan,
'Sé mo chead gan tú 'gam ó d'máthair!

Is cara mo chroide mo Páistín Fionn!
A dá gruað ar lasað mar bláth na g-crann,
Tá mise faor ar mo Páistín Fionn,
Act amáin gur ólar a fláinte.

Do dí mé naoi n-oíche a m' luighe go bocht,
O beith fionn faoi 'n bhfilinn idir dá chor;
A chumann mo chroidhe! 'r mé 'g smaoineadh ort,
'S nach b-fadhainnfe le fead 'ná le glaodh tú.

Tréigfead mo charaid 'r mo cháirde gaoil,
A'r tréigfidh mé a maireann de mnáibh a' t-saoghail,
Ní théigfead le m' mhaithinn thú, 'ghrádh mo chroidhe,
Go fineas a g-cómhra faoi chlár mé.

The Fair Young Child

My Pastheen Fionn is my soul's delight—
Her heart laughs out in her blue eyes bright;
The bloom of the apple, her bosom white,
Her neck like the March swan's in whiteness.

O! you are my dear, my dear, my dear,
O! you are my dear and my fair love;
You are my own dear and my fondest hope here,
And O! that my cottage you'd share, love!

Love of my bosom, my fair Pastheen,
Whose cheek is red like the roses' sheen;
My thoughts of the maiden are pure I ween,
Save toasting her health in my lightness.

In fever for nine long nights I've lain
From lying in the hedge-row beneath the rain,
While, gift of my bosom! I hoped in vain
Some whistle or call might awake you.

From kinsfolk and friends, my fair, I'd flee,
From all the beautiful maids that be,
But I'll never leave you, sweet *gramachree,*
Till death in your service o'ertakes me.

Translation by
EDWARD WALSH

SONG OF WALES

PAGE

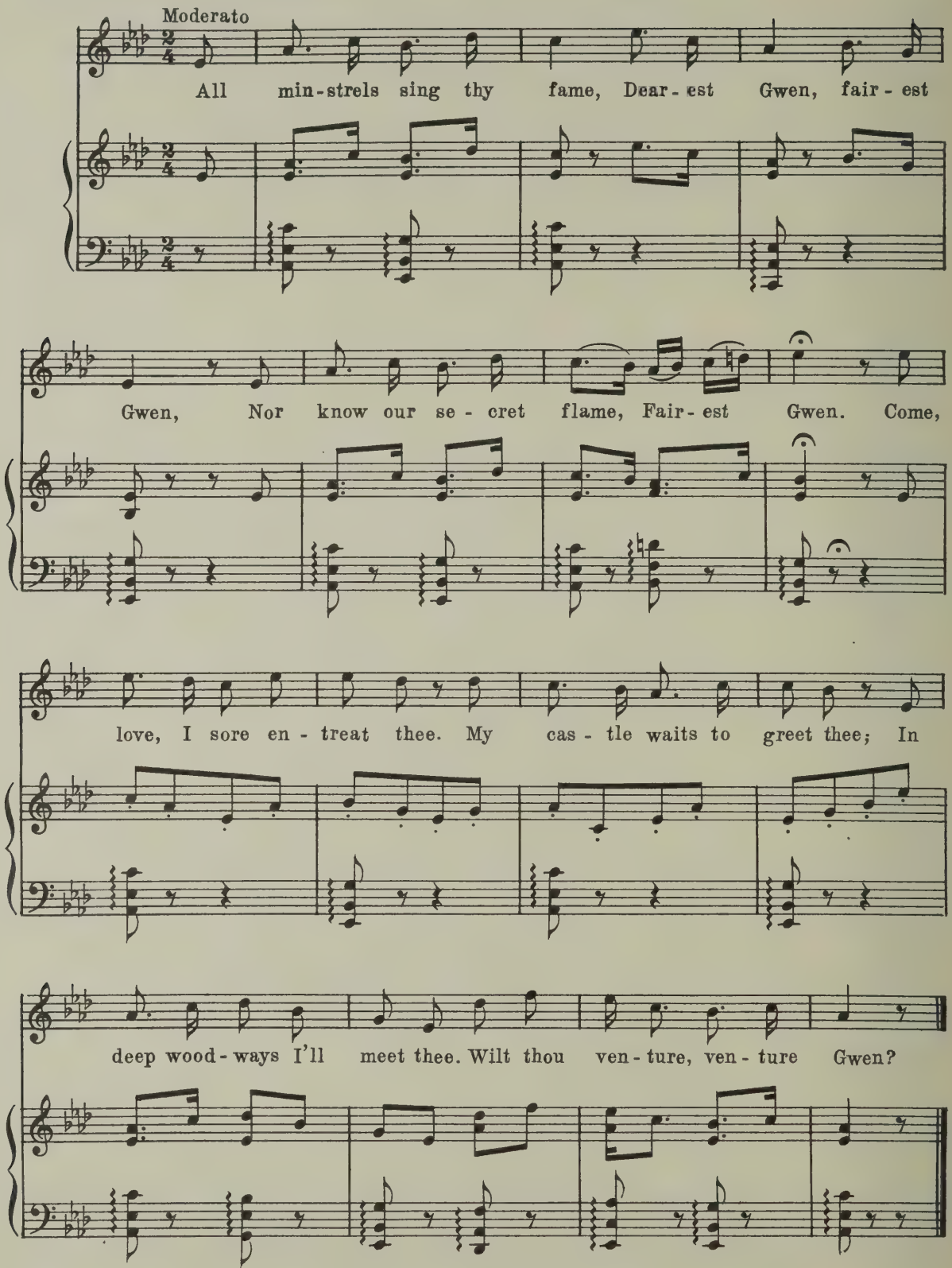
VENTURE, GWEN 44

34883

VENTURE, GWEN

English version by
Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

Moderato



Mentra, Gwen

Am danat ti mae son,
Wenaf Wen, Wenaf Wen,
O Fynwy fawr i Fon,
Wenaf Wen!
I'r castell acw heno,
Rhaid iti droi a huno,
Hen deulu iawn sydd ynddo,
Da di mentra, mentra Gwen!

O'th flaen mae mynydd maith,
Wenaf Wen, Wenaf Wen,
Gwell iti dorri'th daith,
Wenaf Wen,
Wel yn fy mraich gan hynny,
Yr awn gan benderfynu,
Fod yn y castell lety,
Da di mentra, mentra Gwen.

Fi piau'r castell hwn,
Wenaf Wen, Wenaf Wen,
Ti elli fyw mi wn,
Wenaf Wen.
Yn wraig yn Nghastell Crogen,
I'w barchu ey a'i berchen;
A chymer fi'n y fargen,
Da di mentra, mentra, Gwen!

Venture, Gwen

All minstrels sing thy fame,
Dearest Gwen, fairest Gwen,
Nor know our secret flame,
Fairest Gwen.
Come, love, I sore entreat thee.
My castle waits to greet thee;
In deep wood-ways I'll meet thee.
Wilt thou venture, venture, Gwen?

Dark mountains o'er us tower,
Dearest Gwen, fairest Gwen,
And heavy storm-clouds lower,
Fairest Gwen.
But arm in arm, close clinging,
We'll climb the ridges singing
And set love's echoes ringing;
We will venture, venture, Gwen.

Yon Crogan Castle's mine,
Dearest Gwen, fairest Gwen;
My queen, and it is thine,
Fairest Gwen.
Now doth my fortress bound thee
And I, its lord, have crowned thee;
My men-at-arms surround thee;
Thou hast ventured, ventured, Gwen.

English version by
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

II.

SCANDINAVIAN SONGS

PAGE

DENMARK 46

SWEDEN 63

NORWAY 78

SONGS OF DENMARK

PAGE

One Summer Day 47

Roselille 48

Good Evening 50

The Perfect Rose 52

Marsk Stig's Daughters 54

The Three Rascals 56

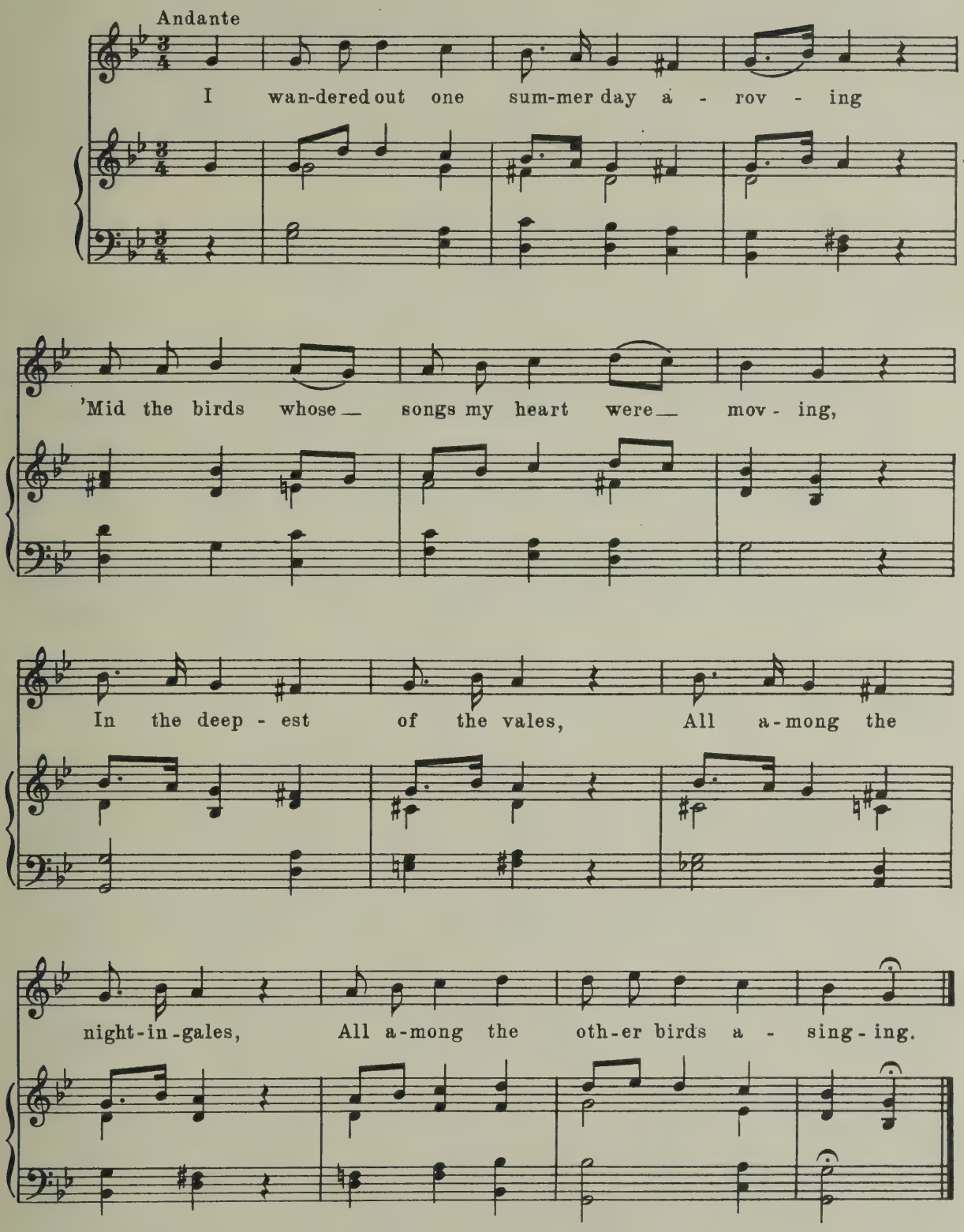
Fly, Bird, Fly 60

34888

ONE SUMMER DAY

English version by
Margaret Widdemer

Arranged by
Jacob Gade



Sommerdagen

Jeg gik mig ud en Sommerdag at høre
Fuglesang, som Hjertet monne røre,
I de dybe Dale,
Blandt de Nattergale
Blandt de andre Fugle smaa, som tale.

One Summer Day

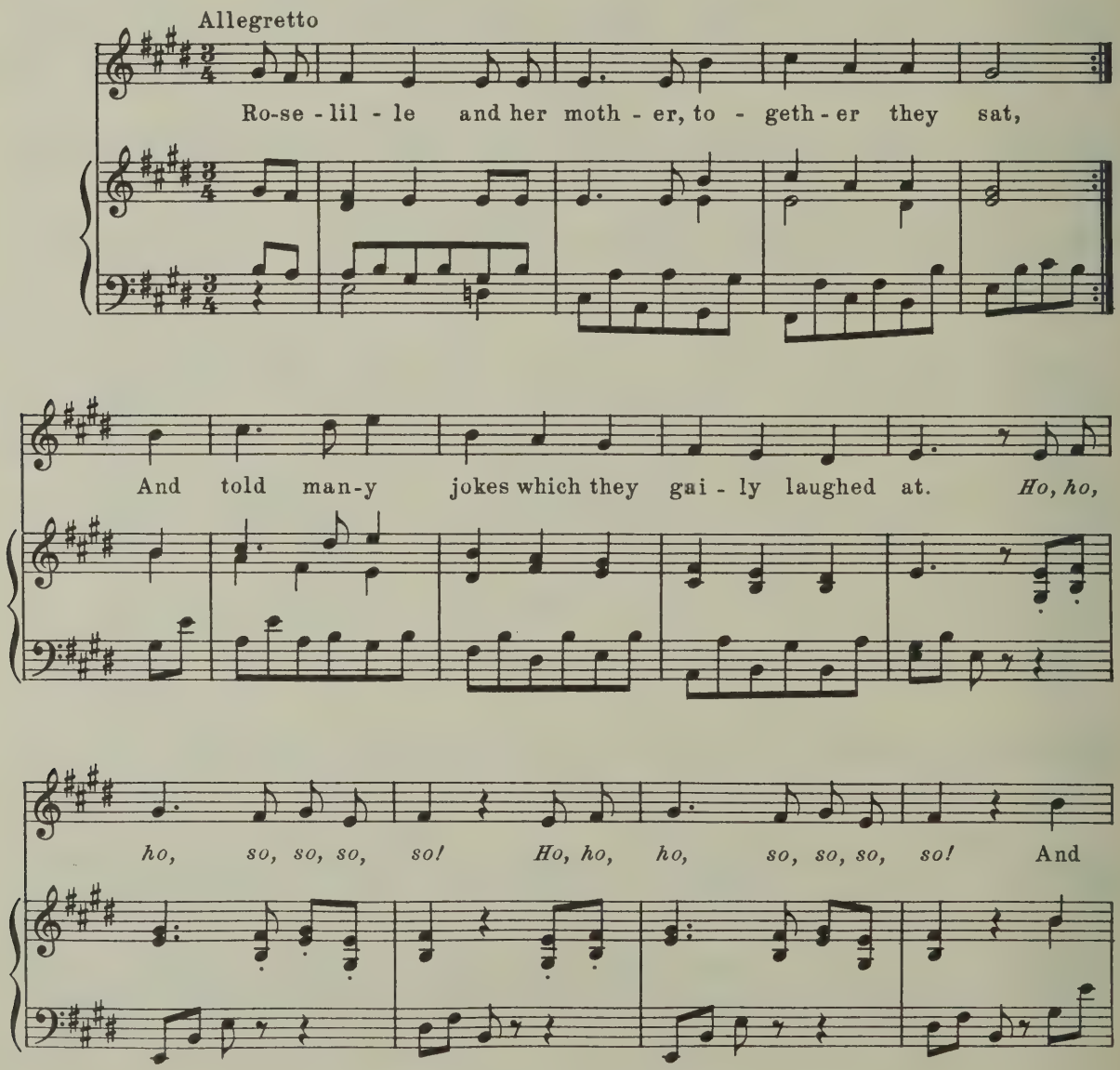
I wandered out one summer day a-roving
'Mid the birds whose songs my heart were moving,
In the deepest of the vales,
All among the nightingales,
All among the other birds a-singing.

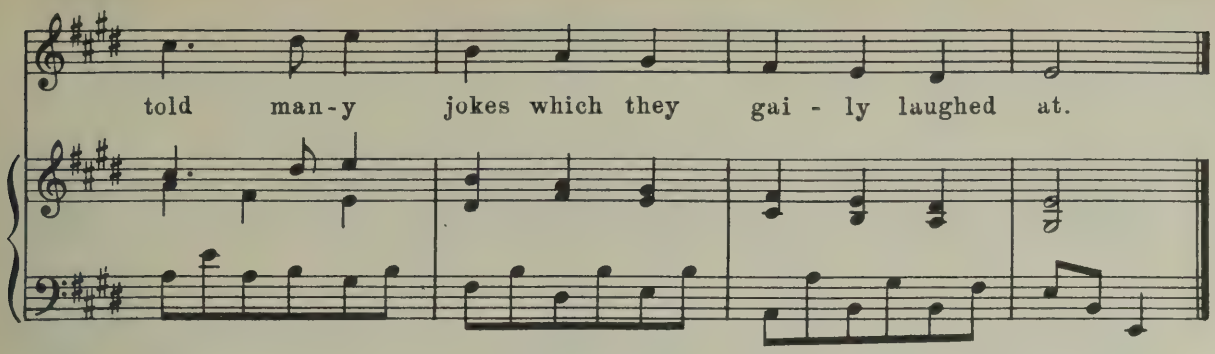
English version by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

ROSELILLE

English version by
Marion MacArthur Laing

Arranged by
Cornelius Rybner





Roselille

Roselil og hendes Moder de sad over Bord,
De taled saa mangt et Skæmtens Ord.
Ha, ha, ha, saa, saa, saa, saa!
Ha, ha, ha, saa, saa, saa, saa!
De taled saa mangt et Skæmtens Ord.

„Før hvert Træ skal i Haven faa Blomster af Guld,
Før jeg skal vorde nogen Ungersvend huld."

Hr. Peder stod paa Svalen og lytted med List,—
„Den ler dog bedst, so mler til sidst!"

Og der de kom ned udi Urtegaardens Læ,
Da hang der en Guldring paa hvert et Træ.

Roselille blev rød som et dryppende Blod,
Hun stirred i Græsset ned for sin Fod.

Da kyssed Hr. Peder hendes Læber med Lyst,—
„Den ler dog nok bedst, som ler til sidst!"

Roselille*

Roselille and her mother, together they sat,
And told many jokes which they gaily laughed at.
Ho, ho, ho, so, so, so, so!
Ho, ho, ho, so, so, so, so!
And told many jokes which they gaily laughed at.

Said the maiden, "To my love I will ne'er faithful be
Till blossoms of gold grow on each garden tree!"

Mr. Peter by the door listened quite carefully;
"He laughs best who laughs last," to himself said he.

When they came to the garden, what did they behold?
On each garden tree hung a bright ring of gold!

Roselille blushed as red, bright as red blood could be,
And down in the grass at her feet gazed she.

Then her lover, Mr. Peter, her lips kissed with glee,
"He laughs best who laughs last, ha, ha, ha!" said he.

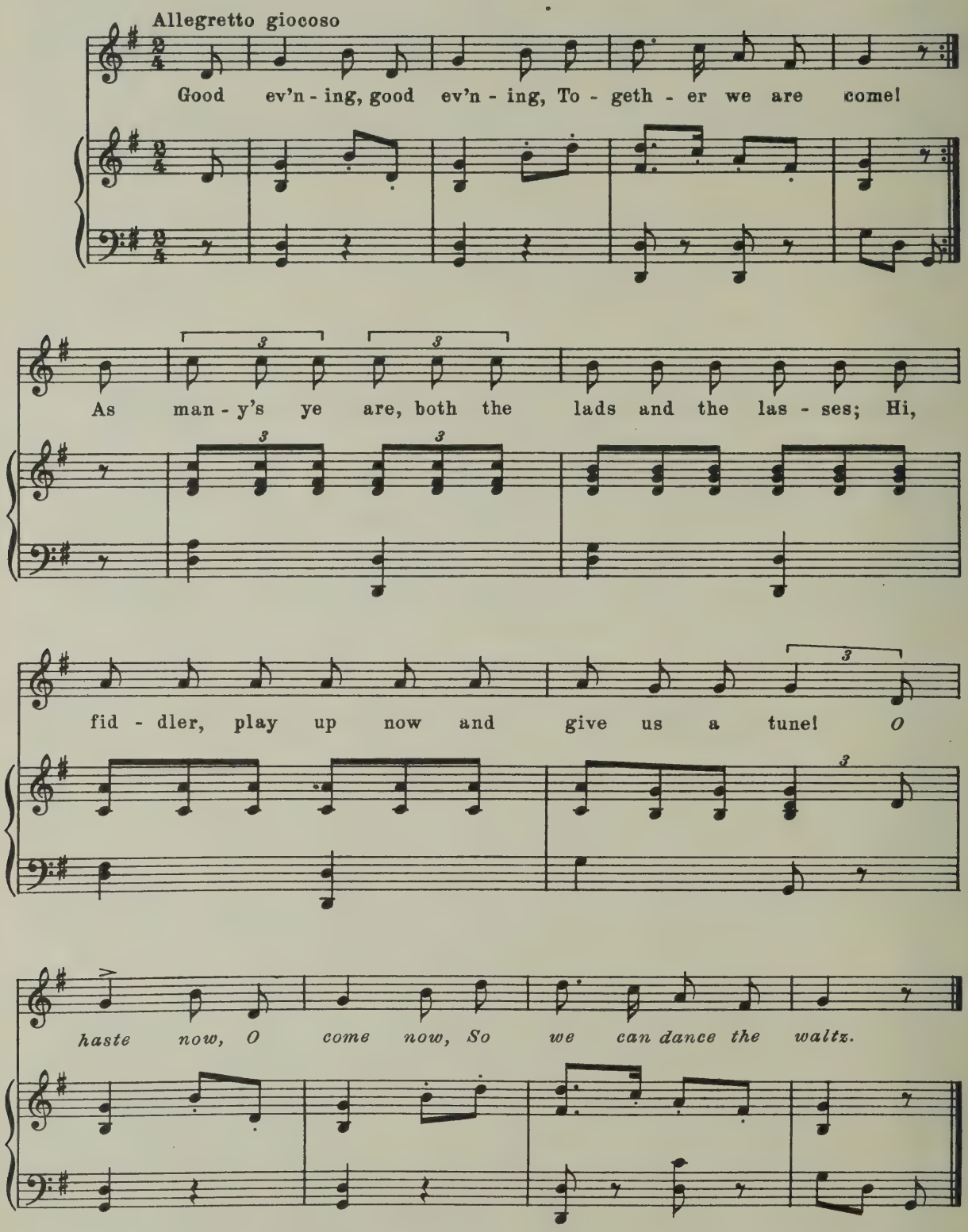
*Ro-sa-lil-la.

English version by
MARION MCARTHUR LAING

GOOD EVENING

Translation by
William Lyndon Wright

Arranged by
Cornelius Rybner



Go Javten

Go Javten, go Javten,
Tilsammens i en Slump!
Saa manne I er, baade Pier aa Kaale!
Hej, Spillemand, spil op saa paa de Fiol!

Aa skynn dej, aa stræv saa,
A vi ka faal de Hvals.

Aa hvad va de, aa hvad va de
Du spilt den hier Gaang?
A ka itt' hørMusikken for Nævren aa Knævren,
Aa daans mæ di Pier, de vil a saa gjæn!

O Stafen, O Stafen!
De Pols de kan a itt'.
A vil sidde mej ne aa vil snakk' mæ di Søster,
I Aan're ka daans jo saa læng', som I lyster;

A trour saagi, a trour saagi,
A har en Ævl æno.
Aa, føel i mi Lumm aa sie, om en æ der,
Imens a gaaer hen og sætter mi Træskor.

O Stafen, O Stafen
De var saagi en raar;
A ka gjæn gaa aa dans' aa enda æd' et Ævel
Aa hej, Musikanter, spil op paa de Fedel!

Good Evening

Good ev'ning, good ev'ning,
Together we are come!
As many's ye are, both the lads and the lasses;
Hi, fiddler, play up now and give us a tune!

O haste now, O come now,
So we can dance the waltz.

O what was that, O what was that
You played us this last time?
I can't hear the music for all of your babble,
And O, I do love so to dance with the girls!

O Stephen, O Stephen,
The polka I can't dance!
I'll go chat with your sister while you tread the measure;
You others can dance just as long as you've pleasure.

I think, y'know; I think, y'know,
I've still an apple left;
So feel in my pocket and see if it *is* there,
While I go off yonder and take off my shoes.

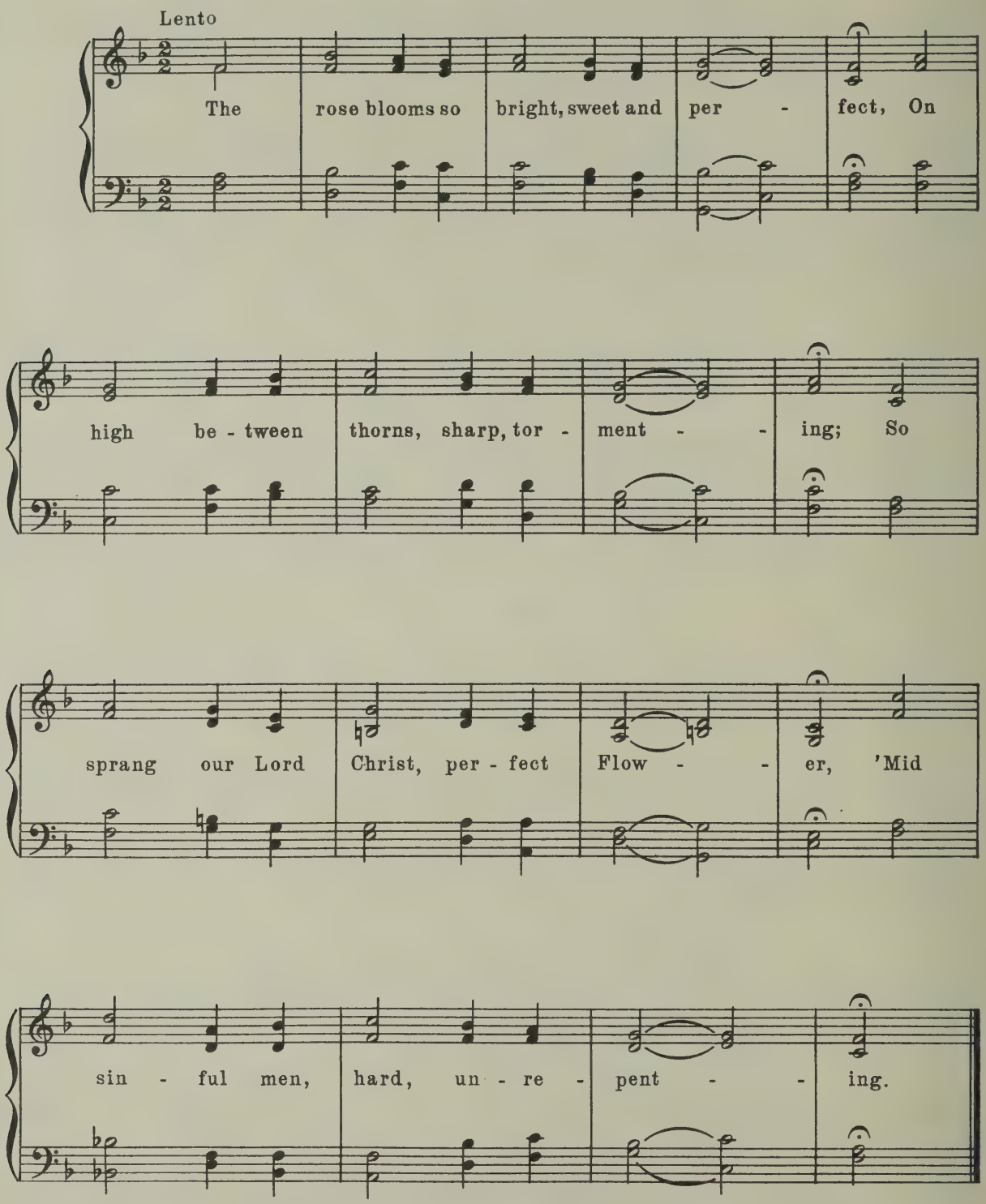
O Stephen, O Stephen,
That's surely good advice!
I can keep on a-dancin' and still eat the apple;
O hi, fiddler, strike up a tune on your fiddle!

Translation by
WILLIAM LYNDON WRIGHT

THE PERFECT ROSE

English version by
Edwin Markham

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson



Den yndigste Rose

Den yndigste Rose er funden,
Blandt stiveste Torne oprunden,
Vor Jesus, den dejligste Pode,
Blandt syndige Mennesker gro'de.

Al Verden nu burde sig fryde,
Med Salmer mangfoldig udbryde,
Men mangen har aldrig fornummen,
At Rosen i Verden er kommen.

Forhærdede Tidsel—Gemytter,
Saa stive som Torne og Støtter,
Hvi holde I eder saa ranke
I Stoltheds fordærvede Tanke!

Ak, søger de ydmyge Steder,
I Støvet for Frelseren græder,
Saa faar I vor Jesus i Tale,
Thi Roserne vokse i Dale.

Lad Verden mig alting betage,
Lad Tornene rive og nage,
Lad Hjertet kun daane og briste,
Min Rose jeg aldrig vil miste!

ETTER BRORSON

The Perfect Rose

The rose blooms so bright, sweet and perfect,
On high between thorns, sharp, tormenting;
So sprang our Lord Christ, perfect Flower,
'Mid sinful men, hard, unrepenting.

O let the world hear with rejoicing!
For some there are know not this story:
The Rose of Heaven, odorous, fadeless,
To earth is come, bringing God's glory.

O hearts of men, bend to His sweetness!
Hold not aloof, loveless, disdaining;
O cast away pride, soul-destroying,
In humbleness, high heaven gaining.

For close and dear, walks now our Savior,
Near us, not in strange distant places:
A rose in a low valley stoops He
And loves those who serve in low places.

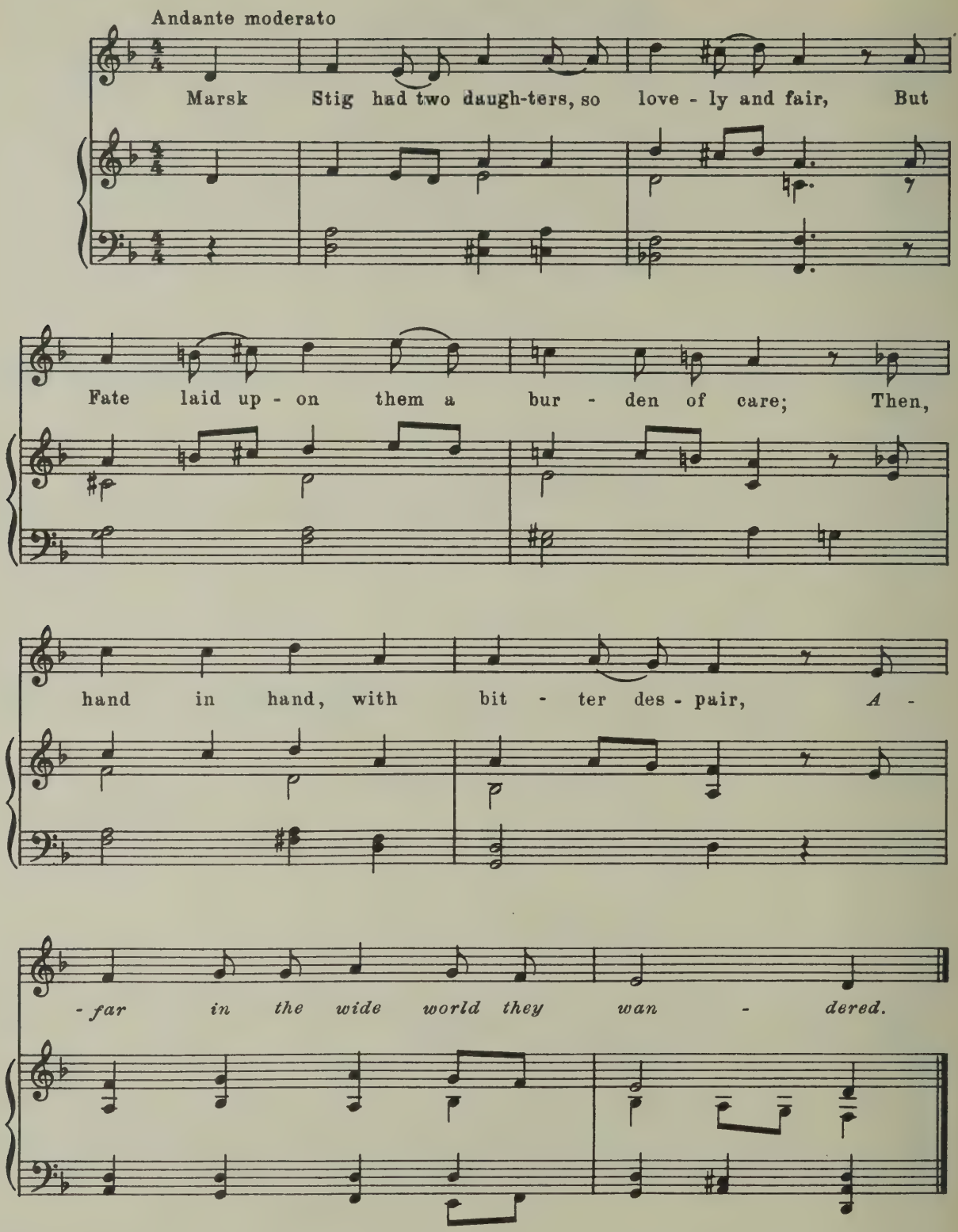
Temptations can not now deceive me;
Life's thorns may my heart rend or sever;
Yet never His comfort shall leave me;
My rose shall I hold fast forever.

English version by
EDWIN MARKHAM

MARSK STIG'S DAUGHTERS

English version by
Anna Mathewson

Arranged by
Jacob Gade



Marsk Stigs Døttre

Marsk Stig han haver de Døttre to,
Saa krank en Skjæbne monne de faae.
Den Ældste tog den Yngste ved Haand—
Og de fore vide om Verden.

Den Ældste tog den Yngste ved Haand,
Saa ginge de dem til Norges Land.
Kong Erik kom fra Thinge hjem.

„Siger mig, hvad for Kvindfolk monne I være?
Hvad have I udi mit Land at gjøre?"
„Og vi er Marsk Stigs Døttre baade.

„Og vi er Marsk Stigs Døttre baade,
Saa gjerne bede vi om Eders Naade."
„Men kunne I brygge og kunne I bage?"

„Vi have ei lært at brygge eller bage,
Og ikke noget sligt Embed' at mage;
Men vi kunne spinde Guldet det røde.

„Havde Marsk Stig levet og bleven i Lande,
Det havde ei gaaet os saa ihaande;
Og havde saa snarlig Fru Ingeborg ei døet."

Saa slog han over dem Skarlagen Skind,
Saa fulgte han dennem i Fruerstuen ind;
Han bad dem hverkem sørge eller græde

Han bad dem hverkem sørge eller græde.
Han skulde dem være i Faders Sted.
Den ældste Søster Væven trendte.

Saa vov de Hjort og saa vov de Hind,
Saa vov de sig selv me blegen Kind;
Og saa vov de med Fingre snare.

Den ældste Søster af Sorg hendøde,
Den Yngste lever efter med Sorg og Møde.
Og Kongen gav hende sin unge Søn.

Og Kongen gav hende sin unge Søn,
Hun var hannem værd, den Jomfru skjøn;
De levede sammen med Æren.

Marsk Stig's Daughters

Marsk Stig had two daughters, so lovely and fair,
But Fate laid upon them a burden of care;
Then, hand in hand, with bitter despair,
Afar in the wide world they wandered.

To Norway they journeyed afar, hand in hand,
Till reaching a palace, all gleaming and grand,
They met King Erik, lord of the land.

"What ho, mournful maidens! I prithee now say
The name that you bear and the home where you stay."
"Marsk Stig's two daughters, homeless are they!

"Marsk Stig lives no longer, alas, it is true!
We come to beg mercy, King Erik, from you."
"And have you learned to bake and to brew?"

"We brew not the ale and we bake not the bread;
No work such as that, but more wondrous instead
We weave with skill the glittering thread.

"If living today were our father, the knight,
And fair lady-mother, so winsome and bright,
We had not been in sorrowful plight."

He gave scarlet cloaks, then, their garments to hide,
And soon to his women folk led them inside,
No more to mourn but safely to bide.

He bade them no longer to weep and to grieve;
Their father he'd be and their wants he'd relieve.
The loom they threaded, ready to weave.

They wove many pictures of deer and of doe;
They wove their own faces, still whitened with woe;
Their clever fingers flew to and fro.

The sad elder sister of sorrowing died;
The other at first in her loneliness sighed,
But then became a beautiful bride.

The King gave the maid to his young son and heir,
For she was most worthy and wondrously fair;
They lived in peace with never a care.

English version by
ANNA MATHEWSON

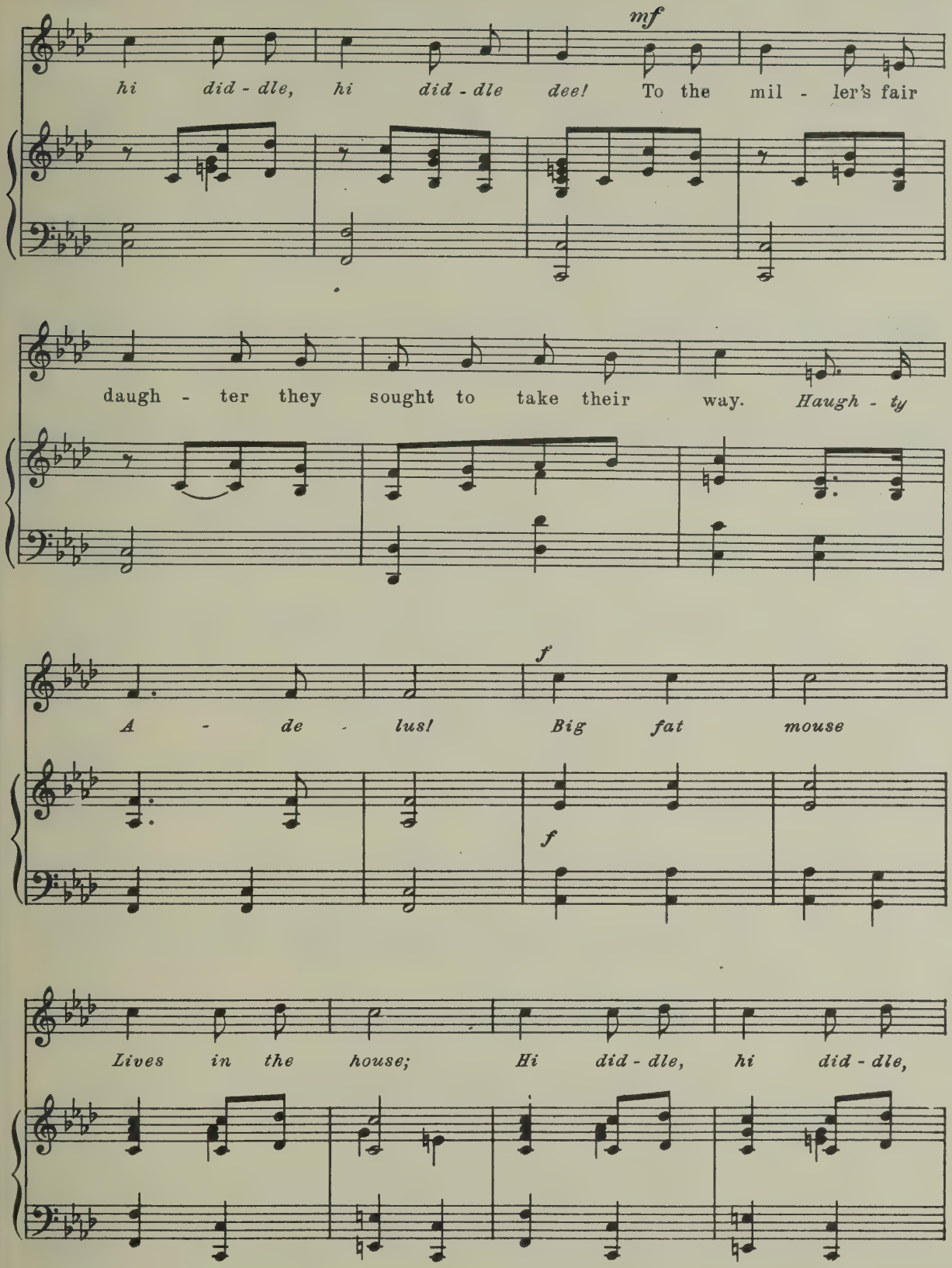
THE THREE RASCALS

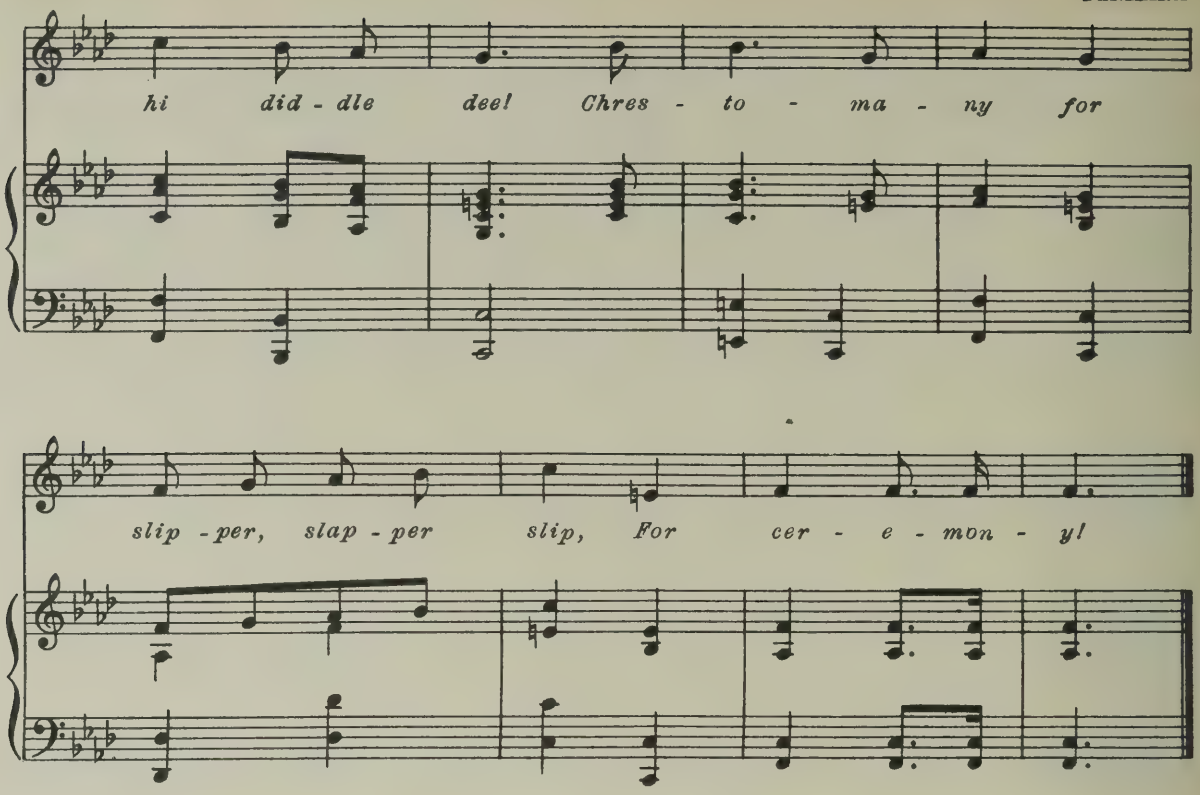
Translation by
William Lyndon Wright

Arranged by
William Lyndon Wright



DENMARK


mf
hi did - dle, hi did - dle dee! To the mil - ler's fair
daugh - ter they sought to take their way. Haugh - ty
f
A - de - lus! Big fat mouse
f
Lives in the house; Hi did - dle, hi did - dle,



De Tre Skalke

Der stode tre Skalke og tænkte paa et Raad;
Tingluti, tangluti, lustudi lej!
De vilde til Møllerens Dotter gaa.
Stolten Adelus!

Baadsmands Hus,
Krusnusidus,
Tingluti, tangluti, lustudi lej!
Krestomani, og Snure-vure-vip,
For Ceremonie.

De to tog den Tredie og stopped' i en Sæk,
Saa bar de ham over til Møllerens Bæk.

„Og hør, du Møller, saa fager og fin,
Sig, vil du male mig Sækken min?"

„Ja, sæt den kun der ved min Dotters Seng,
Der kommer hverken Rotter eller Mus til den."

Men der nu Mørket det faldt fraa,
Begundte den Sæk at krybe og gaa.

„Aa, skynd dig, Fa'er, at tænde et Lys,
Der er Tyve og Røvere i Møllerens Hus!"

„Og hør, skøn Jomfru, saa fager og fin,
Sig, vil du være Allerkæresten min?"

„Aa, skynd dig, Fa'er, at slukke det Lys,
Det var bare ev Kat, der fanged en Mus."

Men Kællingen, der henne i Bænken laa,
Hun sa'e: Naa, den Kat havde nok Støvler paa!"

The Three Rascals

Three schemers stood scheming together one fine day;
Hi diddle, hi diddle, hi diddle dee!
To the miller's fair daughter they sought to take their way,
Haughty Adelus!

Big fat mouse
Lives in the house;
Hi diddle, hi diddle, hi diddle dee!
Chrestomany, for slipper slapper slip,
For ceremony!

Then two took the third and they stuffed him in a sack;
And straight to the miller's they bore their curious pack.

"O hear, master miller, so handsome and so gay,
Wilt grind me the corn that I bring to thee today?"

"Ay, set you the sack by my daughter's chamber there,
Where no rats or mice will come its web to tear."

But when night came on and the shadows thick did fall,
The sack went a-creeping and moving through the hall.

"O father, get up now and quickly make a light;
For robbers and thieves, they have come to us by night."

Then soft spake the lad: "O thou maiden fair and fine,
Make answer and tell me if thou wilt now be mine."

"O father, get up now and darken all the house;
'Twas only a cat that was here, and killed a mouse."

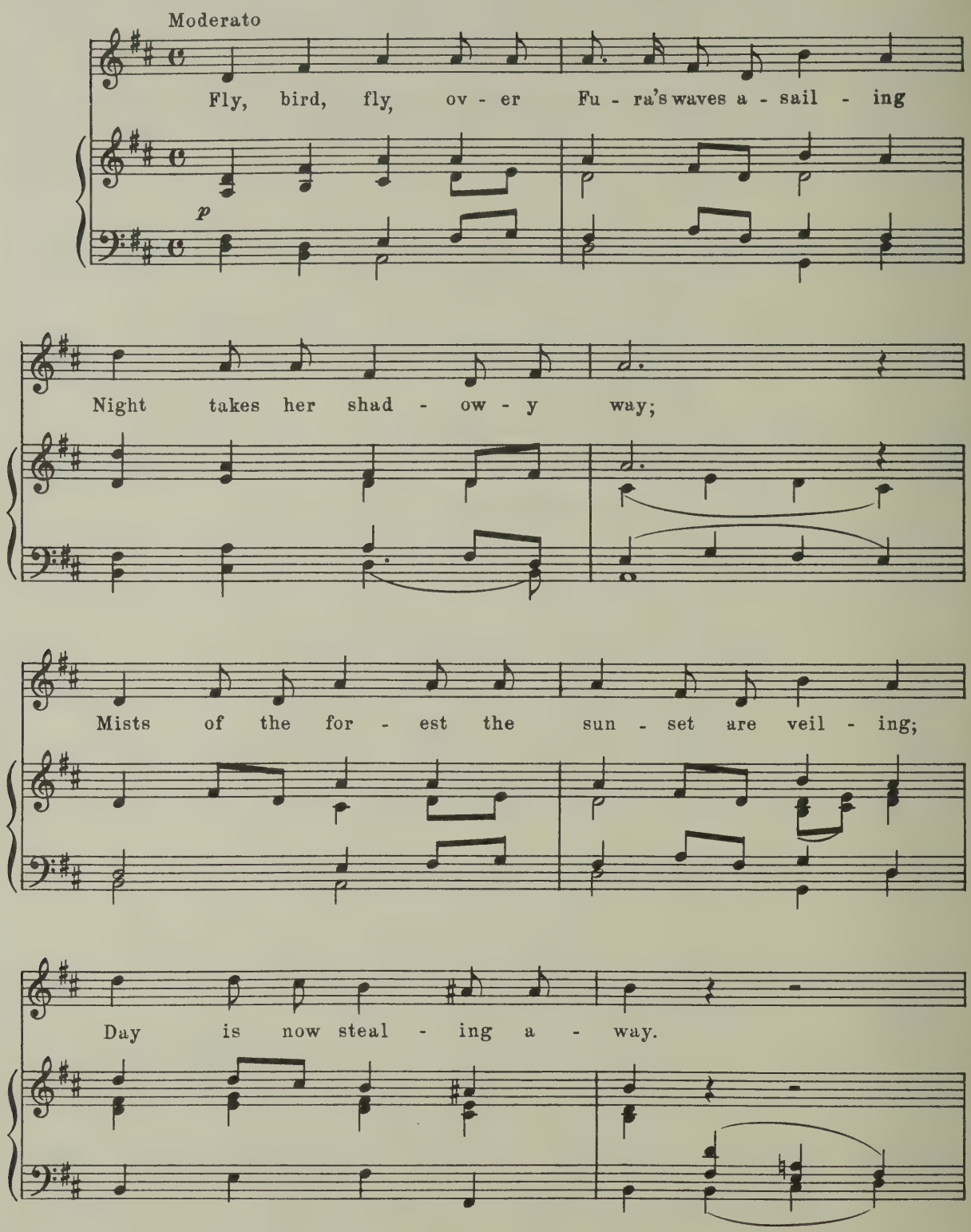
Then up spake her aunt, "Ay, my brother, that is so;
But this Puss-in-Boots had his slippers on, you know."

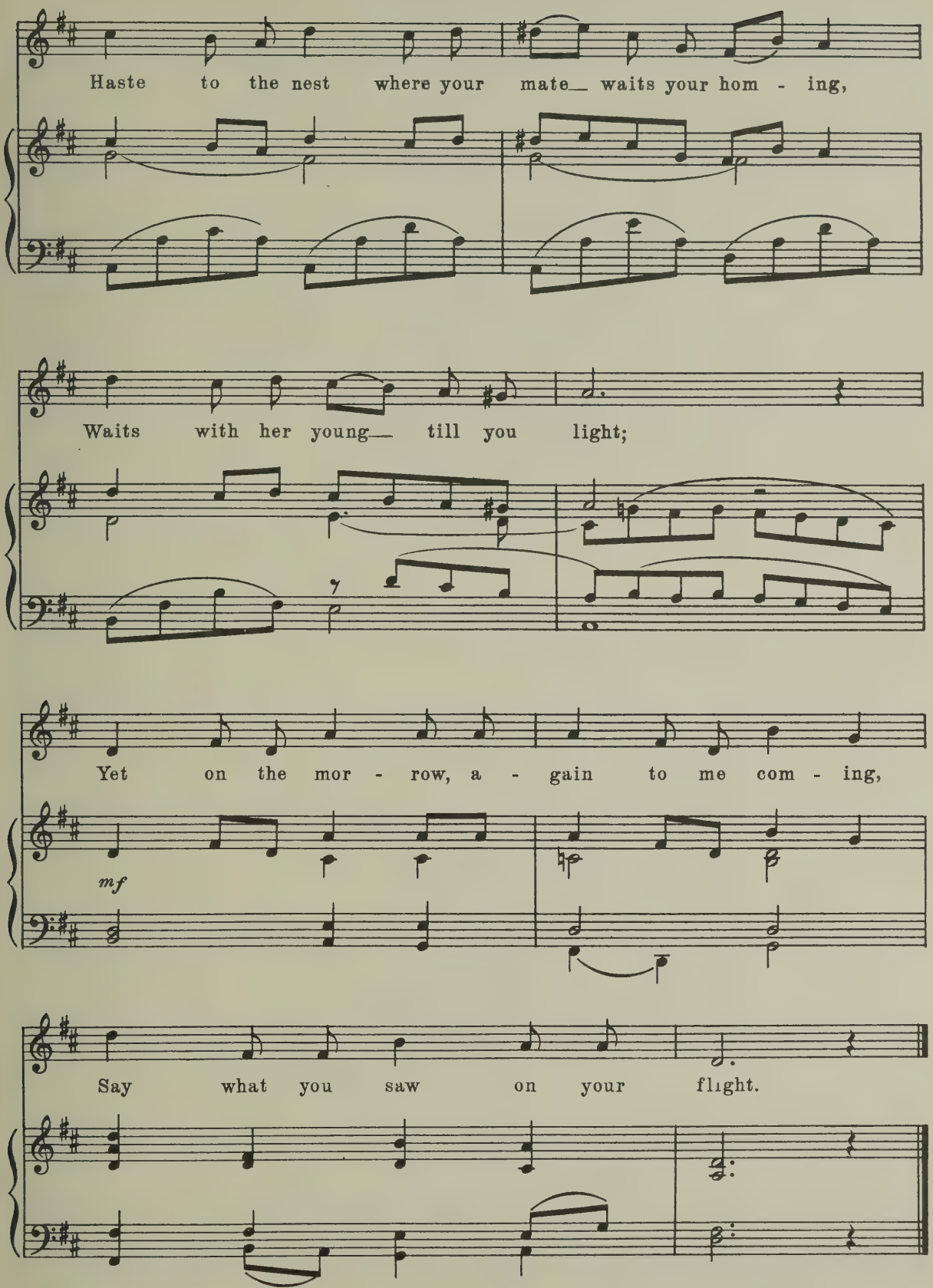
Translation by
WILLIAM LYNDON WRIGHT

FLY, BIRD, FLY

English version by
Frederick H. Martens

Music by
J. P. E. Hartmann




Haste to the nest where your mate waits your hom - ing,
Waits with her young till you light;
Yet on the mor - row, a - gain to me com - ing,
mf
Say what you saw on your flight.

Flyv, Fugl, Flyv!

Flyv, Fugl, flyv over Furesøens Vove,
Nu kommer Natten saa sort;
Alt ligger Sol bag de dæmrende Skove,
Dagen den lister sig bort.
Skynd dig nu hjem til din fjedrede Mage,
Til de gulnæbbede Smaa;
Men naar i Morgen du kommer tilbage,
Sig mig saa alt, hvad du saa.

Flyv, Fugl, flyv over Furesøens Vande,
Langt, langt bort i det Blaa!
Ensomt i Skoven ved fjerneste Strande
Ser du min Favre at gaa.
Gulbrune Lokker, som flagre i Vinden,
Let er hun, rank som et Ax,
Øjet er sort, of Roser har Kinden,
Ak, du kan kende hende strax.

CHR. WINTHER

Fly, Bird, Fly

Fly, bird, fly, over Fura's waves a-sailing
Night takes her shadowy way;
Mists of the forest the sunset are veiling;
Day now is stealing away.
Haste to the nest where your mate waits your homing,
Waits with her young till you light;
Yet on the morrow, again to me coming,
Say what you saw on your flight.

Fly, bird, fly over Fura's waves ascending,
Fly into blue realms of air;
Far lies a strand where the green woods are ending;
Lonely, my love walketh there.
Locks golden-brown, in the sea breezes blowing,
Light footed, straight as the grain,
Eyes dark as night, in her cheeks roses growing—
Ah, you will know her again!

English version by
FREDERICK H. MARTENS

SONGS OF SWEDEN

PAGE

As the Star 64

Christmas Polka 66

The Purple-Gold Ribbon 67

The Mountain Captive 69

By Daytime at my Work 71

The Neckan's Polka 73

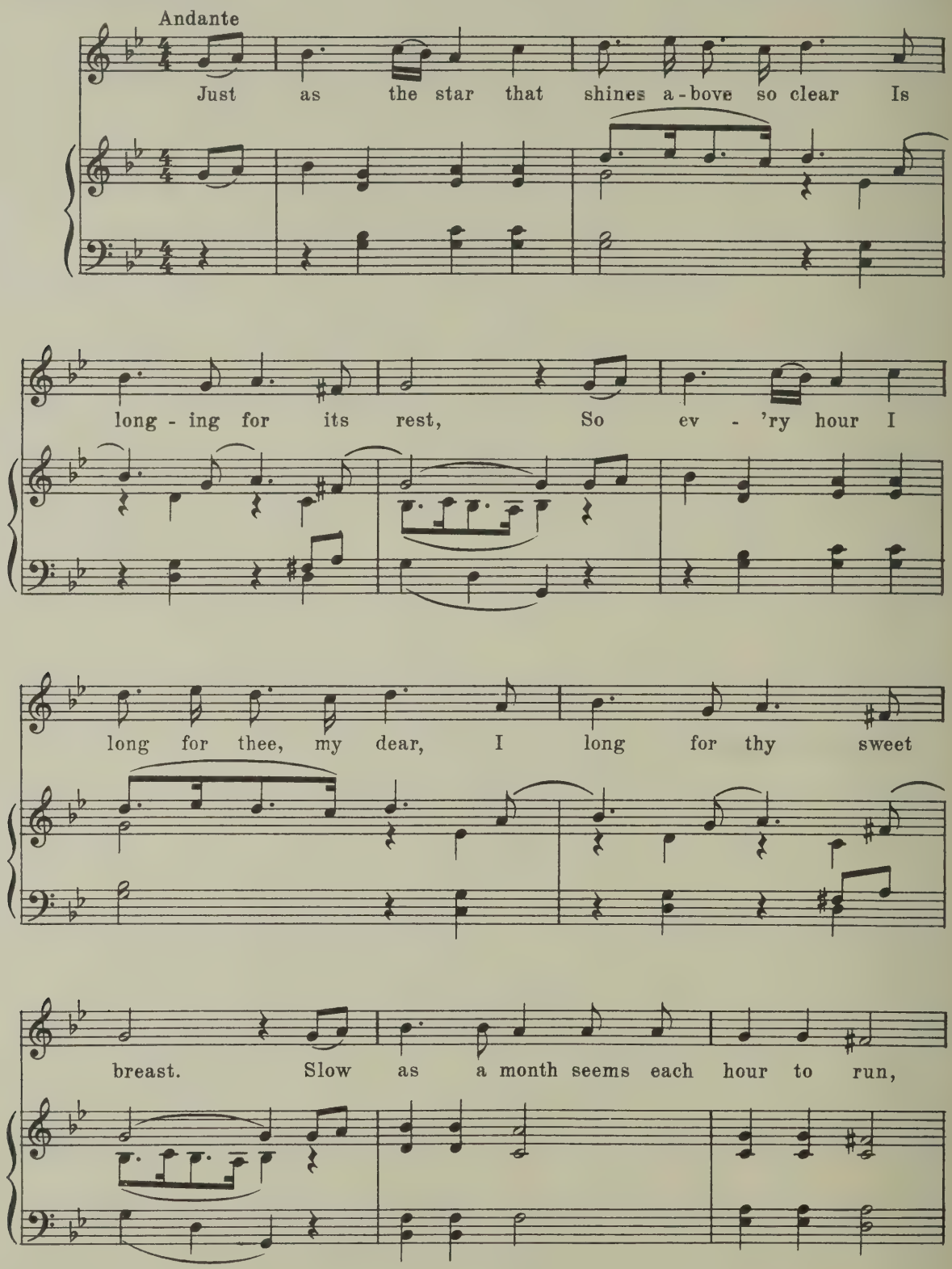
O Crystal the Finest 75

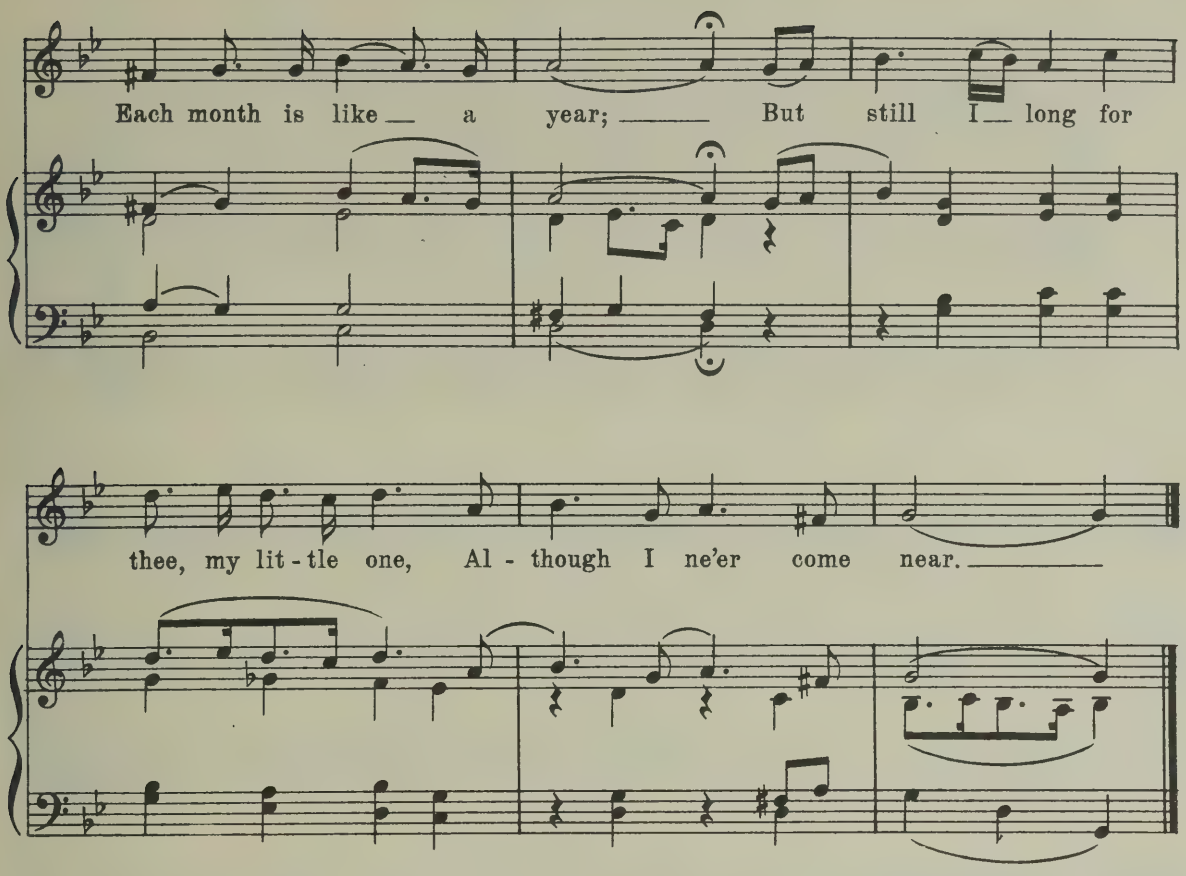
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AS THE STAR

Translation by
Charles Wharton Stork

Arranged by
Frederick S. Converse





Som stjärnan

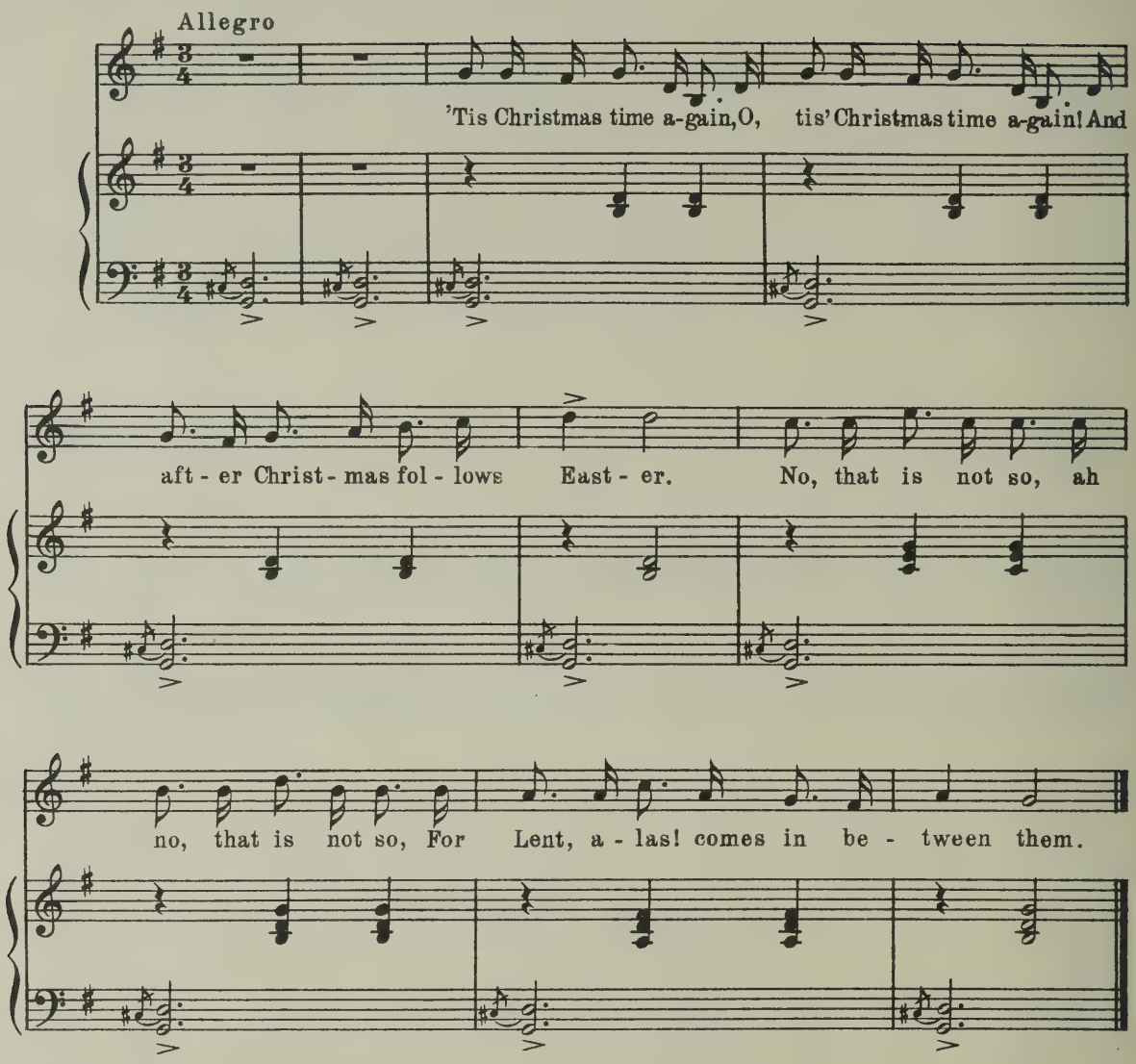
Som stjärnan uppå himmelen så klar
Hon längtar till sitt rum,
Så längtar jag till dig, min lilla vän,
Hvar timma och hvar stund.
Hvar timma ar som en månad lång,
En månad som ett år.
Så längtar jag till dig, min lilla vän,
Fast jag dig aldrig får.

As the Star

Just as the star that shines above so clear
Is longing for its rest,
So every hour I long for thee, my dear,
I long for thy sweet breast.
Slow as a month seems each hour to run;
Each month is like a year;
But still I long for thee, my little one,
Although I ne'er come near.

Translation by
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

Translation by
Charles Wharton Stork



Jul Polska

Nu är det Jul igen, och nu är det Jul igen
Och Julen varar väl till Påska.
Det var inte sant, och det var inte sant,
Ty efter Julen kommer Fastan.

Christmas Polka

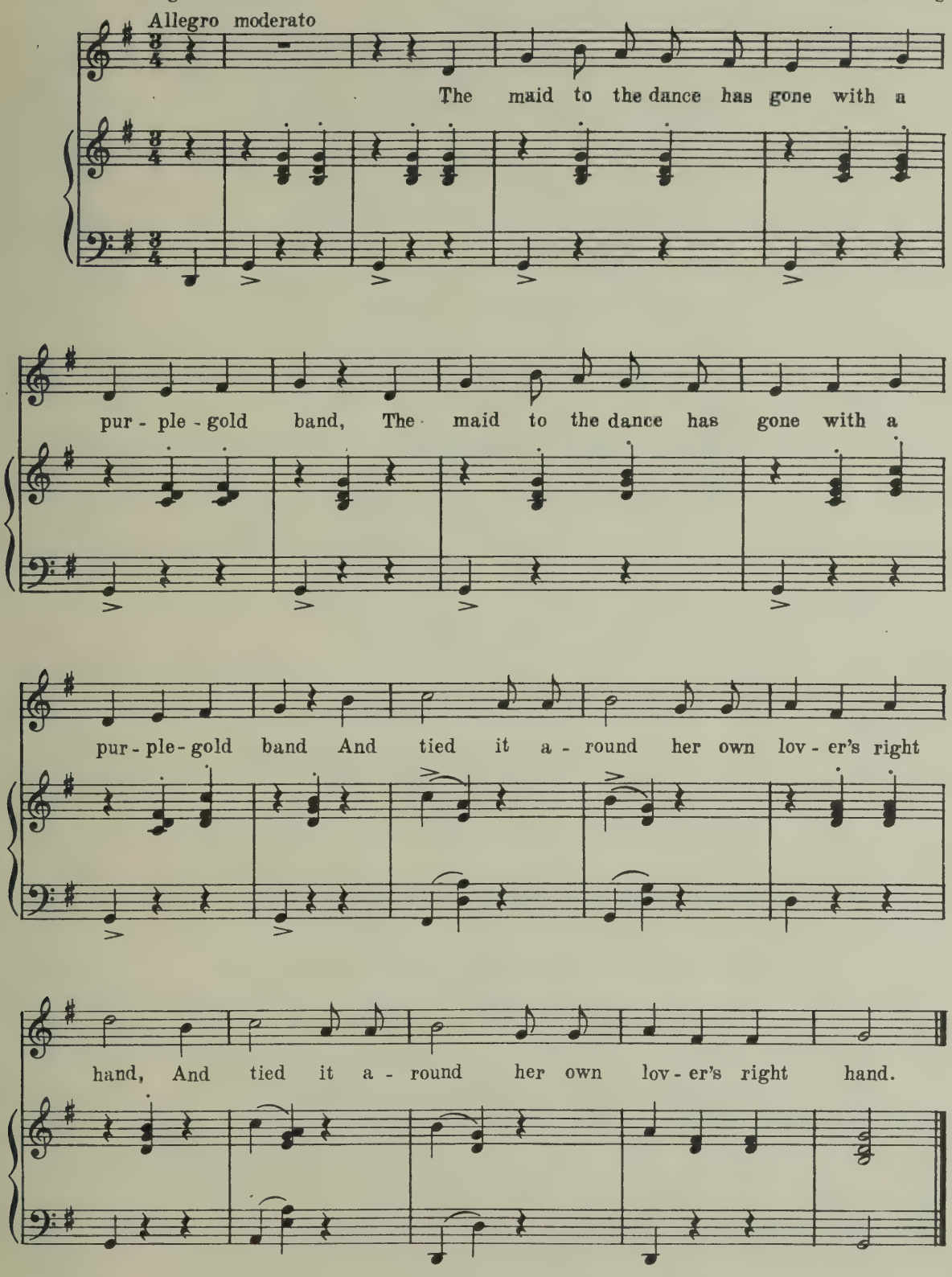
'Tis Christmas time again, O 'tis Christmas time again!
And after Christmas follows Easter.
No, that is not so, ah no, that is not so,
For Lent, alas! comes in between them.

Translation by
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

THE PURPLE-GOLD RIBBON

English version by
Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

Dance song



Rödan Guldband

Och flickan hon går i dansen med rödan guldband,
Det binder hon om allrakärestans hand.

Ack, kära min lilla flicka, bind inte så hårdt;
Jag ärnar visst inte att rymma långt bort.

Och jungfrun hon går och löser på rödan guldband,
Så räcker hon kär'stan snöhvitan hand.

Så hasteligt denna gossen ur dansen försvann,
De sökte efter honom i hela det land;

De sköto efter honom med femton gevär,
De sporde efter honom båd fjärran och när.

"Säg, vill du mig något, så har du mig här;
Till dig står allt mitt hjärtas begär."

Och nu har jag blifvit gifter, nu har jag fått man,
Den vackraste gosse, som finns i vårt land!

The Purple-Gold Ribbon

The maid to the dance has gone with a purple-gold band
And tied it around her own lover's right hand.

"O why, dearest little girl, dost thou bind me so tight?
I'll not run away nor go far from thy sight."

Reluctant she loosed the ribbon of purple and gold
And trustfully gave him her white hand to hold.

But quickly her lover slipped from the dance and away;
They searched through the land for a year and a day.

They shot at him with their guns, all fifteen in a row;
They asked for him high, and they asked for him low.

"Say, why are you seeking me, when I'm coming to you?
The thoughts of my heart, dear, have ever been true."

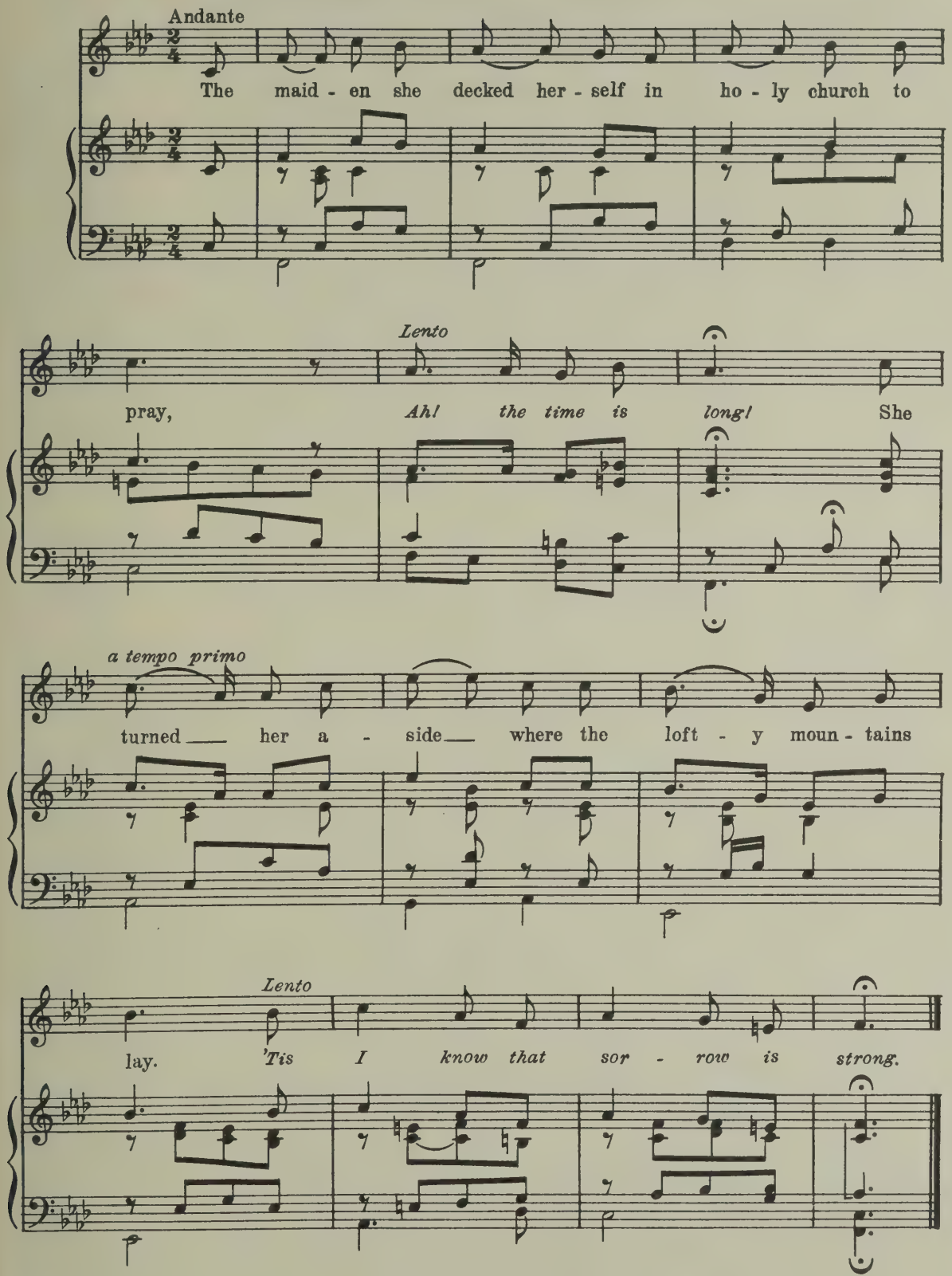
"Now wed am I, with my man and my home and my hearth,
O yes, and the dearest small boy on the earth."

English version by
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

THE MOUNTAIN CAPTIVE

Translation by
Charles Wharton Stork

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson



Den Bergtagna

Och jungfrun hon skulle sig till ottesången gå;
Tiden görs mig lang.
Så gick hon den vägen, där höga berget låg.
Men jag vet att sorgen är tung.

Hon klappade på bergadörrn med fingrarna de små:
"Statt upp, du höga bergakung, drag låsen ifrå!"

Och upp steg bergakungen, drog låsen ifrå;
Så bar han den bruden i silkessängen blå.

Så var hon i berget i åtta runda år,
Fick sonerna sju och en dotter så båld.

Jungfrun hon gångar sig för bergakungen stå:
"Ack gifve, att jag finge till moder min hemgå!"

"Och nog kan du hem till din moder få gå,
Blott att du ej vill nämna sju barnen de små."

Och när sen' hon kom på sin kära moders gård,
Ute för henne huld-moderen står.

"Och hvar har du varit så långan en tid,
Nu hafver du väl varit uti rosende lid?"

"Och inte har jag varit uti rosende lid:
I berget har jag varit så långan en tid.

"I berget har jag varit i åtta runda år,
Dä har jag födt sju söner och en dotter så båld."

Bergakungen in genom dörren steg:
"Hvi står du här och talar så mycket ondt om mig?"

"Och inte har jag talat något ondt om dig,
Men väl om det goda, du gjort emot mig."

"Packa dig på dörren, och låt det ske fort!
Och aldrig skall du komma inför din moders port."

"Farväl, du höga himmel! Farväl du gröna jord!
Nu reser jag till berget, där bergakungen bor."

The Mountain Captive

The maiden she decked herself in holy church to pray,
Ah! the time is long!
She turned her aside where the lofty mountains lay.
'Tis I know that sorrow is strong.

She tapped upon the mountain's gate with fingers so small:
"Rise up, thou mighty mountain king, and open to my call!"

And up rose the mountain king; the bolt then he drew;
Bore with him the maid to his bridal bed of blue.

Eight years in the mountains the maiden she did dwell,
And seven sons she bore there, a daughter fair as well.

The maiden she went and before the king she stood:
"O grant that I may go to my mother so good!"

"Aye, well may'st thou go to thy mother again,
If thou dost not tell of thy seven children then."

And when she had come to her dear mother's home,
Her mother was waiting to see where she did come.

"Where hast thou been, my daughter, this many a day?
And hast thou then tarried in the church for to pray?"

"O no, I have not tarried in the church for to pray,
But I've been in the mountains this many a day.

"For I in the mountains full eight years did dwell,
And seven sons I bore there, a daughter fair as well."

With that the mountain king in the doorway stood he:
"O wherefore art thou talking such evil of me?"

"O I was not telling aught evil of thee,
But rather of the kindness thou didst unto me."

"Get out of this door and betake thee from here.
And never come again to thy own mother dear!"

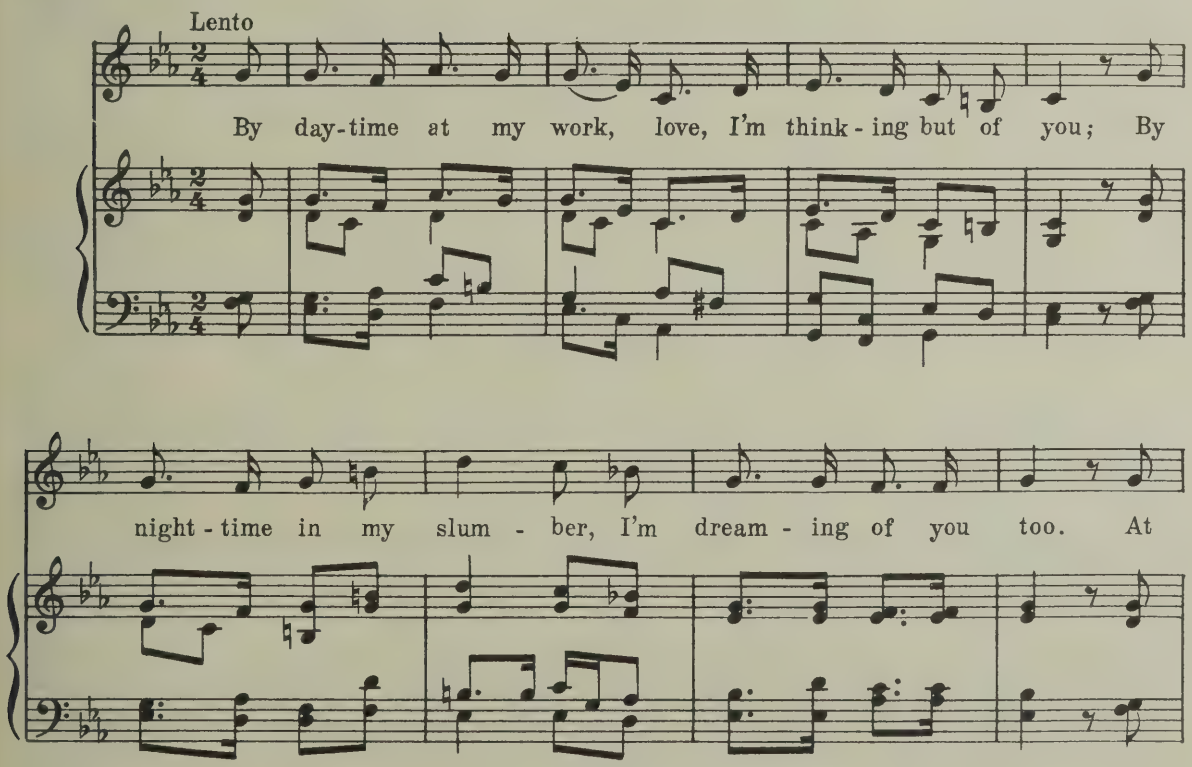
"Farewell, O high heavens, thou green earth, farewell!
For I must depart with the mountain king to dwell."

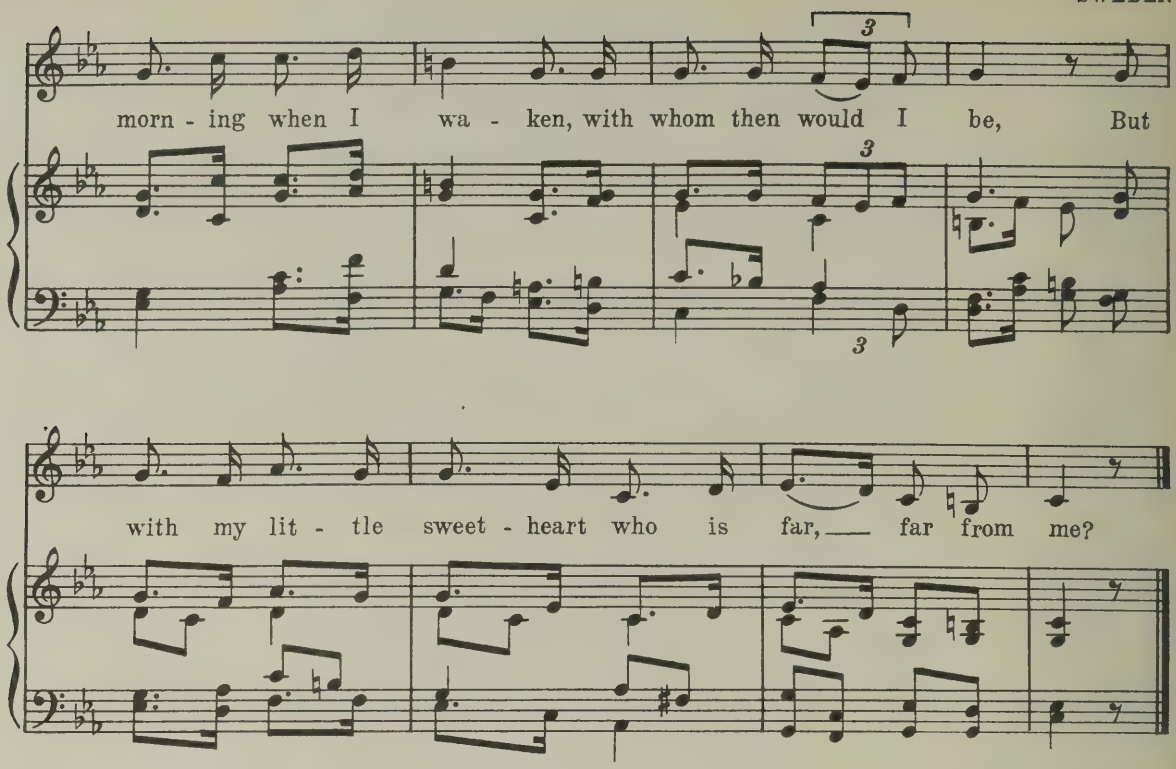
Translation by
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

BY DAYTIME AT MY WORK

Translation by
Charles Wharton Stork

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson





Om dagen vid mitt arbete

Om dagen vid mitt arbete är du uti mitt sinn',
Om natten då jag sofver är du i drömmen min.
Om morgon, då jag vaknar, hvem saknar jag väl då?
Jag saknar lilla vännen, som är långt härifrån.

By Daytime At My Work

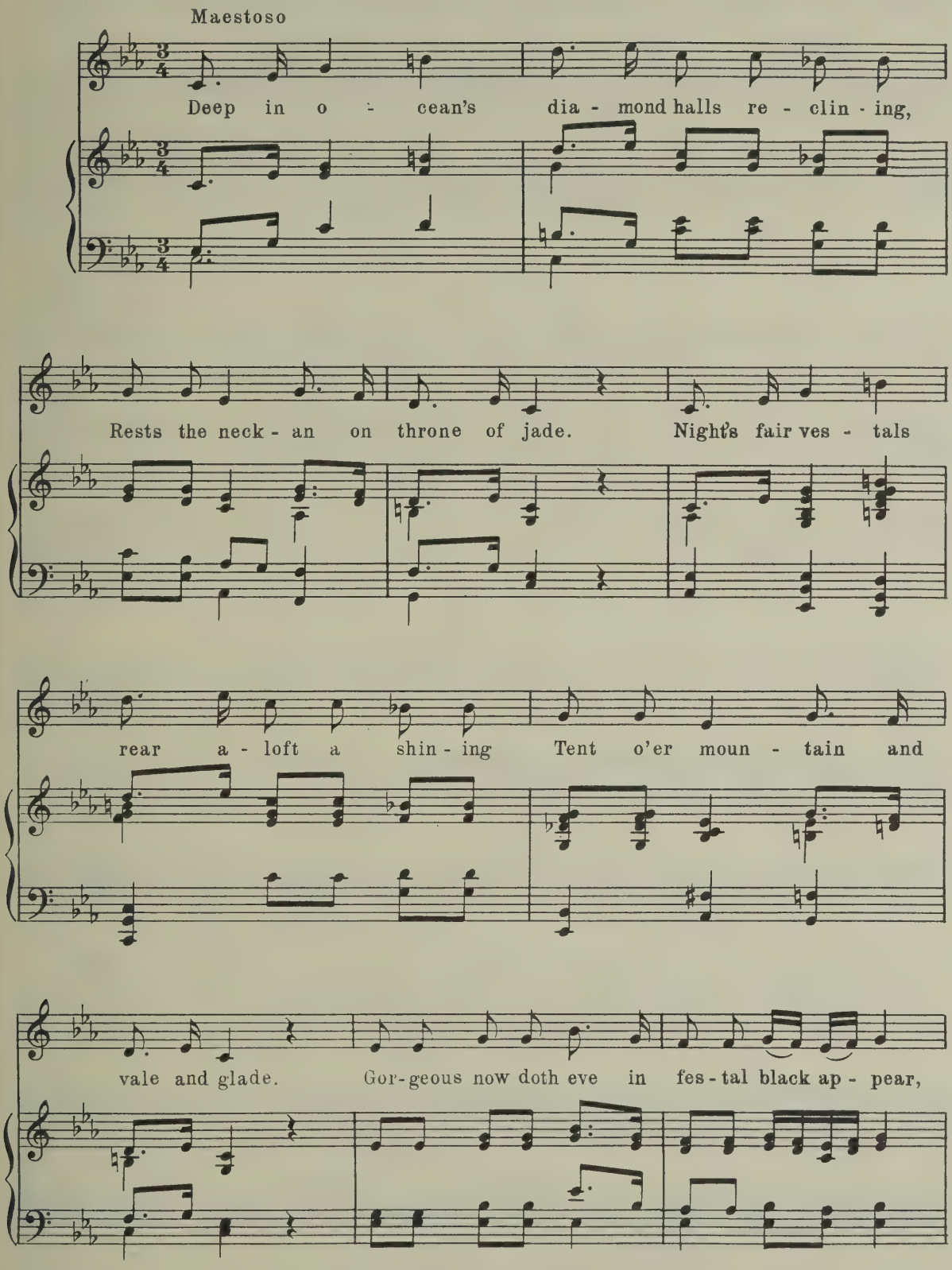
By day-time at my work, love. I'm thinking but of you;
By night-time in my slumber, I'm dreaming of you too.
At morning when I waken, with whom then would I be,
But with my little sweetheart who is far, far from me?

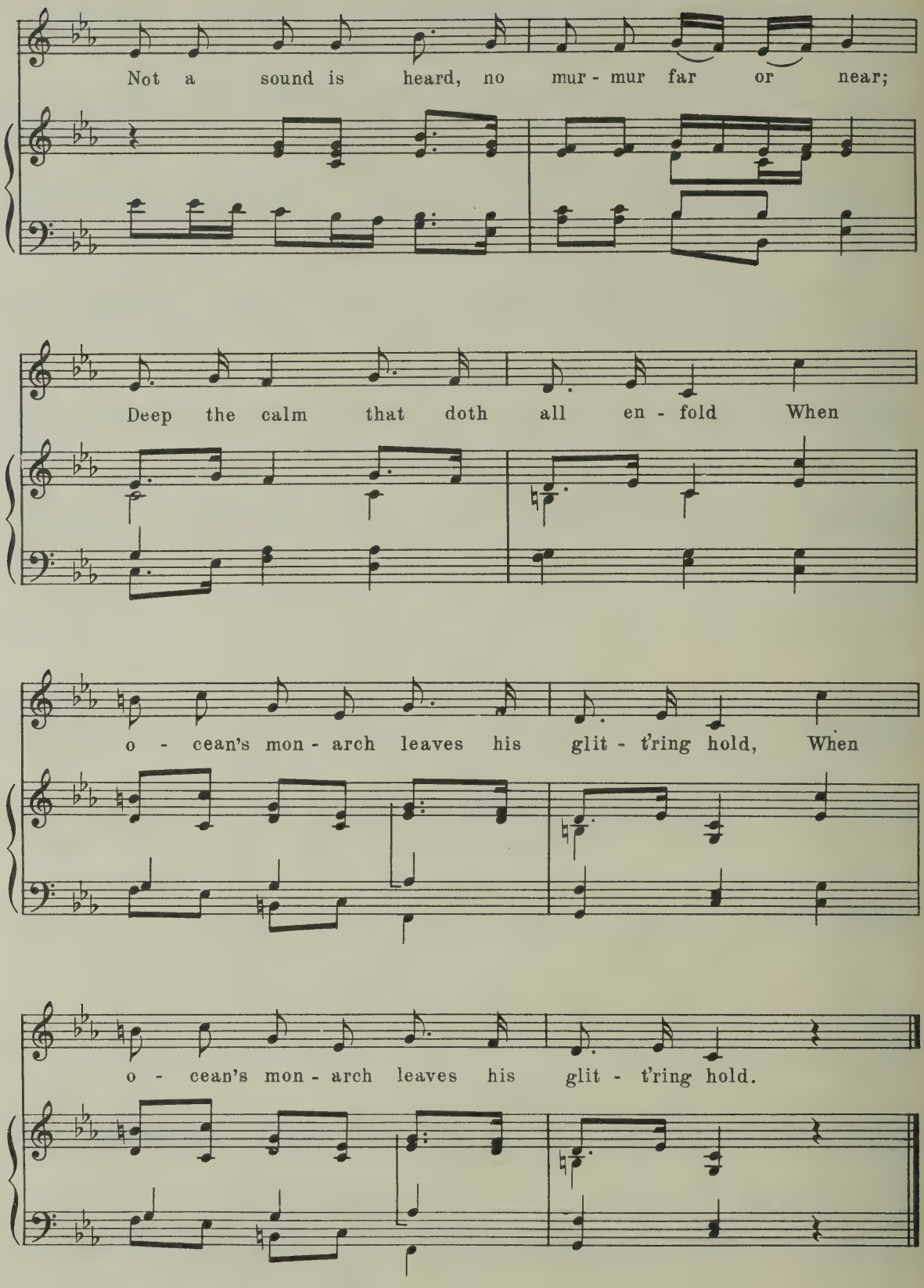
Translation by
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

THE NECKAN'S POLKA

Translation by
Charles Wharton Stork

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson




Not a sound is heard, no mur - mur far or near;
Deep the calm that doth all en - fold When
o - cean's mon - arch leaves his glit - t'ring hold, When
o - cean's mon - arch leaves his glit - t'ring hold.

SWEDEN

Neckens Polska

Djupt i hafvet på demantehällen
Necken hvilar i grönan sal.
Nattens tärnor spänna mörka pällen
Öfver skog, öfver berg och dal.
Kvällen härlig står i svartan högtidsskrud.
När och fjäran ej en susning, intet ljud
Stör det lugn öfver nejden rår.
När hafvets kung ur gyllne borgen går.]2

The Neckan's Polka

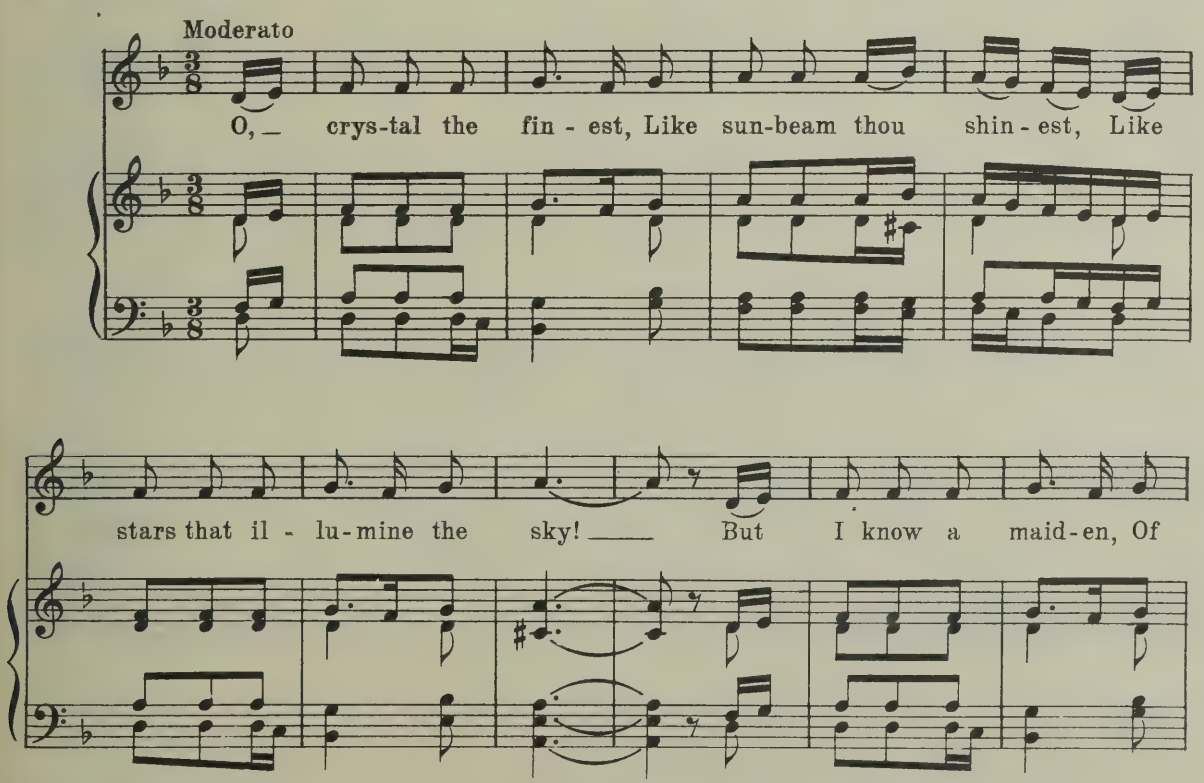
Deep in ocean's diamond halls reclining,
Rests the neckan on throne of jade.
Night's fair vestals rear aloft a shining
Tent o'er mountain and vale and glade.
Gorgeous now doth eve in festal black appear,
Not a sound is heard, no murmur far or near;
Deep the calm that doth all enfold
When ocean's monarch leaves his glitt'ring hold.]2

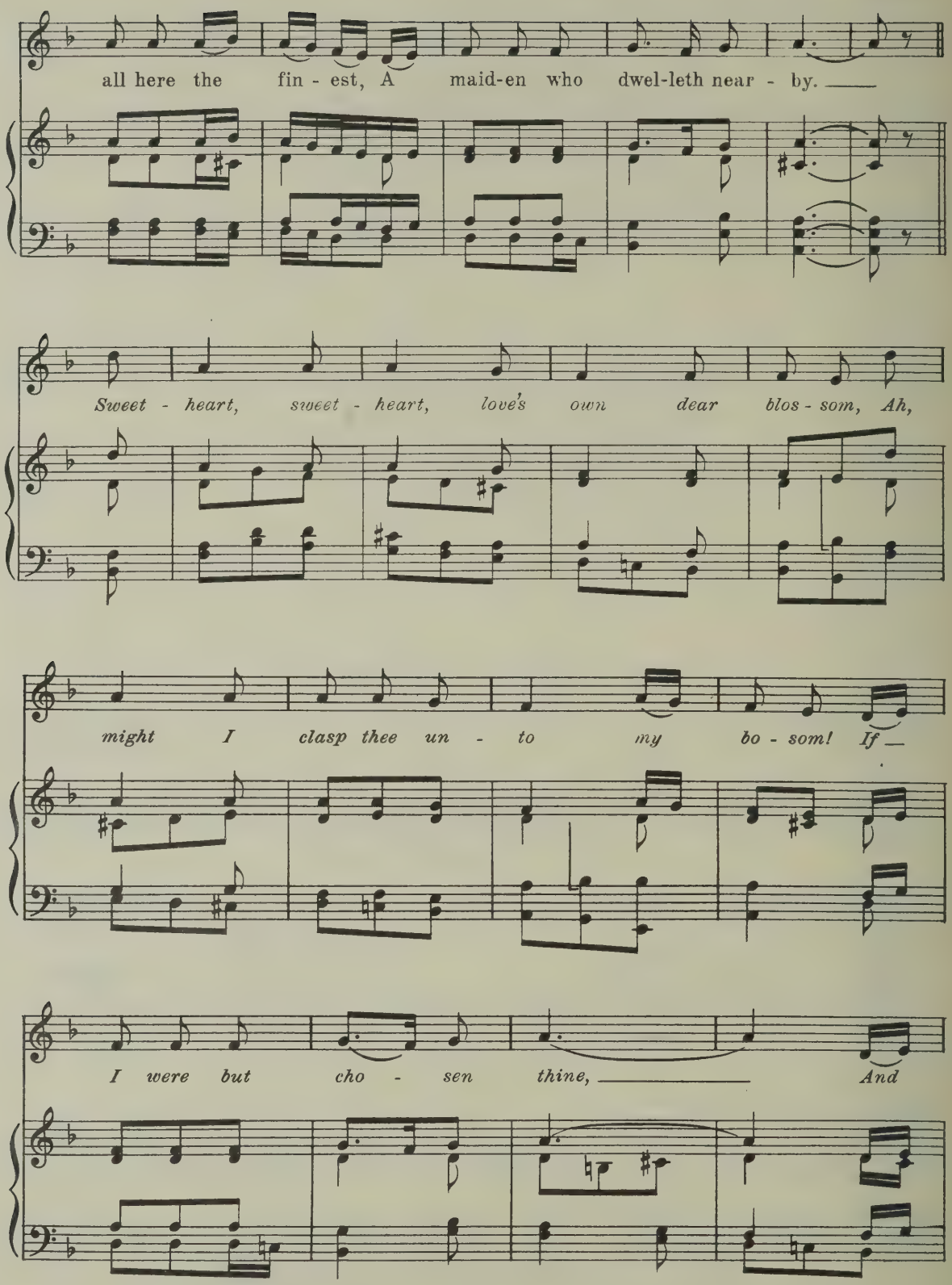
Translation by
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

O CRYSTAL THE FINEST

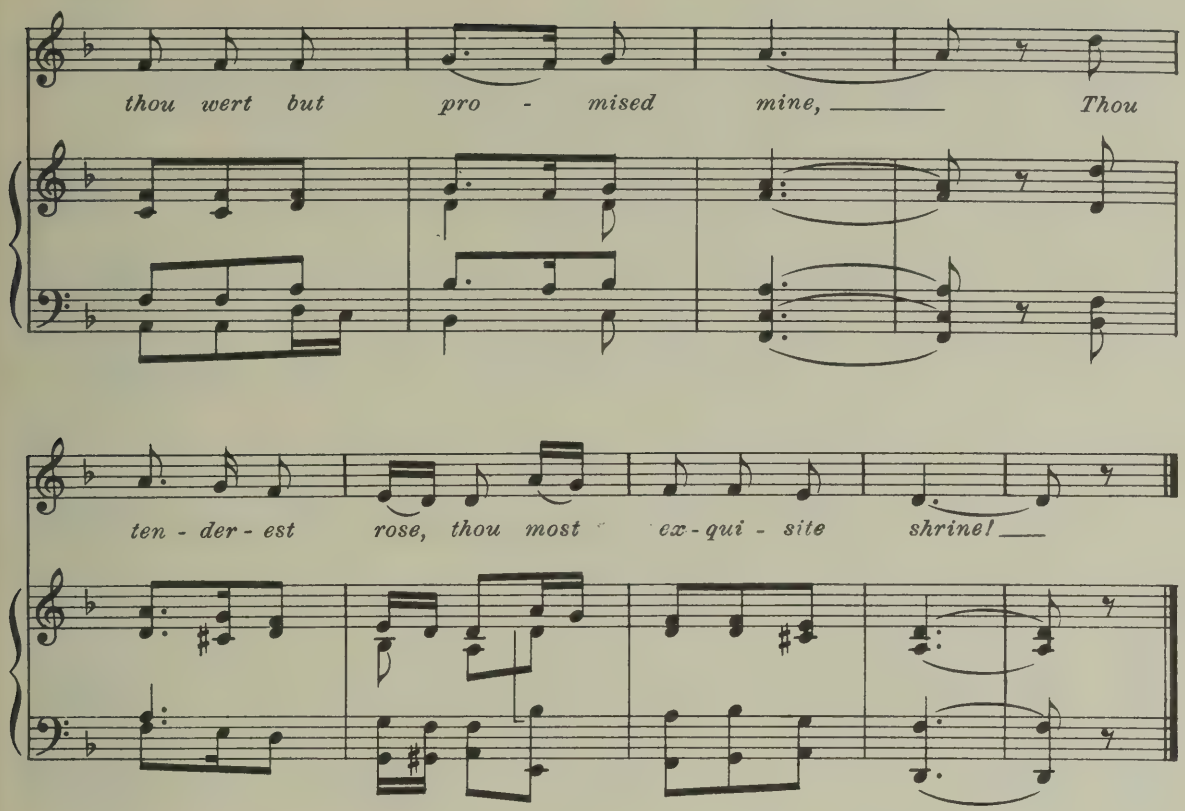
Translation by
Charles Wharton Stork

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson




all here the fin - est, A maid-en who dwel-leth near - by.
Sweet - heart, sweet - heart, love's own dear blos - som, Ah,
might I clasp thee un - to my bo - som! If
I were but cho - sen thine, And

SWEDEN



Kristallen den fina

Kristallen den fina,
Som solen månd' skina,
Som stjärnorna blänka i skyn!
Jag känner en flicka
I bygden fina,.
En flicka i denna här byn.

Min vän, min vän, och älskogsblomma,
Ack, att vi kunde tillsammans komma,
Och jag vore vännen din,
Och du allra kärestan min,
Du ädela ros och förgyllande skrin!

Och om du än fore
Till världenes ände,
Så ropar mitt hjärta till dig.
Och om du an fore
Till världenes ände,
Så ropar mitt hjärta till dig.

Till dig, min vän, o. s. v.

O, Crystal the Finest

O, crystal the finest,
Like sunbeam thou shinest,
Like stars that illumine the sky!
But I know a maiden,
Of all here the finest,
A maiden who dwelleth near-by.

Sweetheart, sweetheart, love's own dear blossom,
Ah, might I clasp thee unto my bosom!
If I were but chosen thine,
And thou wert but promiséd mine,
Thou tenderest rose, thou most exquisite shrine!

And though thou wert far as
The ends of the earth, love,
My heart would still clamor for thee.
And though thou wert far as
The ends of the earth, love,
My heart would still clamor for thee.

For thee, sweetheart, etc.

Translation by
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

SONGS OF NORWAY

PAGE

I See You Through the Window 79

Paul on the Hill 81

In Kraakalund 84

Rötnam's Knut 86

I Laid me Down so Softly 88

O Fetch the Water 90

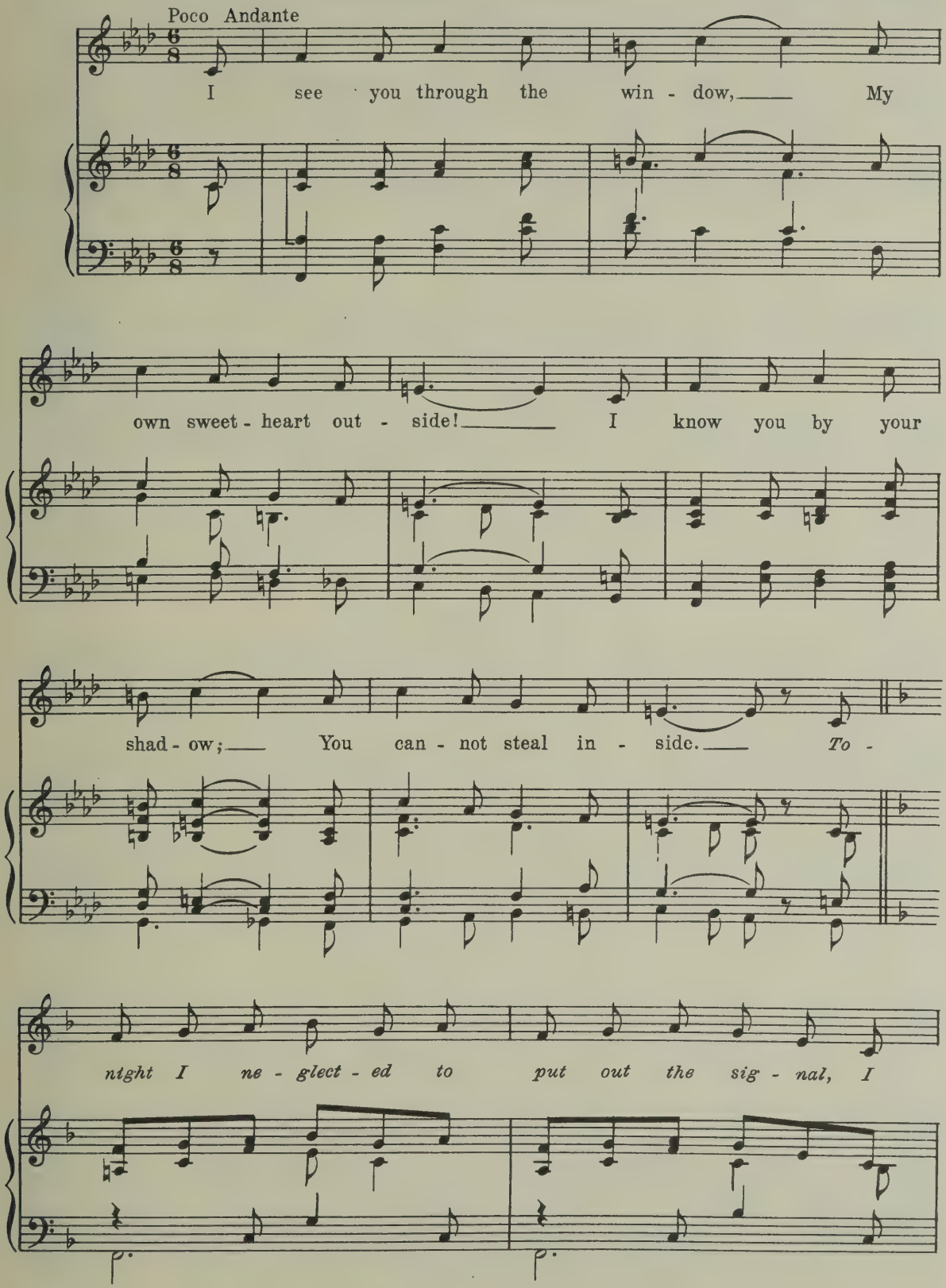
Ah, Ola, Ola 91

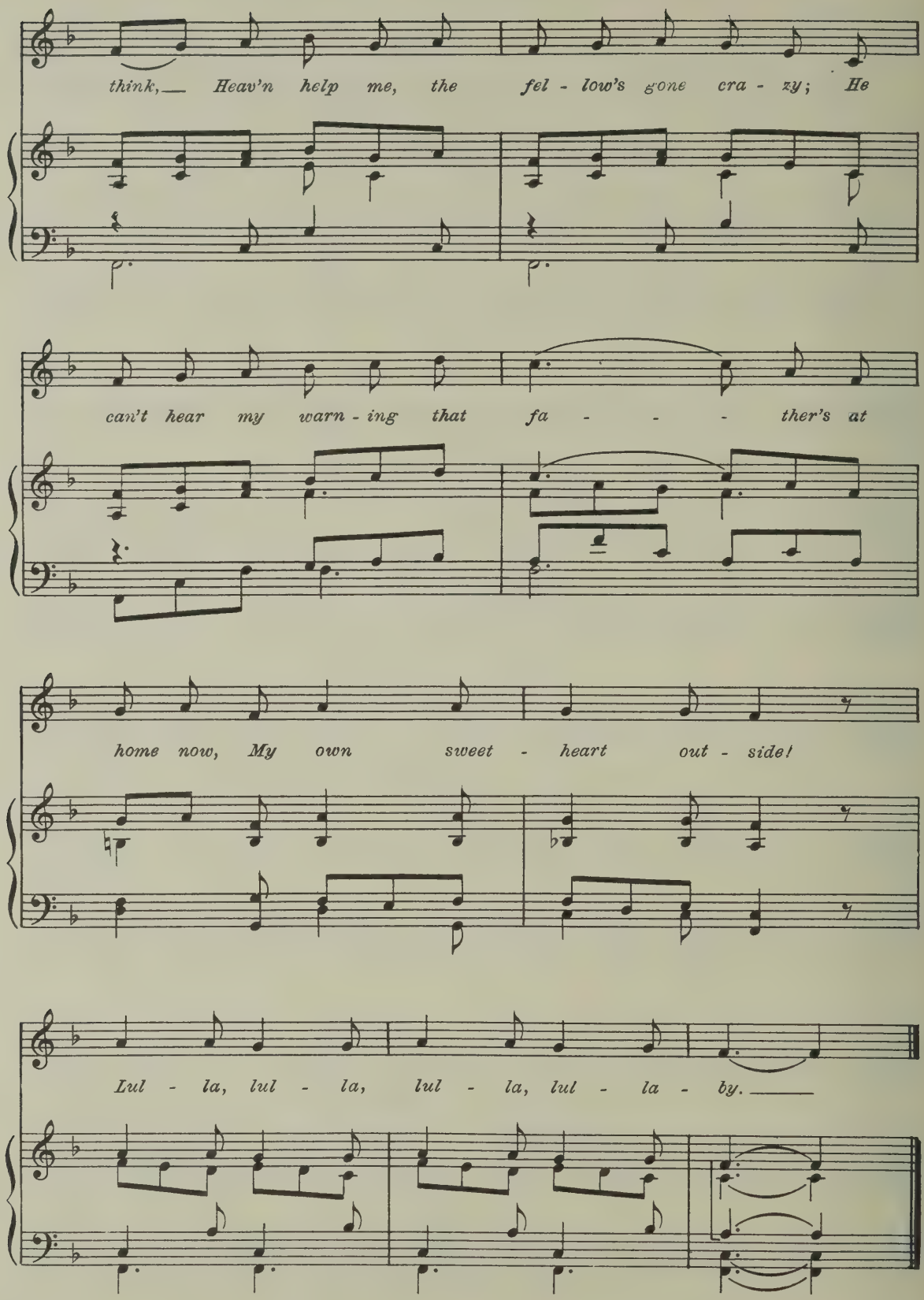
34888

I SEE YOU THROUGH THE WINDOW

Translation by
Miles M. Dawson

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson




think, Heav'n help me, the fel - low's gone cra - zy; He
can't hear my warn - ing that fa - - - - ther's at
home now, My own sweet - heart out - side!
Lul - la, lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by.

Eg Seer Deg Ut Før Gluggjin

Eg seer deg ut før gluggjin,
—Kjær søte vennen min!—
Eg kjenner deg paa skuggjin,
Du kann 'kje sleppa inn.

I kvell eg gløymde no kubbin aa reisa,
Eg meiner, den guten æ bindande galin,
Som inkje kann høyra, at far han æ heime—
—Kjær søte vennen min!
Suril, suril, suril, suril lei.

Aa fryse du paa føte,
—Kjær søte vennen min!—
I fjose stend skaali med fløte,
Der kann du sleppa inn.

I morna fyrr hanin gjele,
—Kjær søte vennen min!—
Ligg far bort mæ kvenne aa mele:
Daa kann du sleppa inn.

I See You Through the Window

I see you through the window,
My own sweetheart outside!
I know you by your shadow;
You cannot steal inside.

To-night I neglected to put out the signal,
I think, Heav'n help me, the fellow's gone crazy;
He can't hear my warning that father's at home now,
My own sweetheart outside!
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby.

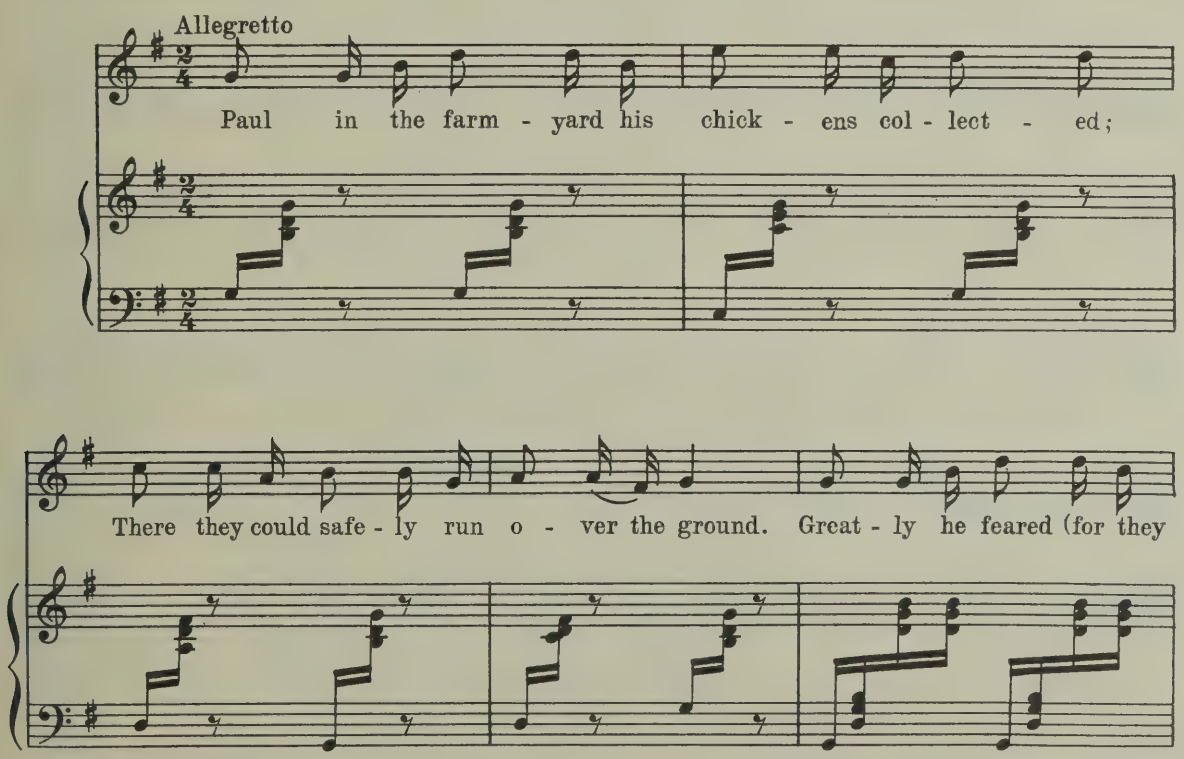
O are your poor feet freezing,
My own sweetheart outside?
Then hie you to the stable;
There you can get inside.

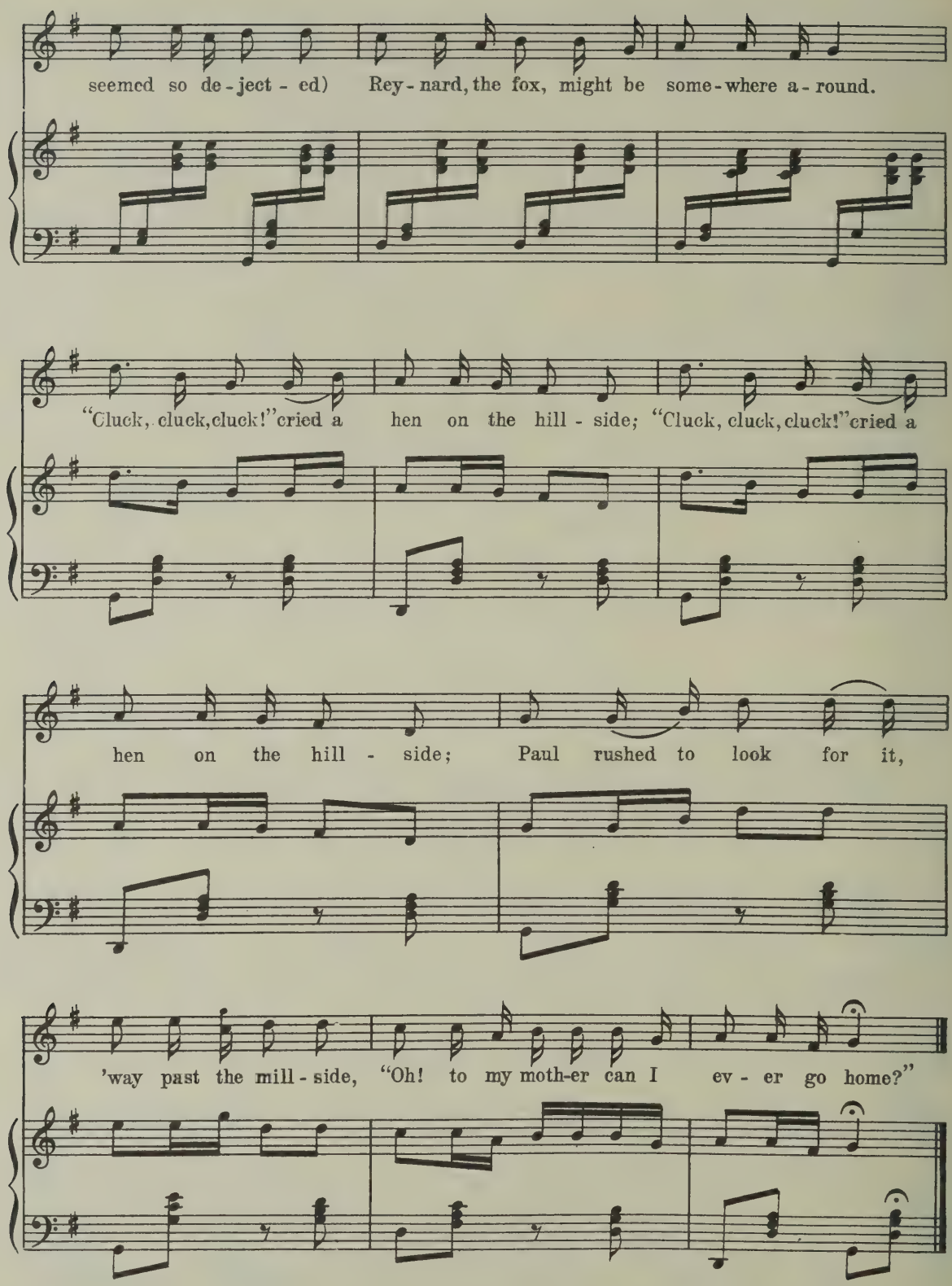
By cockcrow in the morning,
My own sweetheart outside,
Off with the grist goes father,
Then you can slip inside.

Translation by
MILES M. DAWSON

PAUL ON THE HILL

English version by
Anna Mathewson




seemed so de - ject - ed) Rey - nard, the fox, might be some - where a - round.
"Cluck, cluck, cluck!" cried a hen on the hill - side; "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" cried a
hen on the hill - side; Paul rushed to look for it,
'way past the mill - side, "Oh! to my moth-er can I ev - er go home?"

Paal Paa Hougje

Paal sine høno paa haugan utslepte,
Hønun saa lett over haugan sprang:
Paal kunne væl paa hønun fornema
Ræven va ute mæ rumpa saa lang.
Kluk, kluk, kluk, sa' høna paa haugom;]2
Paal han sprang og rengde mæ augom;
„Naa tor' e inkje koma heim aat'n mor!"

Paal han gjekk se lit' lenger paa haugjen,
Fekk han sjaa ræven laag paa høna aa gnog;
Paal han tok se ein stein uti neve,
Dugle han da te ræven slog;
Ræven flaug, saa rumpa has riste;]2
Paal han gret for høna, han miste;
„Naa tor' e inkje koma heim aat'n mor!

„Hadd' e naa nebb aa hadd' e naa klø
Aa viste bare, kor ræven' laag,
Skuld' e dom baade rispe aa klore
Framma te nakkjen aa bak over laar.
Skam faa alle rævann raue!]2
Gu' gjev at døm alle va daue!
Saa skuld' e koma heim aat'n mor!

„Inkje kan ho verpe aa inkje kan ho gaala,
Inkje kan ho krype aa inkje kann ho gaa!
E fæ gaa mæ aat kvenne aa maala,
Aa faa att mjøle, e miste igaar!
Men pyt!" sa'n Paal, „e æ inkje bangen;]2
Kjeften aa mote ha hjelpt naa saa mangen,
E tor' nok væl koma heim aat'n mor!"

Paal han konne paa kvenne te aa sleppe,
Saa at dæ ljoma i kor ein vegg,
Saa at agnan tok te aa flyge,
Aa dei vart lange som geiteragg.
Paal han gav se te læ aa te knoggje:]2
„Naa fekk e like for høna aa for egge,
Naa tor' e trygt koma heim aat'n mor!"

Paul on the Hill

Paul in the farm-yard his chickens collected;
There they could safely run over the ground.
Greatly he feared (for they seemed so dejected)
Reynard, the fox, might be somewhere around.
"Cluck, cluck, cluck!" cried a hen on the hill-side;]2
Paul rushed to look for it, 'way past the mill-side,
"Oh! to my mother can I ever go home?"

Paul tried the harder his running to quicken,
Soon came in sight of the wicked old fox,
Having a feast of the runaway chicken;
Paul hit him hard with a handful of rocks.
Off ran Reynard, his long tail a-flying;]2
Paul for the chicken was bitterly crying,
"Now to my mother I can never go home.

"Had I a beak and some claws made for scratching,
If I but knew where the fox had his den
Ah, what a punishment he would be catching,
Ripping and tearing, again and again!
Shame on foxes and other beasts like them,]2
May a kind Heaven with death quickly strike them!
Then to my mother I could safely go home.

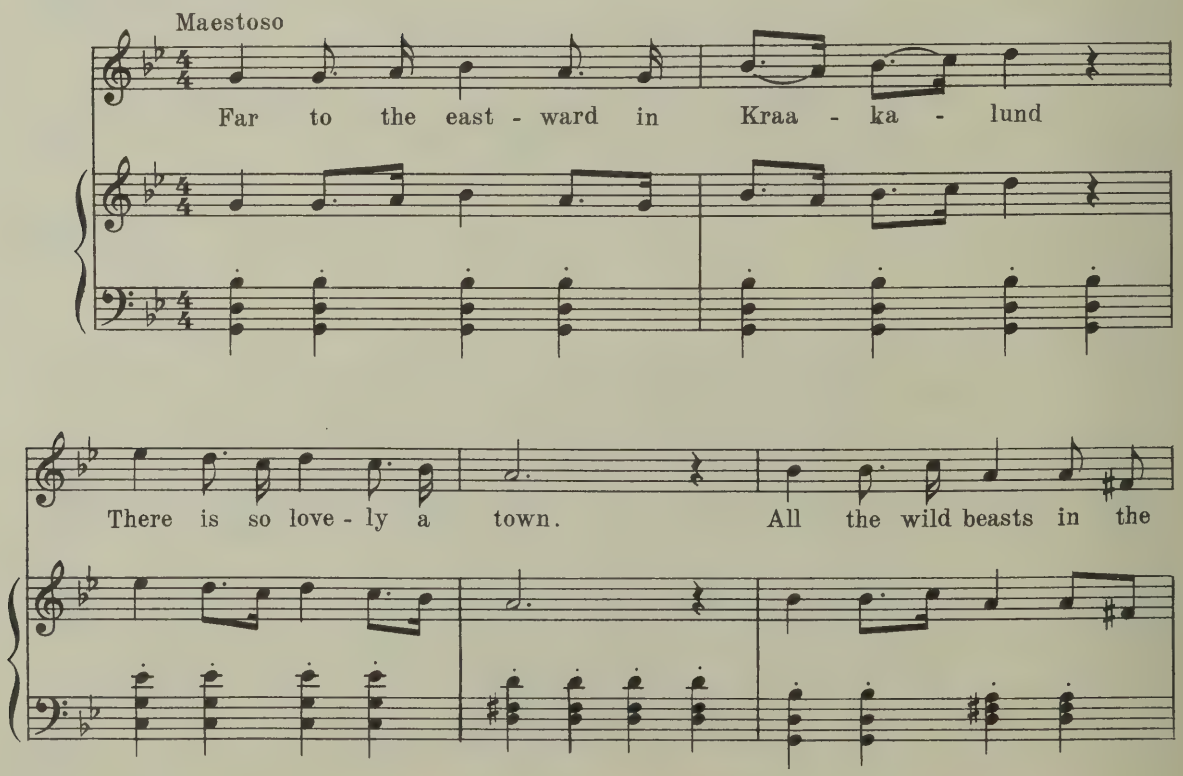
"Poor little chicken! No eggs she'll be laying,
Nevermore cackle or wander at will.
Here on the hill there's no use in my staying;
So I will go to my work at the mill.
Pooh, pooh, pooh! where's the need to be frightened?]2
Words, big and bold, many dangers have lightened,
Maybe to mother I shall dare to go home."

Paul at the mill soon was busily plying,
Grinding the grain he had brought with him there;
Loud was the racket and all around flying
Chaff that was long as a nanny-goat's hair.
"Ha ha ha! I've a notion that's funny,]2
Pay for the hen with my flour for good money,—
Now to my mother I can safely go home!"

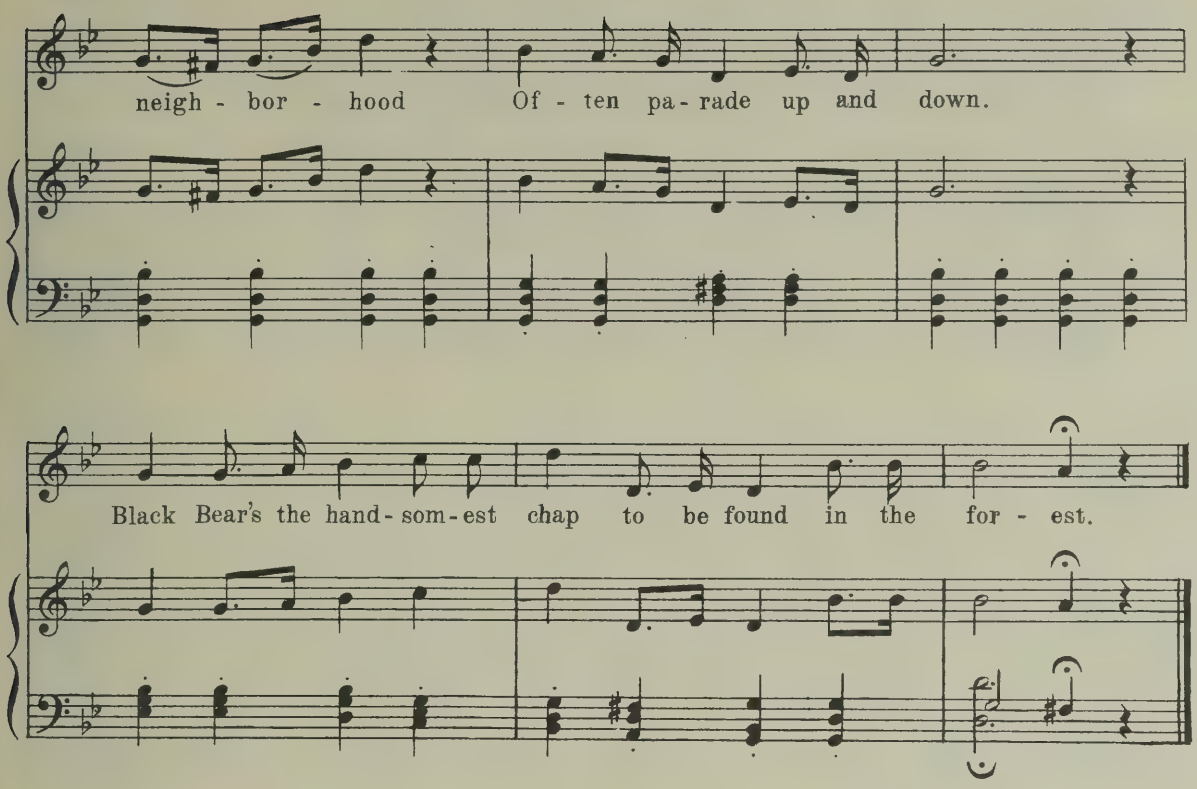
English version by
ANNA MATHEWSON

IN KRAAKALUND

Translation by
Miles M. Dawson



NORWAY



Kraakalund

Langt i auster i Kraakalund
Der er saa fagre en by;
Alle dei dyr i varinal
Ofte er deruti.
Bjørnen er deiraste yppaste kar uti skegen.

In Kraakalund

Far to the eastward in Kraakalund
There is so lovely a town.
All the wild beasts in the neighborhood
Often parade up and down.
Black Bear's the handsomest chap to be found in the forest.

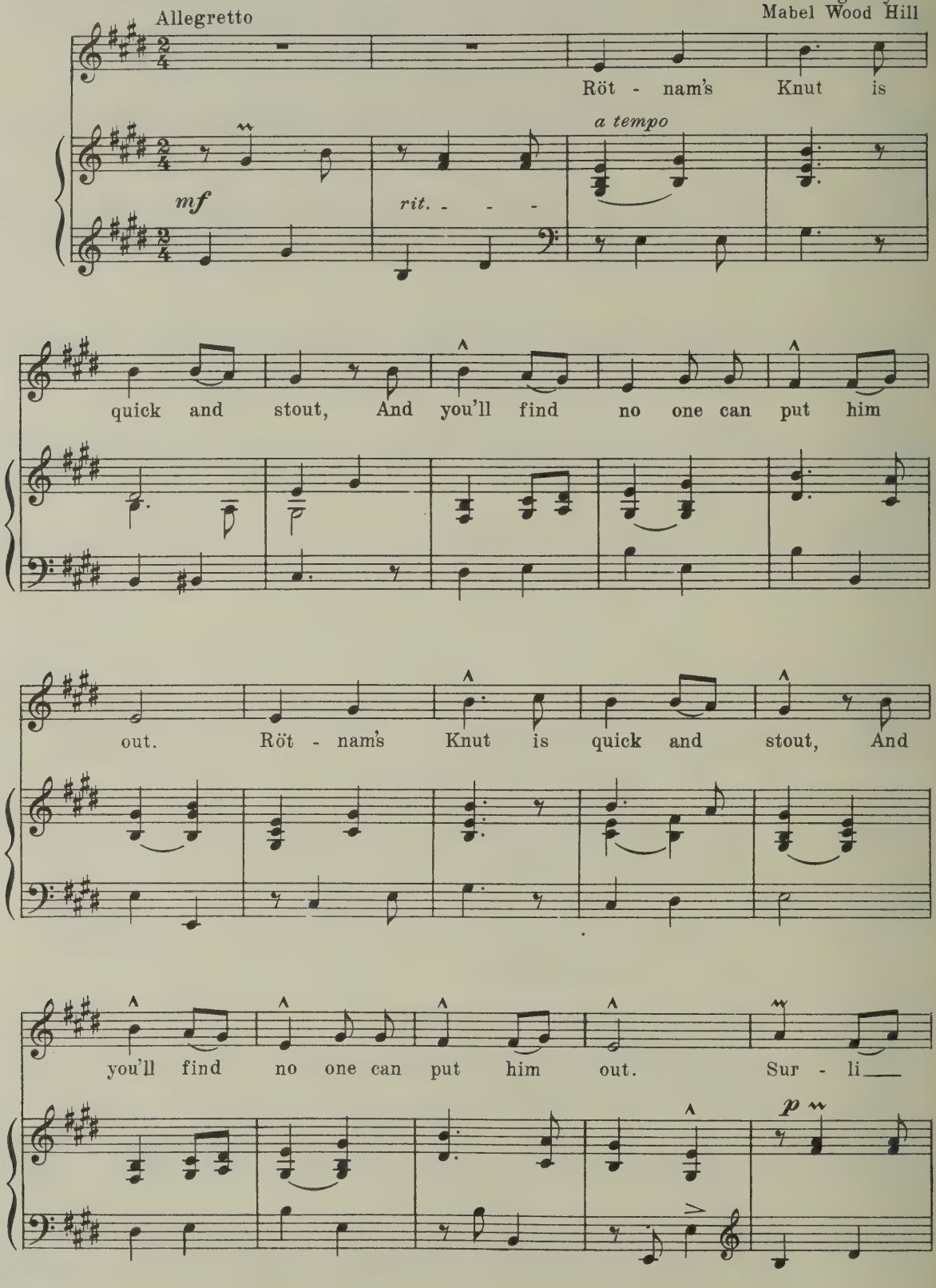
Translation by
MILES M. DAWSON

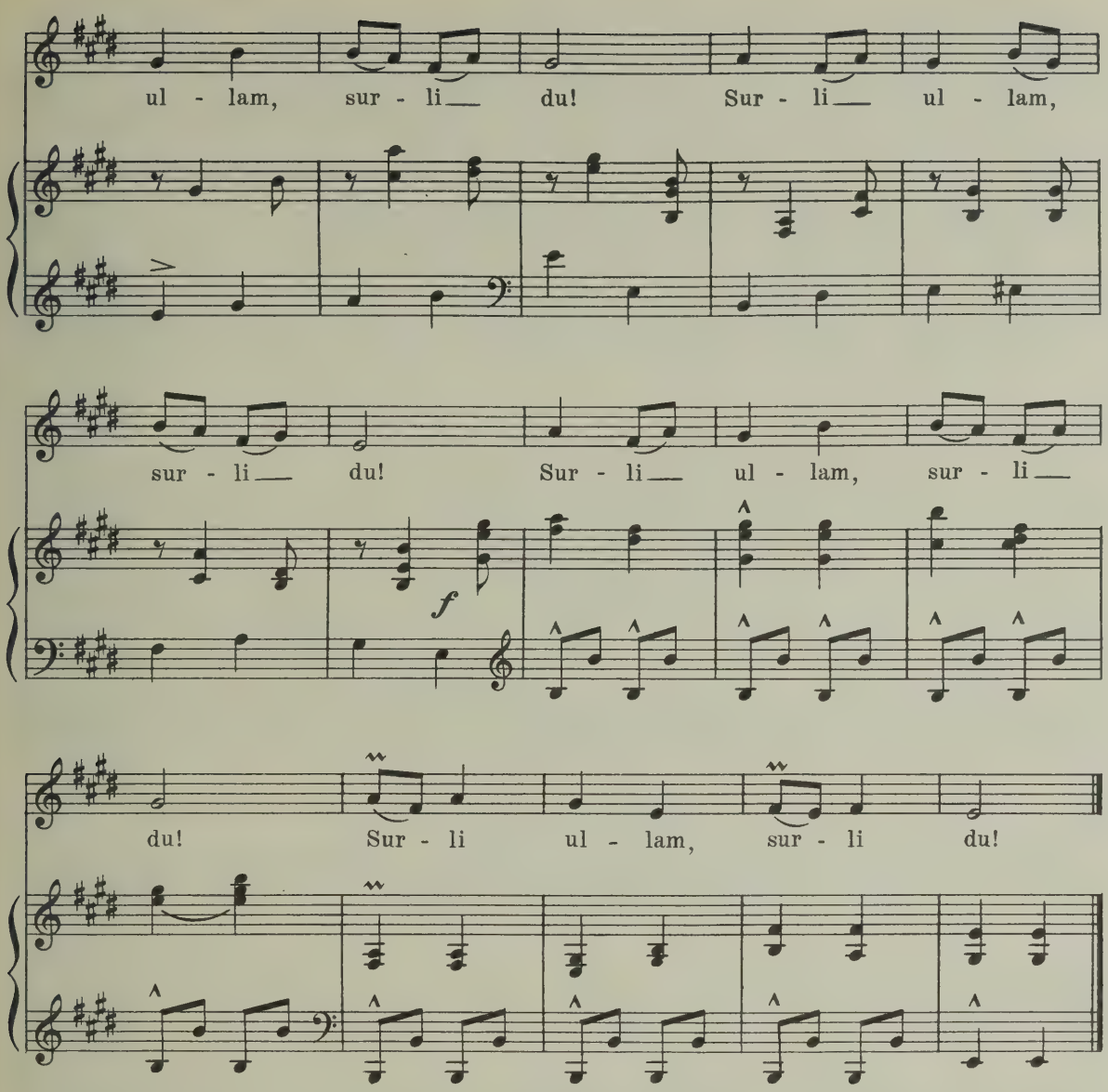
RÖTNAM'S KNUT

Translation by
Miles M. Dawson

As sung by
Charlotte Lund

Arranged by
Mabel Wood Hill





Røtnam's Knut

Røtnam's Knut e kaat aa mjuk,
Der fins inkje nokon, sò jága'n ut.
Surli ullam, surli du,
Surli ullam, surli du.

Rötnam's Knut

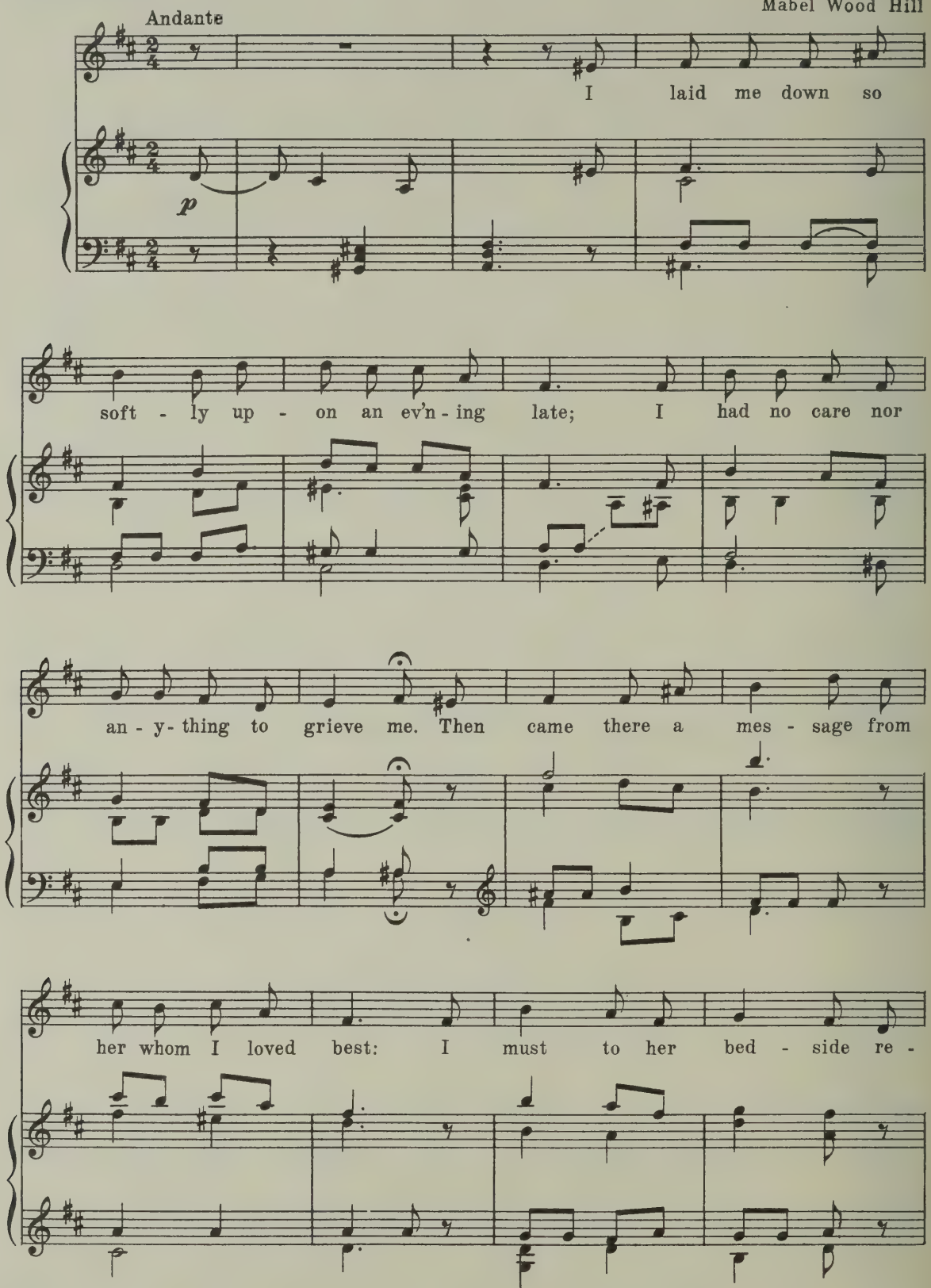
Rötnam's Knut is quick and stout,
And you'll find no one can put him out.
Surli ullam, surli du!
Surli ullam, surli du!

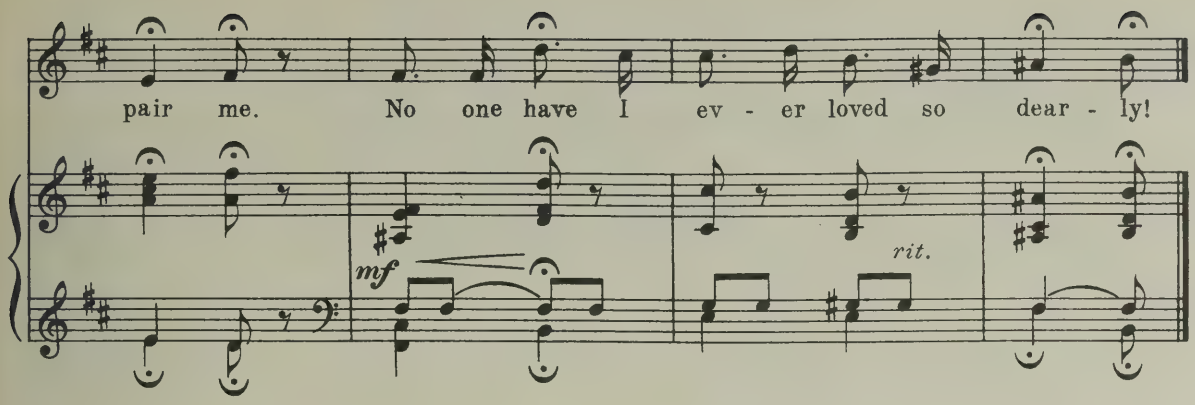
Translation by
MILES M. DAWSON

I LAID ME DOWN SO SOFTLY

Translation by
Miles M. Dawson

As sung by
Charlotte Lund
Arranged by
Mabel Wood Hill





Jeg Lagde Mig Saa Sildig

Jeg lagde mig saa sildig alt sent om en kveld,
Jeg vidste ingen kvide til at have;
Saa kom der da bud ifra kjæresten min,
Jeg maatte til hende vel fare.
Ingen har man elsket over hende!

Saa ganger jeg mig op i højen loft,
Som jeg plejed van til at gjøre,
Der stander de jomfruer alt udi flok
Og klæde min kjærest til døde.
Ingen har man elsket over hende!

Saa gik jeg mig ud paa grønnen eng,
Der hørte jeg de klokker at ringe;
Ej andet jeg vidste, ej andet jeg fornam,
End hjertet i stykker vilde springe.
Ingen har man elsket over hende!

FRA VAAGE

I Laid Me Down So Softly

I laid me down so softly upon an ev'ning late;
I had no care nor anything to grieve me.
Then came there a message from her whom I loved best:
I must to her bedside repair me.
No one have I ever loved so dearly!

Then quickly I ascended unto her lofty room,
As often with gay spirits I had done so.
There stood the handmaidens, a gruesome company,
A-dressing my sweetheart for her burial.
No one have I ever loved so dearly!

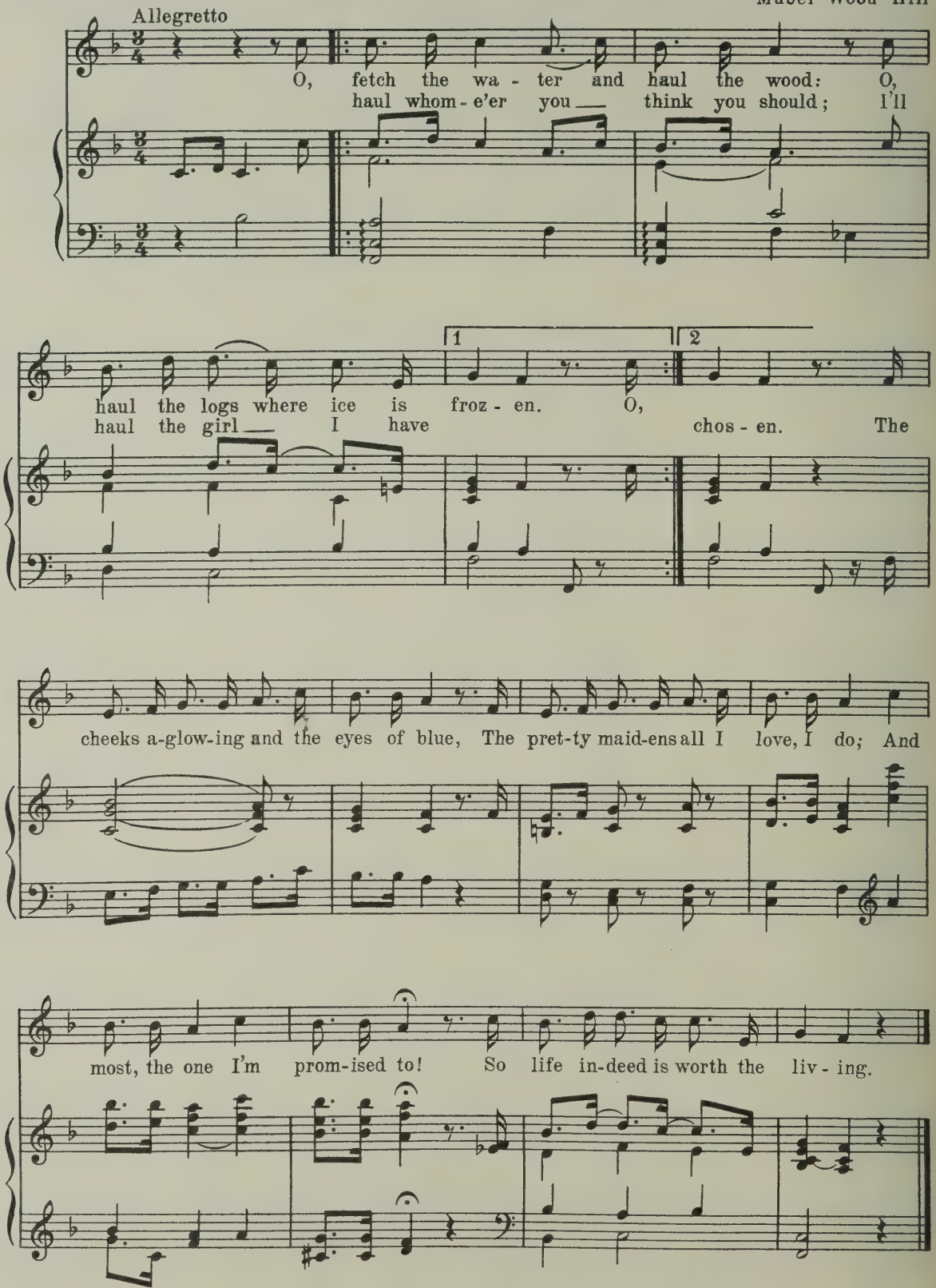
Then forth fared I sadly upon the heath so green,
And here I heard the church bell a-tolling.
I knew nothing more, save that it seemed to me
The heart in my bosom was breaking;
No one have I ever loved so dearly!

Translation by
MILES M. DAWSON

O FETCH THE WATER

Translation by
Miles M. Dawson

As sung by
Charlotte Lund
Arranged by
Mabel Wood Hill



Aa Kjøre Vatten Aa Kjøre Ve'

Aa kjøre vatten, aa kjøre ve',
Aa kjøre tømmer over heia!
Aa kjøre va døm kjøre vi',
Je kjører gjenta mi eia.
De røde roser aa de øine blaa,
De vakre gjenter haaller je utaa,
Helst naar je faar den, je vi' ha,
Saa ær 'e marrosomt aa leva.

O Fetch the Water

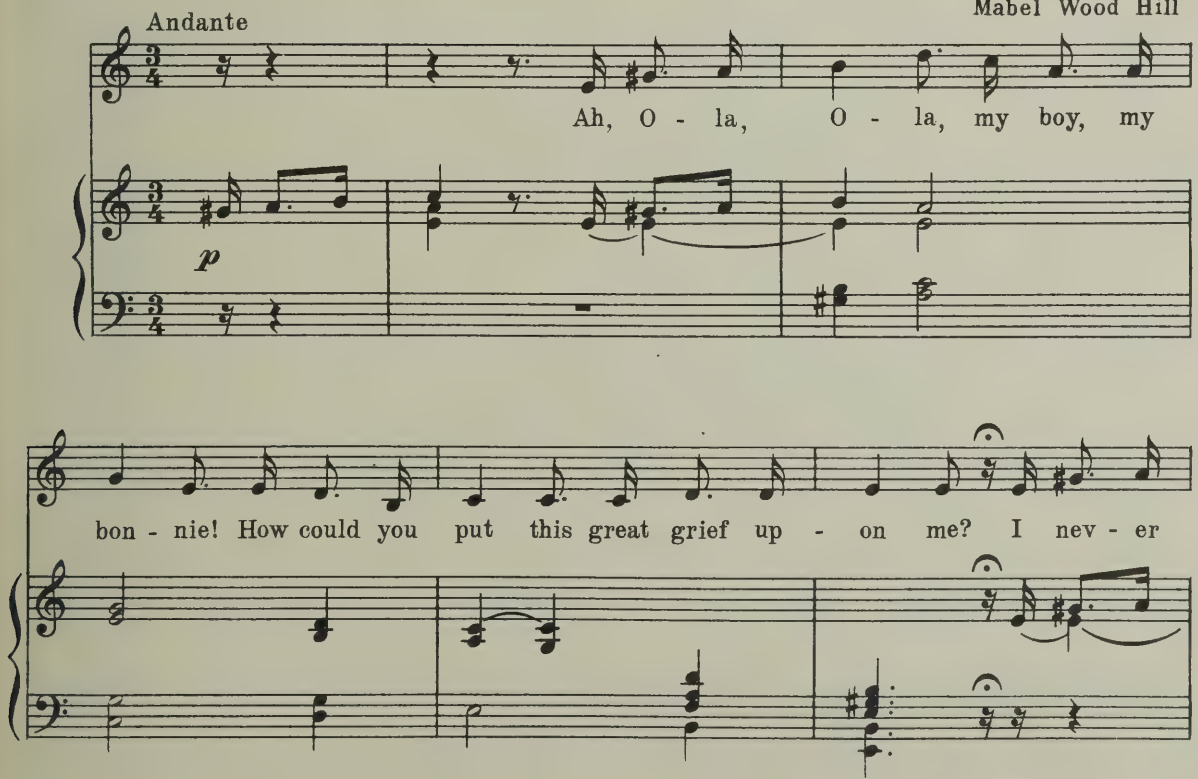
O fetch the water and haul the wood!
O haul the logs where ice is frozen.
O haul whome'er you think you should;
I'll haul the girl I have chosen.
The cheeks a-glowing and the eyes of blue,
The pretty maidens all I love, I do
And most, the one I'm promised to!
So life indeed is worth the living.

Translation by
MILES M. DAWSON

AH, OLA, OLA

Translation by
Miles M. Dawson

As sung by
Charlotte Lund
Arranged by
Mabel Wood Hill





Aa Ola, Ola

Aa Ola, Ola, min eien onge!
Kvila du paa meg den sorg saa tonge?
Eg tenkte aldrem du brydd' deg om,
Aa narre meg, som du saa va' ong.

Ah, Ola, Ola

Ah, Ola, Ola, my boy, my bonnie!
How could you put this great grief upon me?
I never dreamed that the song you sung
Was to deceive me, and I, so young.

Translation by
MILES M. DAWSON

III.

SONGS OF BALTIC LANDS

PAGE

FINLAND 93

ESTHONIA 112

LATVIA 121

LITHUANIA 125

SONGS OF FINLAND

PAGE

Our Land 94

Suomi's Song 95

Finnish Hymn 97

Tuulan Tei 99

The Lovely Rose 100

Vale of Shadow 102

Beyond the Wood 103

Far in the Forest 105

Song of My Dear 106

The Gay Young Bachelor 108

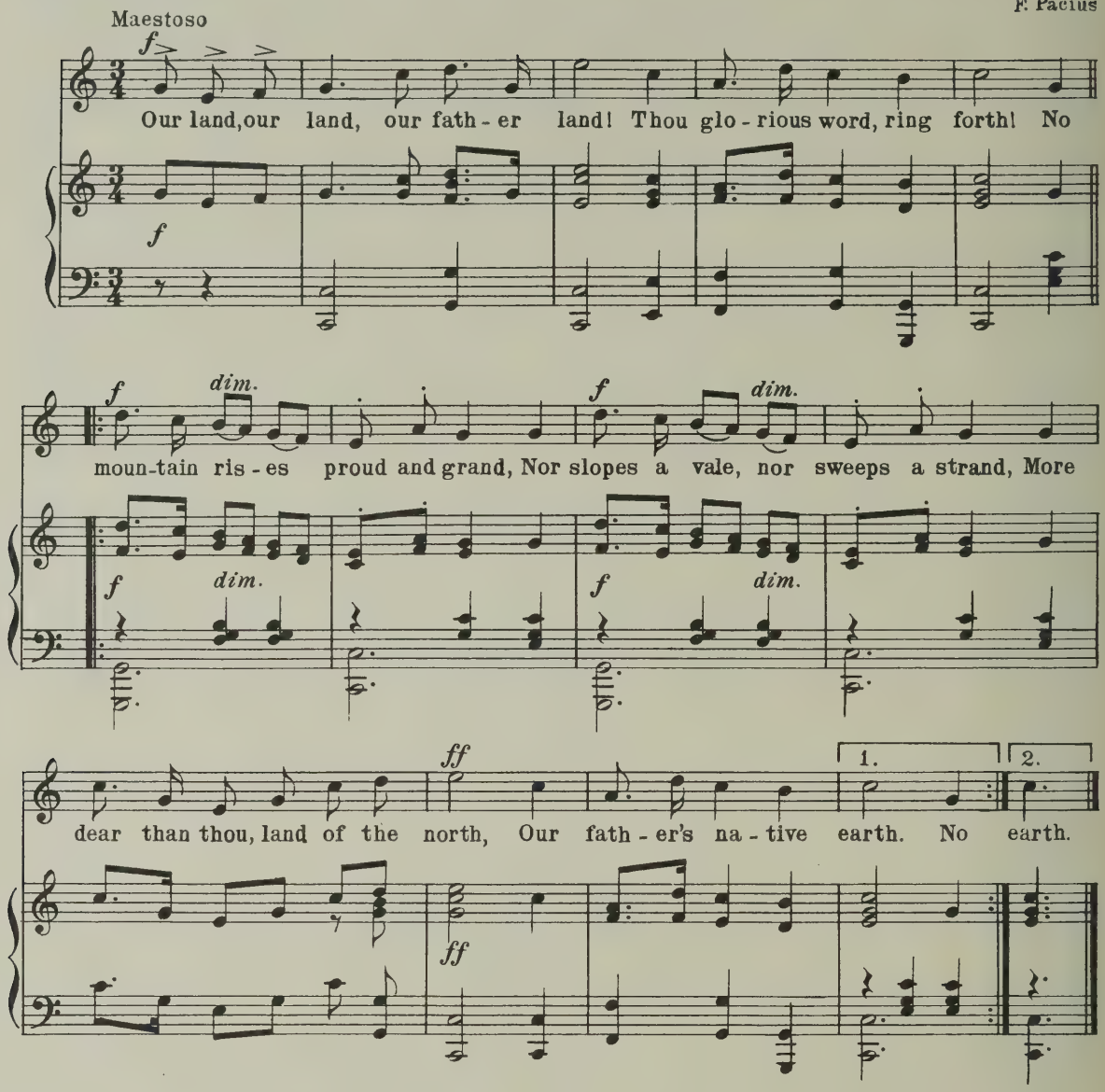
Polka 109

34888

OUR LAND

English version by
Dr. Montague H. Donner

F. Pacius



Maamme

Maa isänmaamme, Suomenmaa
Soi sana kultainen!
Ei laaksoa, ei kukkulaa,
Ei vettä, rantaa rakkaampaa
Kuin kotimaa tää pohjainen,
Maa kallis isien.

Sun kukkas vielä kuorestaan
Vapaaksi puhkeaa;
Viel' lempemme saa hehkullaan
Sun toivos, riemus nousemaan,
Ja kerran lautus, synnyinmaa,
Korkeemman kaiun saa.

J. L. Runeberg

Our Land

Our land, our land, our fatherland!
Thou glorious word, ring forth!
No mountain rises proud and grand,
Nor slopes a vale, nor sweeps a strand,
More dear than thou, land of the north,
Our fathers' native earth.

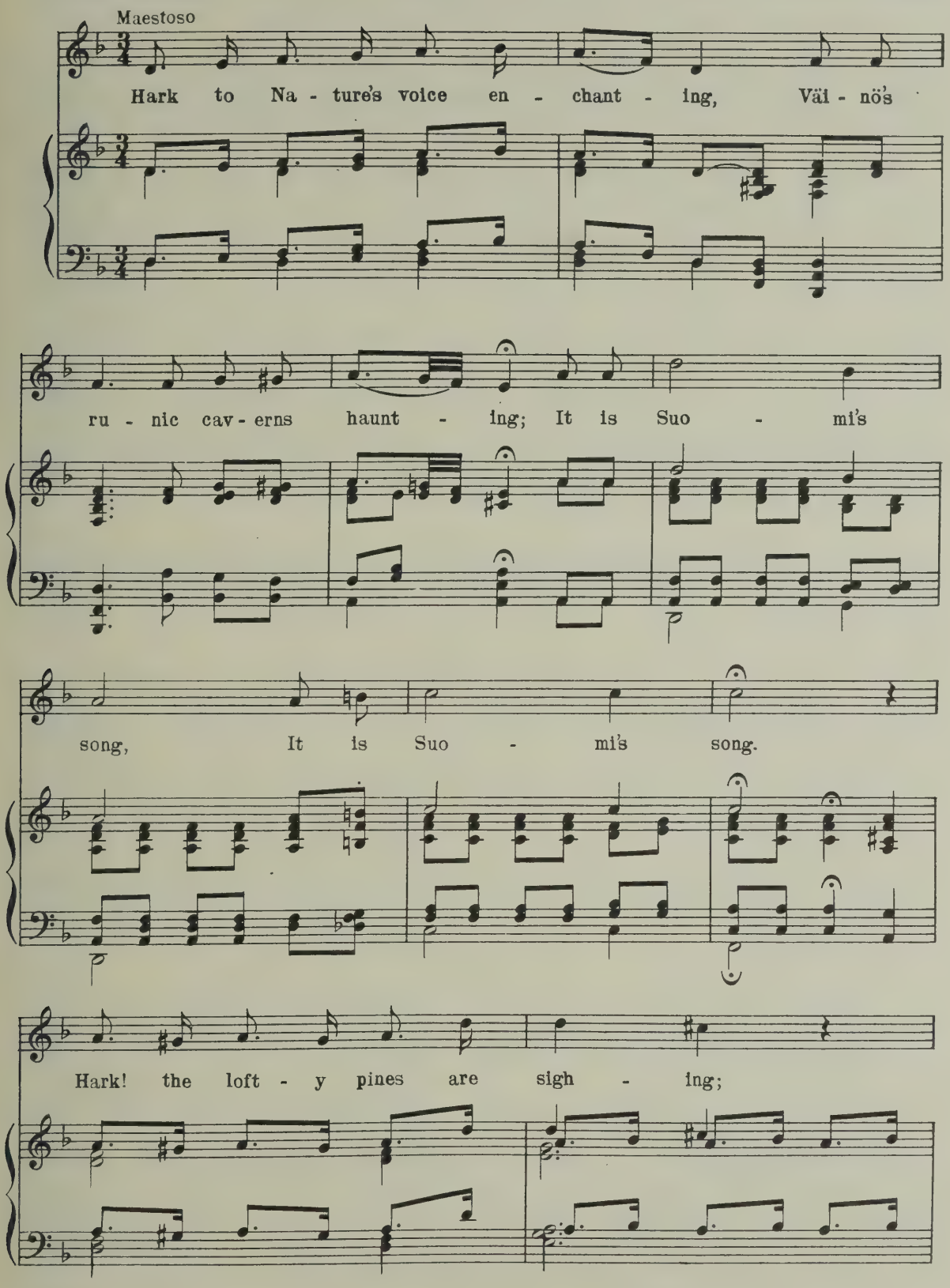
Thy blossom in the bud that lies
Shall burst its fetters strong;
Lo! from our tender love shall rise
Thy light, thy fame, thy hopes, thy joys;
And prouder far shall sound ere long
Our Finland's patriot song!

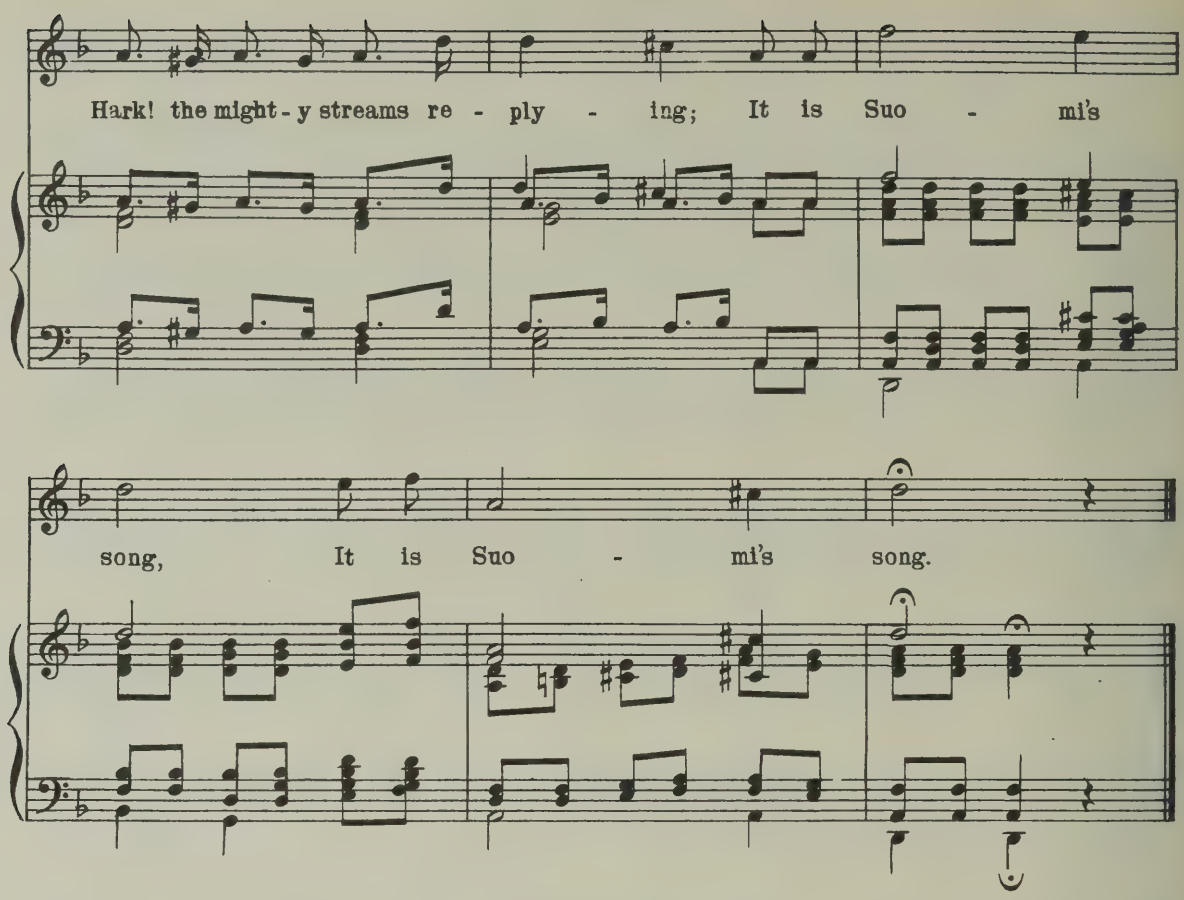
English version by
Dr. Montague H. Donner

SUOMI'S SONG

Translation by
Dr. Montague H. Donner

Melody by
J. Pacius





Suomen laulu

Kuule kuinka soitto kaikuu,
Wäinön kanteleesta raikuu
Suomen laulua,
Suomen laulua!
Kuule hongat huokaileepi,
kuule kosket pauhaileepi
Suomen laulua,
Suomen laulua!

Kaikkialla ääni kaikuu,
Kaikkialla kielet raikuu
Suomen laulua,
Suomen laulua!
Sydän jos on suotu sulle,
Murheess' ilossakin kuule
Suomen laulua!
Suomen laulua!

Suomi's Song

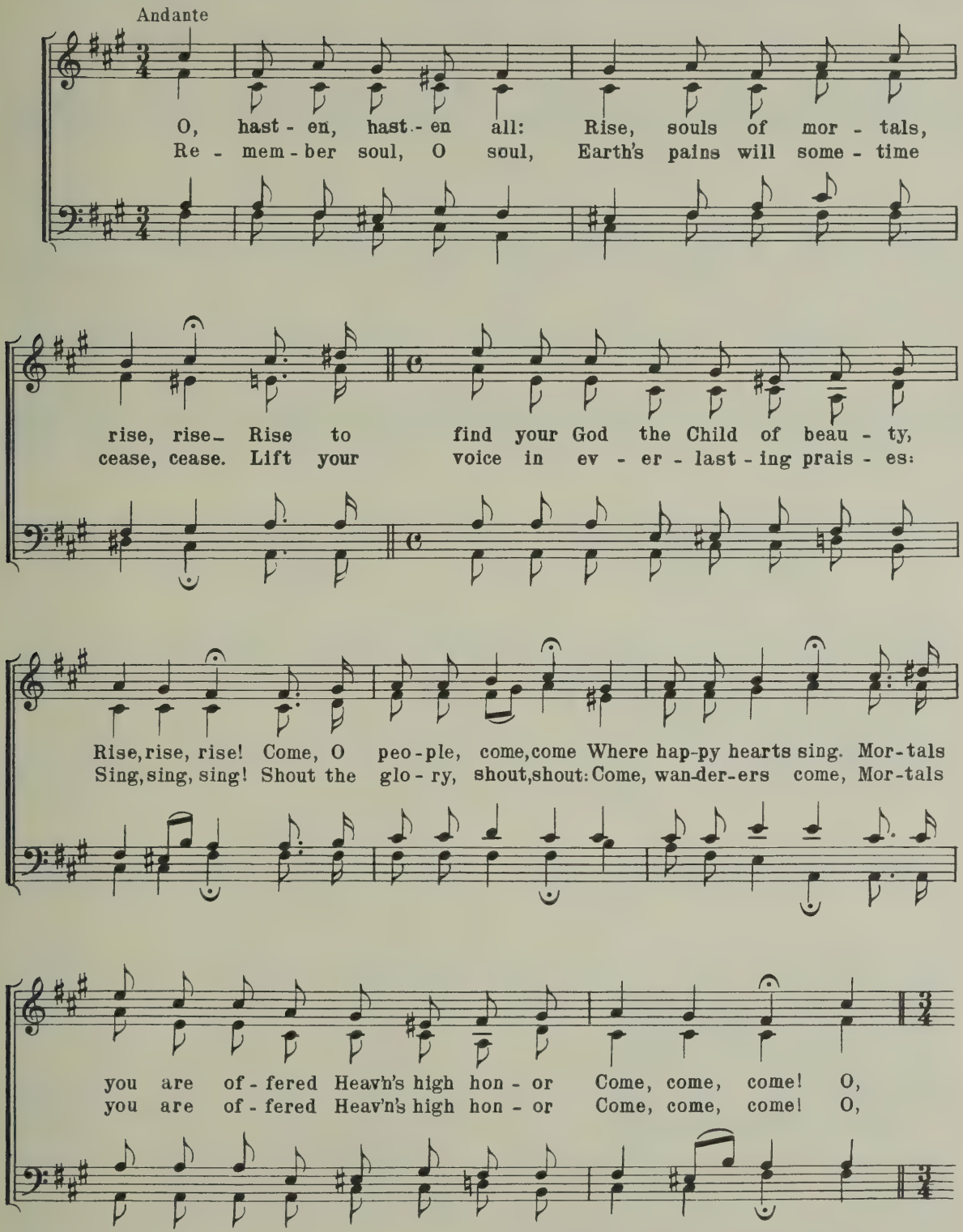
Hark to Nature's voice enchanting,
Väinö's runic caverns haunting;
It is Suomi's song,
It is Suomi's song.
Hark! the lofty pines are sighing;
Hark! the mighty streams replying;
It is Suomi's song,
It is Suomi's song.

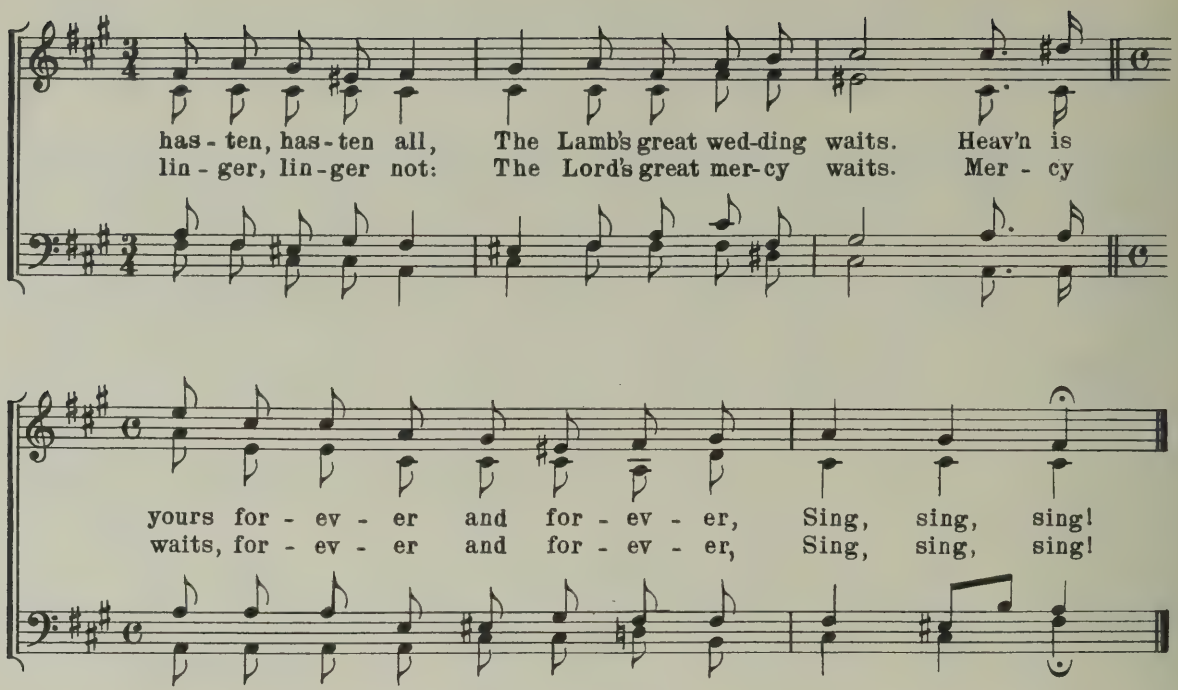
Everywhere are changing voices;
Nature mourns or she rejoices;
Each is Suomi's song,
Each is Suomi's song.
Brother, mourns thy heart in sadness,
Do thy pulses leap in gladness?
Thou hear'st Suomi's song,
Thou hear'st Suomi's song.

Translation by
Dr. Montague H.Donner

FINNISH HYMN

English version by
Edwin Markham





Nyt ylös, sieluni

Finnish Hymn

Nyt ylös, sieluni,
Nous' ylös mullast' tästä,
Riennä jalkain juureen Jumalan ja Karitsan;
Jjäiseen iloon ja juhlaan jaloon
Karitsan sunriin häihin olet kutsuttu.
Taivainen kunnia
On siellä tarjona,
Sun osas' on se, perintös' ja tavaras!

O, hasten, hasten all:
Rise, souls of mortals, rise, rise–
Rise to find your God, the Child of beauty,
Rise, rise, rise!
Come, O people, come, come
Where happy hearts sing.
Mortals you are offered Heaven's high honor–
Come, come, come!
O, hasten, hasten, all,
The Lamb's great wedding waits.
Heaven is yours forever and forever,
Sing, sing, sing!

Ja vaikka silmäni
Ei sitä valoo kestä
Niin sä riemuiten, mun sielun, lähde laulamaan.
Jjäiseen iloon ja juhlaan jaloon
Karitsan suuriin häihin olet kutsuttu.
Taivainen kunnia
On siellä tarjona,
Oi laula, laula: Jumala on laupias!

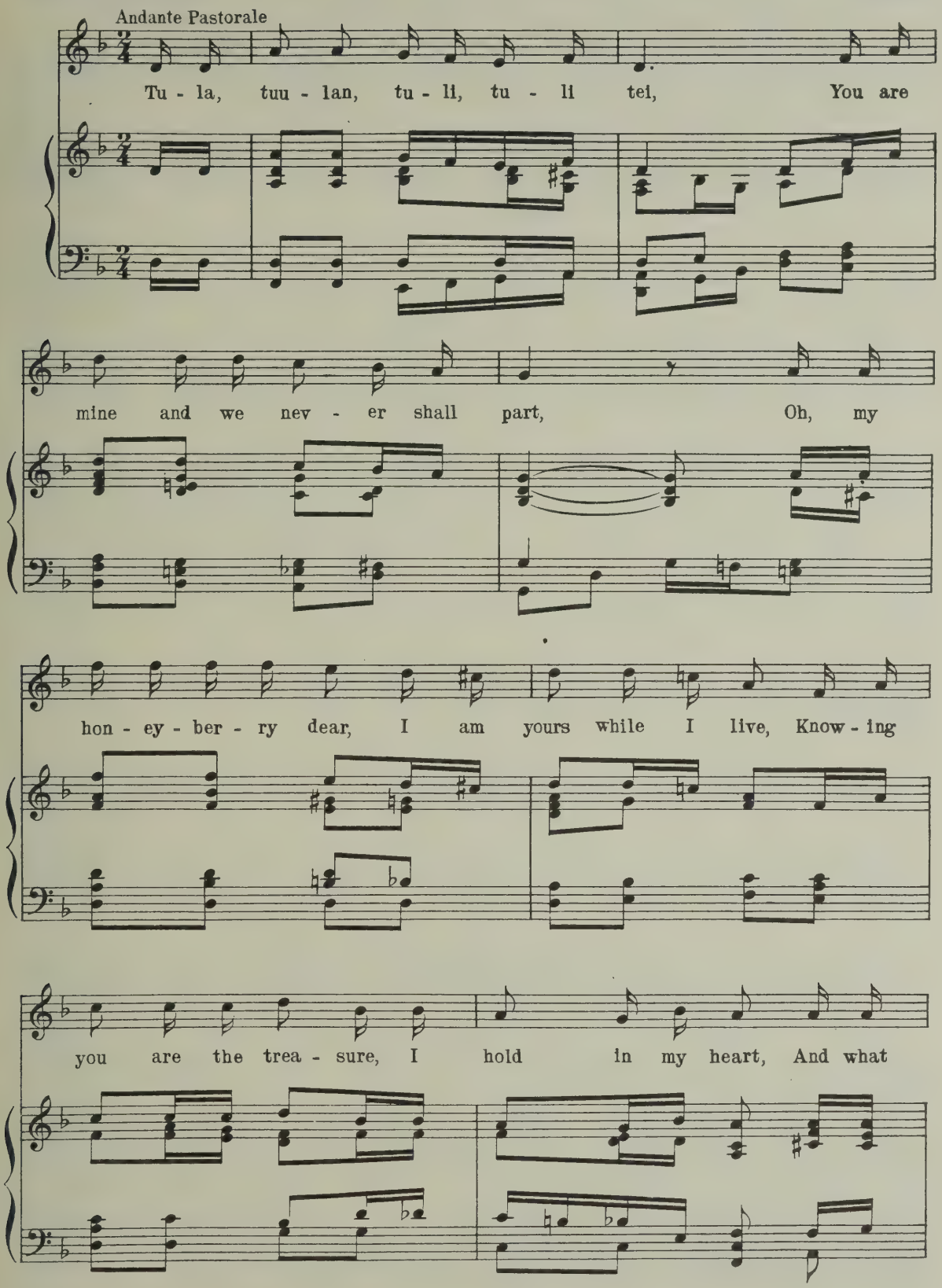
Remember, soul, O soul,
Earth's pains will sometime cease, cease.
Lift your voice in everlasting praises
Sing, sing, sing!
Shout the glory, shout, shout,
Come, wanderers, come,
Mortals you are offered Heaven's high honor.
Come, come, come!
O linger, linger not,
The Lord's great mercy waits,
Mercy waits, forever and forever
Sing, sing, sing!

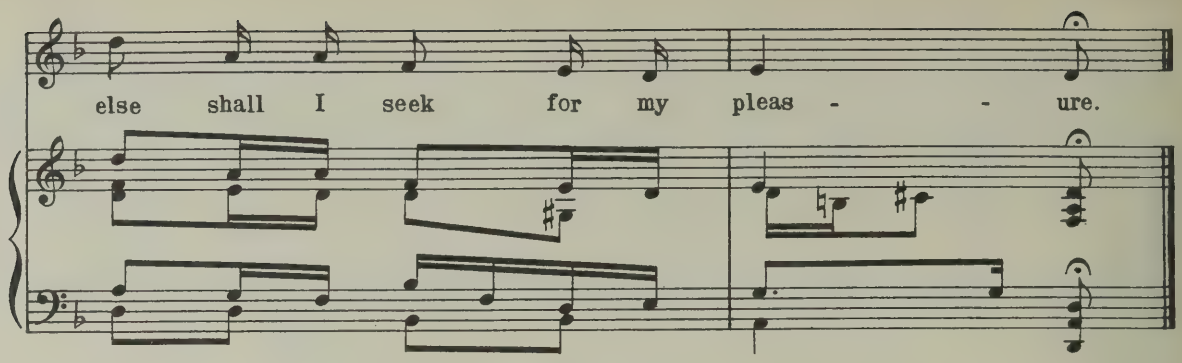
English version by
Edwin Markham

TUULAN TEI

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

Folk Song





Tuulan tei

Tula tuulan tuli tuli tei,
Emme erkane konsana ei
Mesimarjani pulmuni pääskyni mun
Paras aarteeni oot sinä mun minä sun,
Mitä toivoisin minä muuta?

Tula tuulan tuli tuli tei,
Oma onni se yhtehen vei,
Ja tulkohot hallat ja harmit ja muut,
Ilo huoleton meillä on naurussa suut,
Ja kirkkaana päivä ja ilta.

Tuulan Tei

Tula, tuulan, tule, tule, tei,
You are mine and we never shall part,
O, my honey-berry dear, I am yours while I live,
Knowing you are the treasure I hold in my heart,
And what else shall I seek for my pleasure?

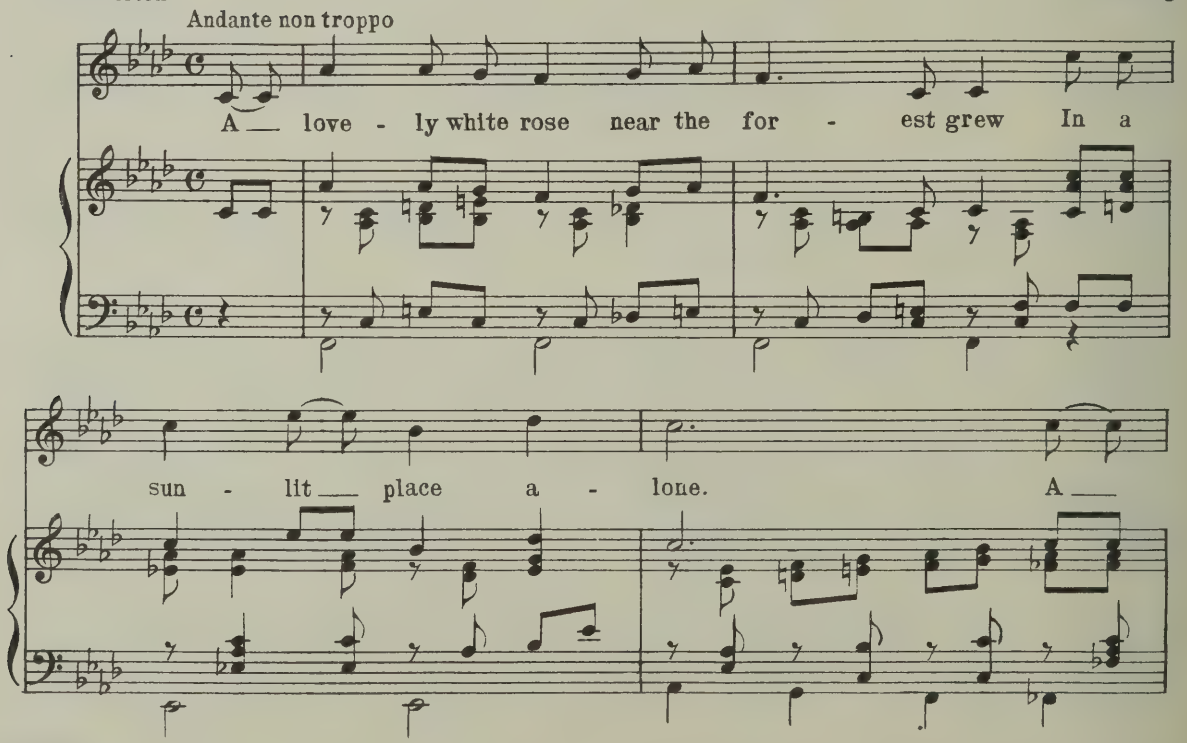
Tula, tuulan, tule, tule, tei,
Through the storm I'll be guarding your home,
O my swallow, where you nest, you are safe while I live,
Knowing sorrow shall never be near when I come,
Day and night will be blessed forever!

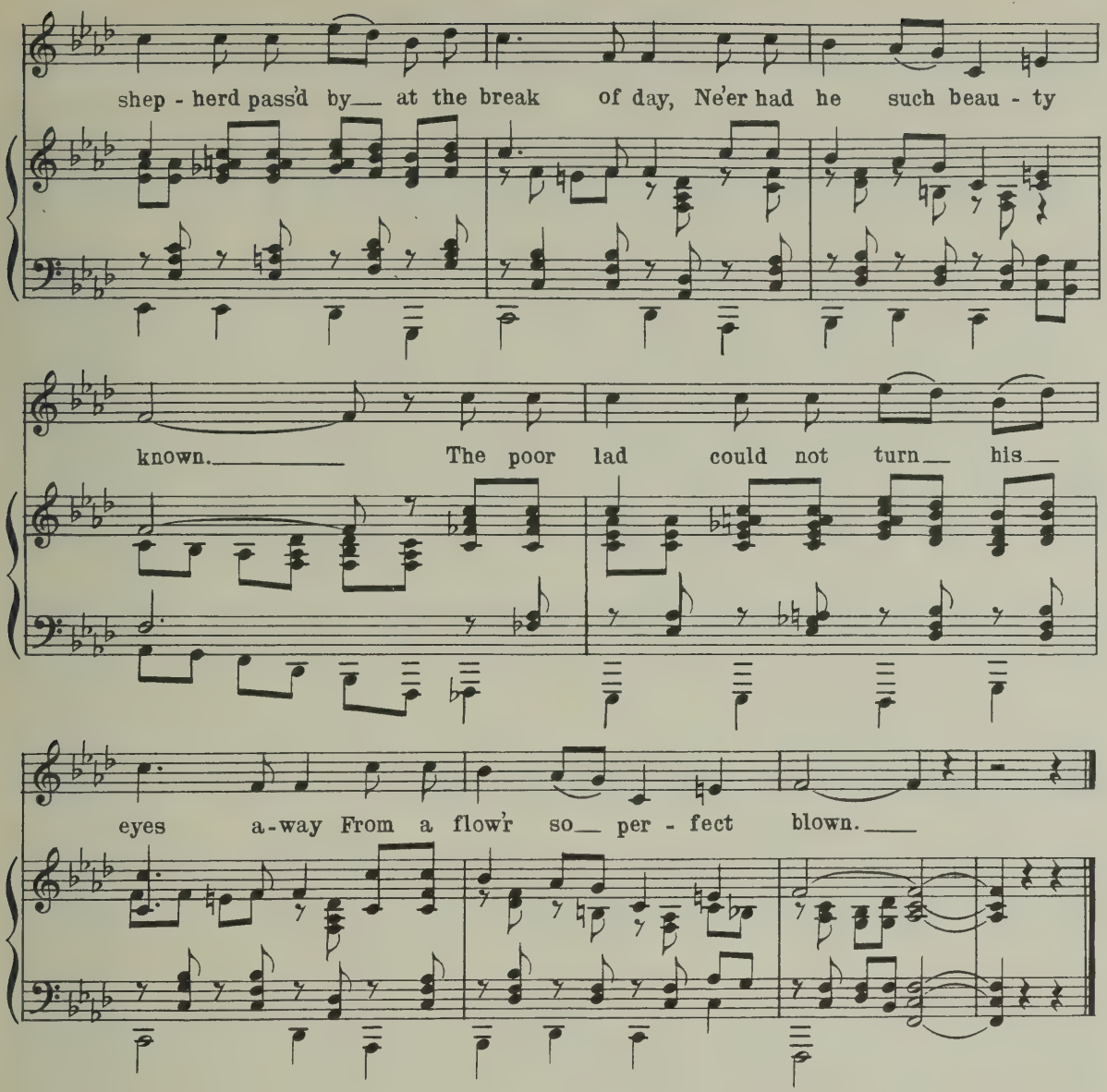
English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

THE LOVELY ROSE

Paraphrase by
David Morton

Folk Song





Ruusu laaksossa

Yksi ruusu on kasvanut laaksossa,
joka kauniisti kukoistaa;
Yksi kulkijapoika on nähnyt sen
eikä voi sitä unohtaa.
Yksi kulkijapoika on nähnyt sen
eikä voi sitä unohtaa.

Ja sen olisi hän kylläkin poiminut
ja sen kätkenyt povelleen,
mutta köyhänä ei ole tohtinut,
vaan on jättänyt paikalleen.
mutta köyhänä ei ole tohtinut,
vaan on jättänyt paikalleen.

The Lovely Rose

A lovely white rose near the forest grew
In a sunlit place alone.
A shepherd passed by at the break of day,
Ne'er had he such beauty known.
The poor lad could not turn his eyes away
From a flower so perfect blown.

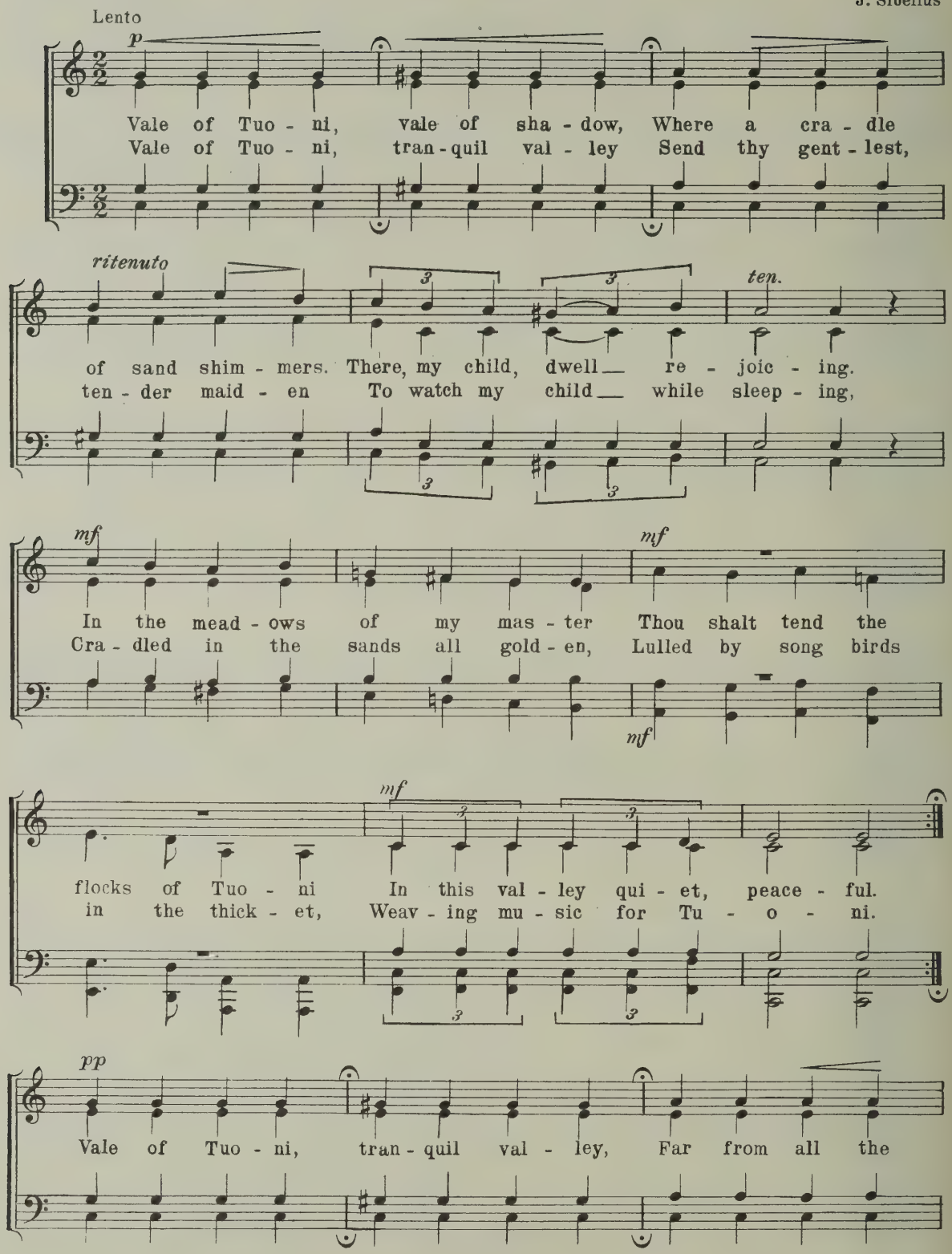
Ah gladly, he cried, would I pluck and bind
On my heart such a perfect flower,
But the south wind passing would grieve to find,
On its round, no perfect flower.
So he left it there with the sun and wind
To fade in its own sweet hour.

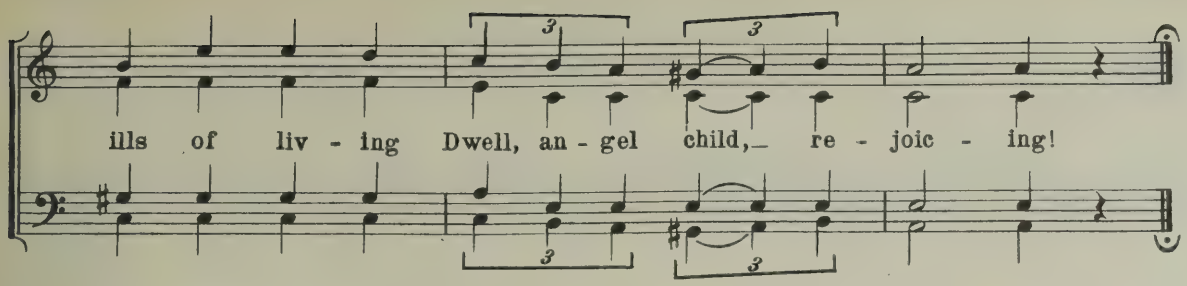
Paraphrase by
David Morton

VALE OF SHADOW

English version by
Charles H. Botsford

J. Sibelius





Sydameni laulu

Tuonen lehto, öinen lehto,
Siell' on hieno hietakehto,
Sinnepä lapseni saatan.
Siell' on lapsen lysti olla,
Tuonen herran vainiolla,
Kaitsea Tuonelan karjaa.

Siell' on lapsen lysti olla,
Illan tullen tuuditella
Helmassa Tuonelan immen.
Onpa kullan lysti olla,
Kultakehdoss' kellahdella,
Kuullella kehrääjälintuu.

Tuonen viita, rauhan viita,
Kaukana on vaino, riita,
Kaukana kavala mailma.

A. Kivi

Vale of Shadow

Vale of Tuoni*, vale of shadow,
Where a cradle of sand shimmers,
There, my child, dwell rejoicing.
In the meadows of my master
Thou shalt tend the flocks of Tuoni,
In this valley, quiet, peaceful.

Vale of Tuoni, tranquil valley,
Send thy gentlest, tender maiden,
To watch my child while sleeping,
Cradled in the sands all golden,
Lulled by song birds in the thicket,
Weaving music for Tuoni.

Vale of Tuoni, tranquil valley,
Far from all the ills of living
Dwell, angel child, rejoicing.

**Tuoni - Death*

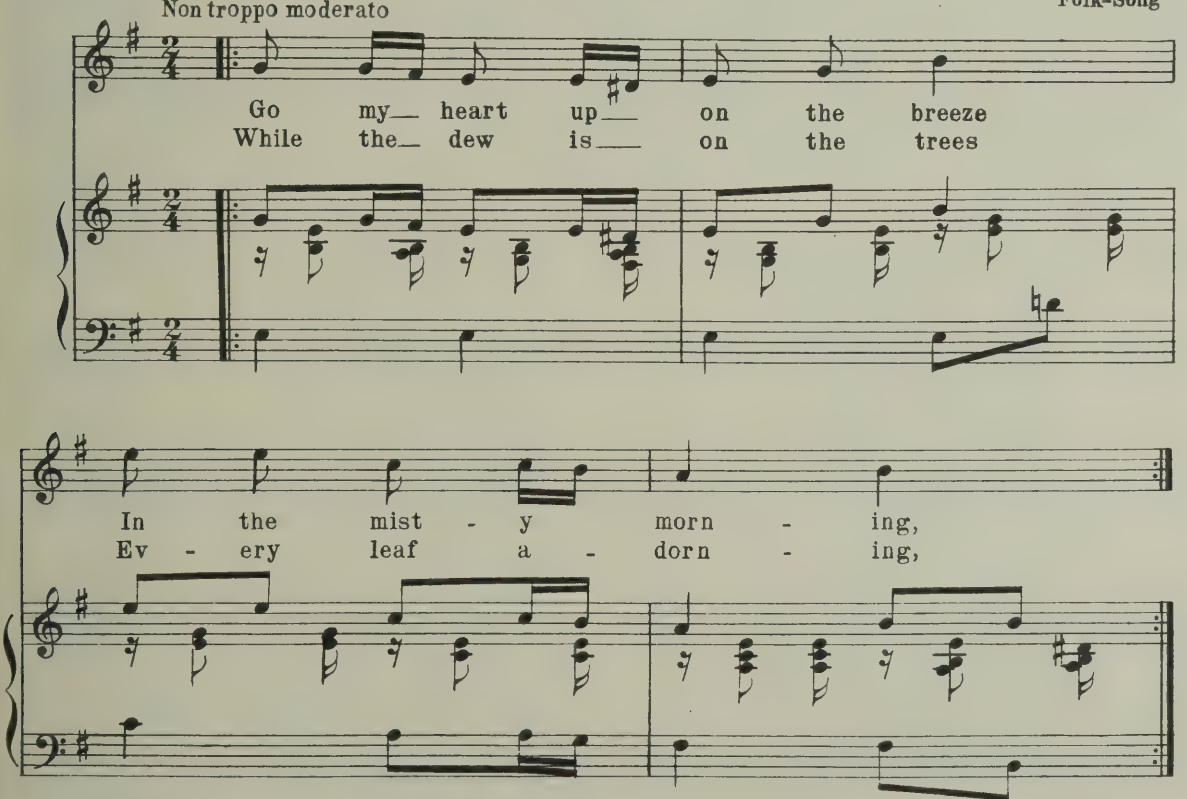
English version by
Charles H. Botsford

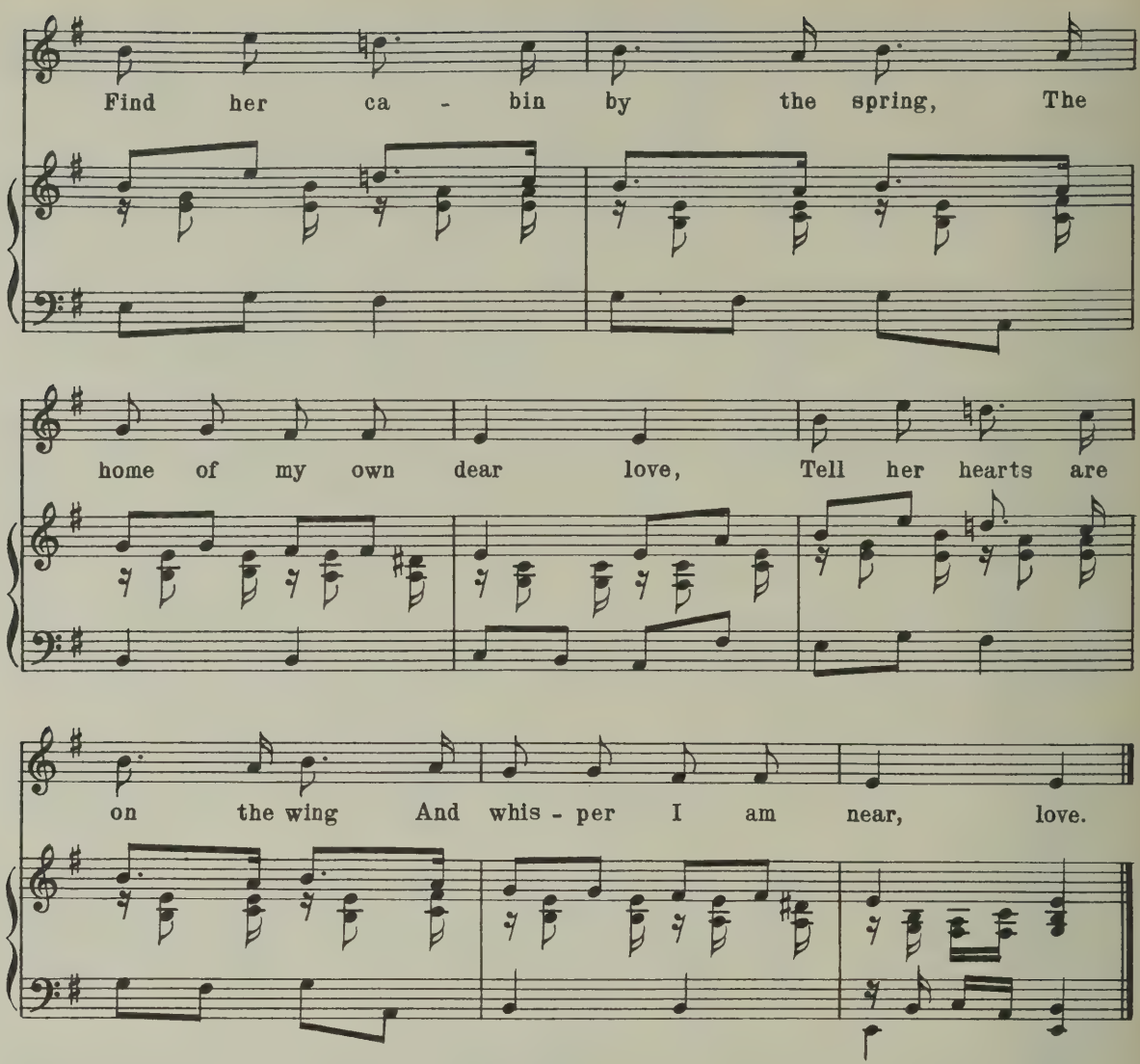
BEYOND THE WOOD

Paraphrase by
Franklin P. Adams

Folk-Song

Non troppo moderato





Tuonne taakse metsämaan

Tuonne taakse metsämaan
Sydämeni halaa,
Siell' on mieli ainiaan,
Sinne toivon salaa.
Siellä metsämökissä
On kaunis kultaseni,
Siellä metsämökissä
On kaunis kultaseni.

Vaikka polku pitkä on,
Kivinen ja kaita,
Korpi kolkko, valoton,
Ei se mitään haittaa.
Kullan muoto muistossa
On tiekin hauska aivan,
Kullan ääntä kuullessa
Jo unhottaapi vaivan.

Beyond the Wood

Go, my heart, upon the breeze
In the misty morning,
While the dew is on the trees,
Every leaf adorning;
Find her cabin by the spring,
The home of my own dear love,
Tell her hearts are on the wing
And whisper I am near, love.

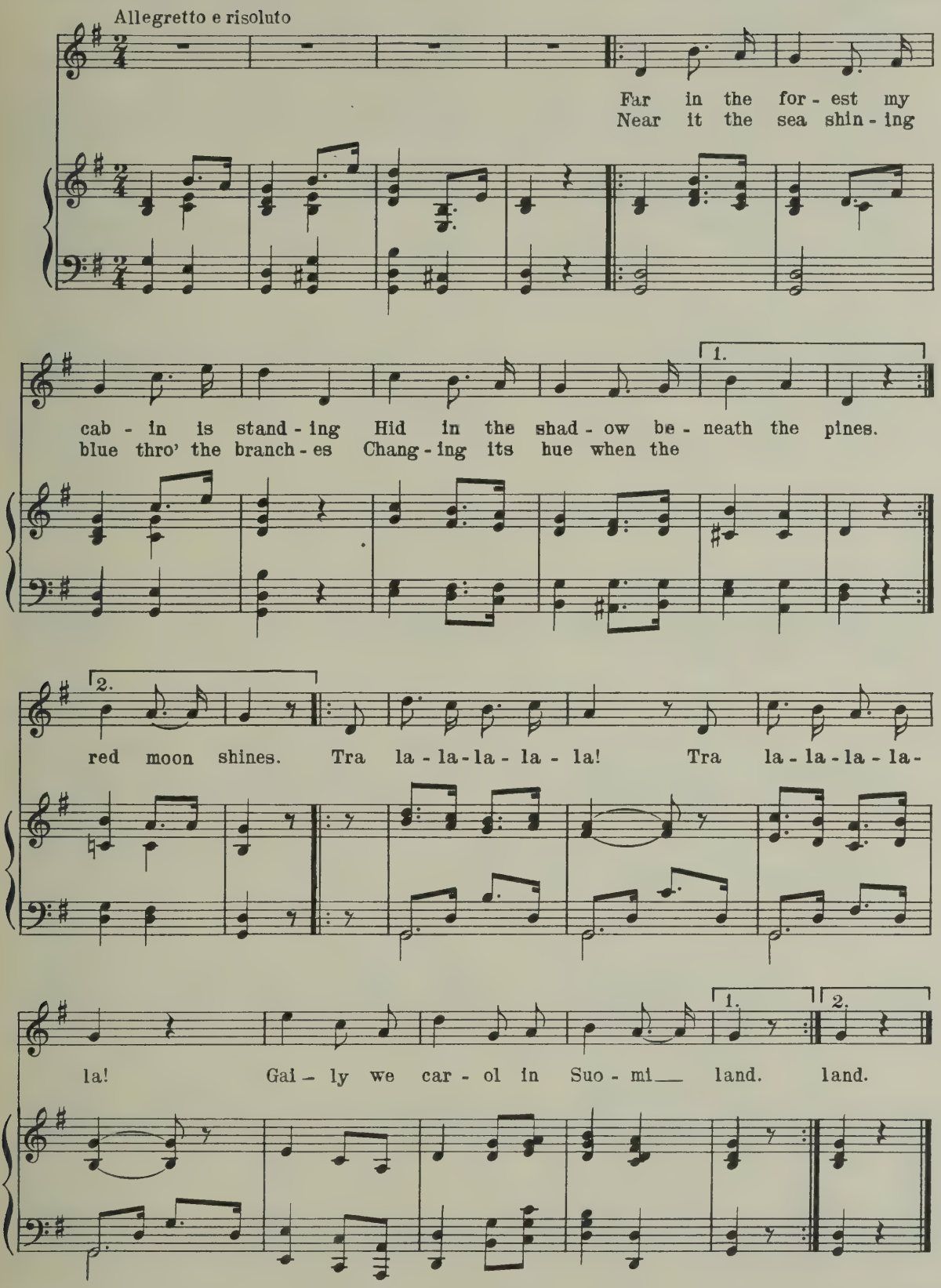
Rough the road and long and drear,
Set with dark and danger.
All unknown to me is fear,
Weariness a stranger.
Go, my heart, more swiftly race,
More swift than homing swallow,
When you've found your hiding place,
Then whisper I shall follow.

Paraphrase by
Franklin P. Adams

FAR IN THE FOREST

English version by
Edwin Markham

Folk-Song



Suomen salossa

Honkaen keskellä mökkini seisoo,
Suomeni soreassa salossa,
honkaen väliltä siintävä selkä
vilkkuvi koittehen valossa.
Hoi laari, laari laa!
Kaikuu mun suloinen Suomeni maa!

Kaukana korvessa käkönen kukkuu.
sulhonsa suloutta ylistää.
Paimenten soitanto laitumen tieltä
ääntänsä korviini vilistää.
Hoi laari, laari laa!
Kaikuu mun suloinen Suomeni maa!

Omanpa henkeni kieltä ne puhuu,
honkaen humina, luonto muu.
Itse en sydäntä hillita taida,
riemusta soikohon raikas suu.
Hoi laari, laari laa!
Kaikuu mun suloinen Suomeni maa!

Far in the Forest

Far in the forest my cabin is standing
Hid in the shadow beneath the pines.
Near it the sea shining blue thro' the branches
Changing its hue when the red moon shines.

Refrain:
Tra la, la, la, gaily we carol in Suomi* land.

Deep in the woodland the cuckoo is calling
Lulling the fledglings hid in her nest,
Songs of the wild dove fill the green forest
Bringing deep peace to my troubled breast.
Refrain:

Joy laden bird songs and green boughs waving
Borrow their notes from my own delight,
Now one by one sighs are turned to rejoicing,
Now one by one sorrows take their flight.
Refrain:

English version by
Edwin Markham

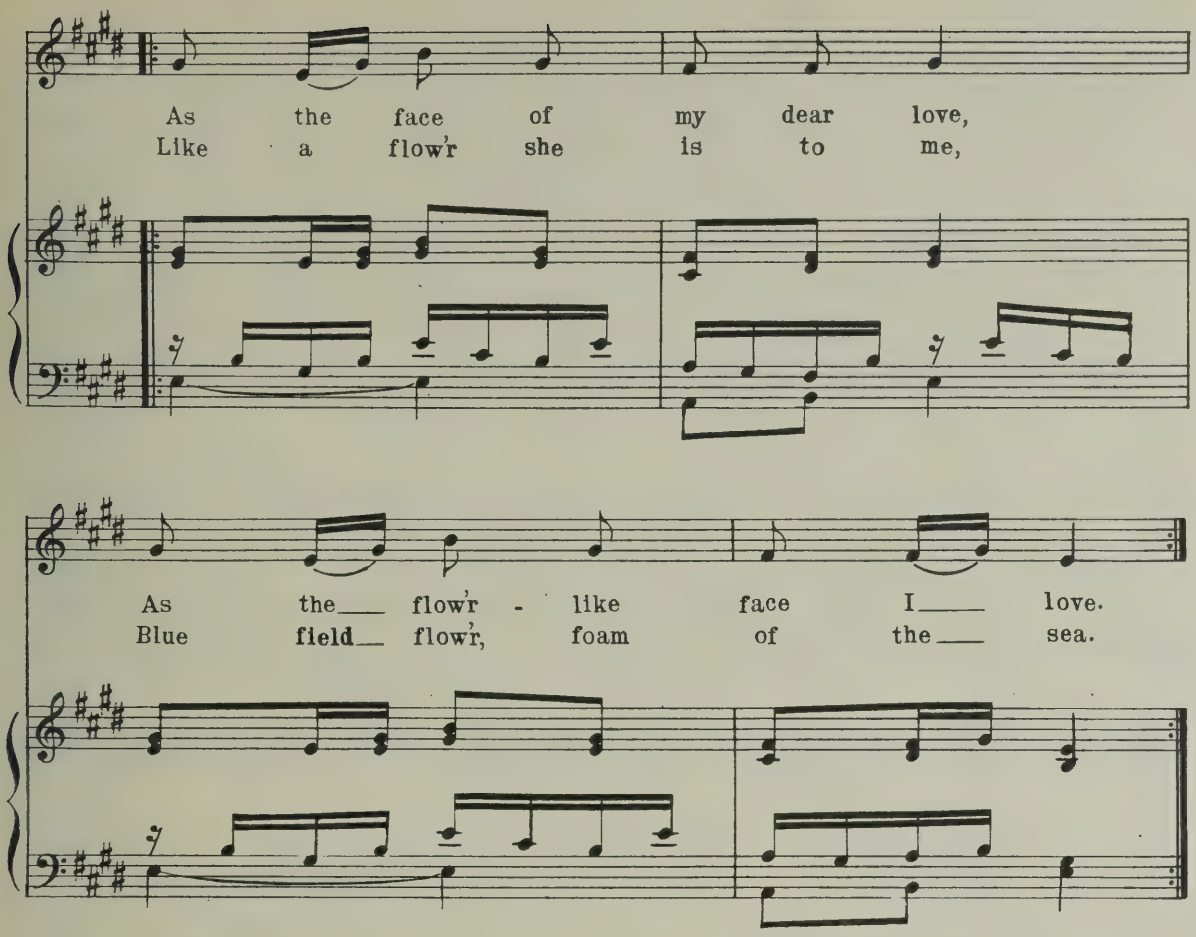
* *Suomi-Finland*

SONG OF MY DEAR

Free translation by
Florence Wilkinson

Folk-Song





Laulu Lapista

Ei taivaan alla ja avaralla
löydy niin kaunista kukkaista kuin mun armas
kultani, joll' on minun sydämeni.

Kuin kuljen tuulessa tunturilla
kultaa mieleeni muistutan, ja heti on tyyni,
lämpöinen, kuin jäljestä Juhannuksen.

Song of My Dear

Afar in the forest,
On sunny lea,
Out where the wind blows
Roving free,

Never there blooms
So fair a flower,
High on the mountains,
Or by the sea,

As the face of my dear love,
As the flower-like face I love.

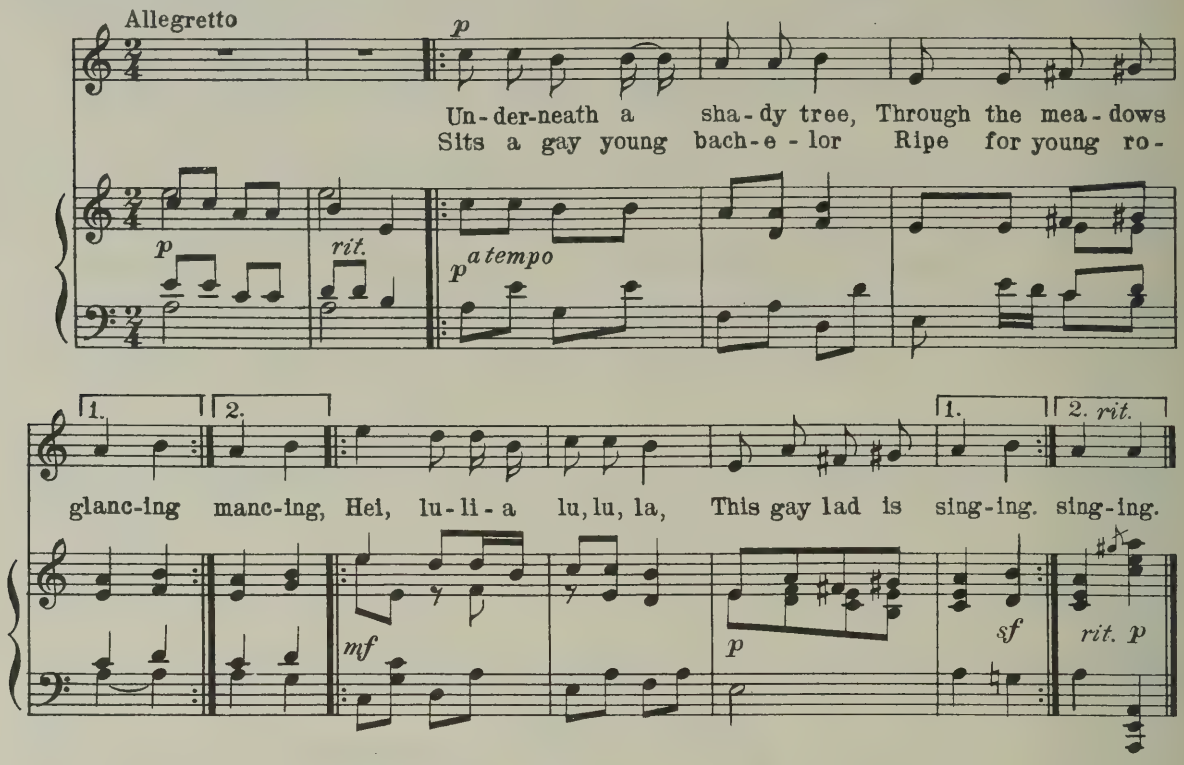
Like a flower she is to me,
Blue field flower, foam of the sea.

Free translation by
Florence Wilkinson

THE GAY YOUNG BACHELOR

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

Folk-Song



Kullan ylistys

Minun kultani kaunis on,
vaikk' on kaitaluinen,
Hei luulia illalla illalla,
vaikk' on kaitaluinen.

Kullan pää on pähkinä,
vaikk on väärällänsä.
Hei luulia illalla,
vaikk on väärällänsä.

Tukka tumman ruskea,
vaikk on tappurainen.
Hei luulia illalla,
vaikk on tappurainen.

Siniset silmat sillä on,
vaikk on kieronlaiset.
Hei luulia illalla,
vaikk on kieronlaiset.

The Gay Young Bachelor

Underneath a shady tree,
Through the meadow glancing,
Sits a gay young bachelor
Ripe for young romancing;
Hei, lu-li-a, lu, lu, la,
This gay lad is singing,
Hei, lu-li-a, lu, lu, la,
This gay lad is singing.

Lovely is my sweetheart dear,
Though she is too slender,
Though her head is crooked set,
All her ways are tender.
Hei, lu-li-a, lu, lu, la,
This gay lad is singing,
Hei, lu-li-a, lu, lu, la,
This gay lad is singing.

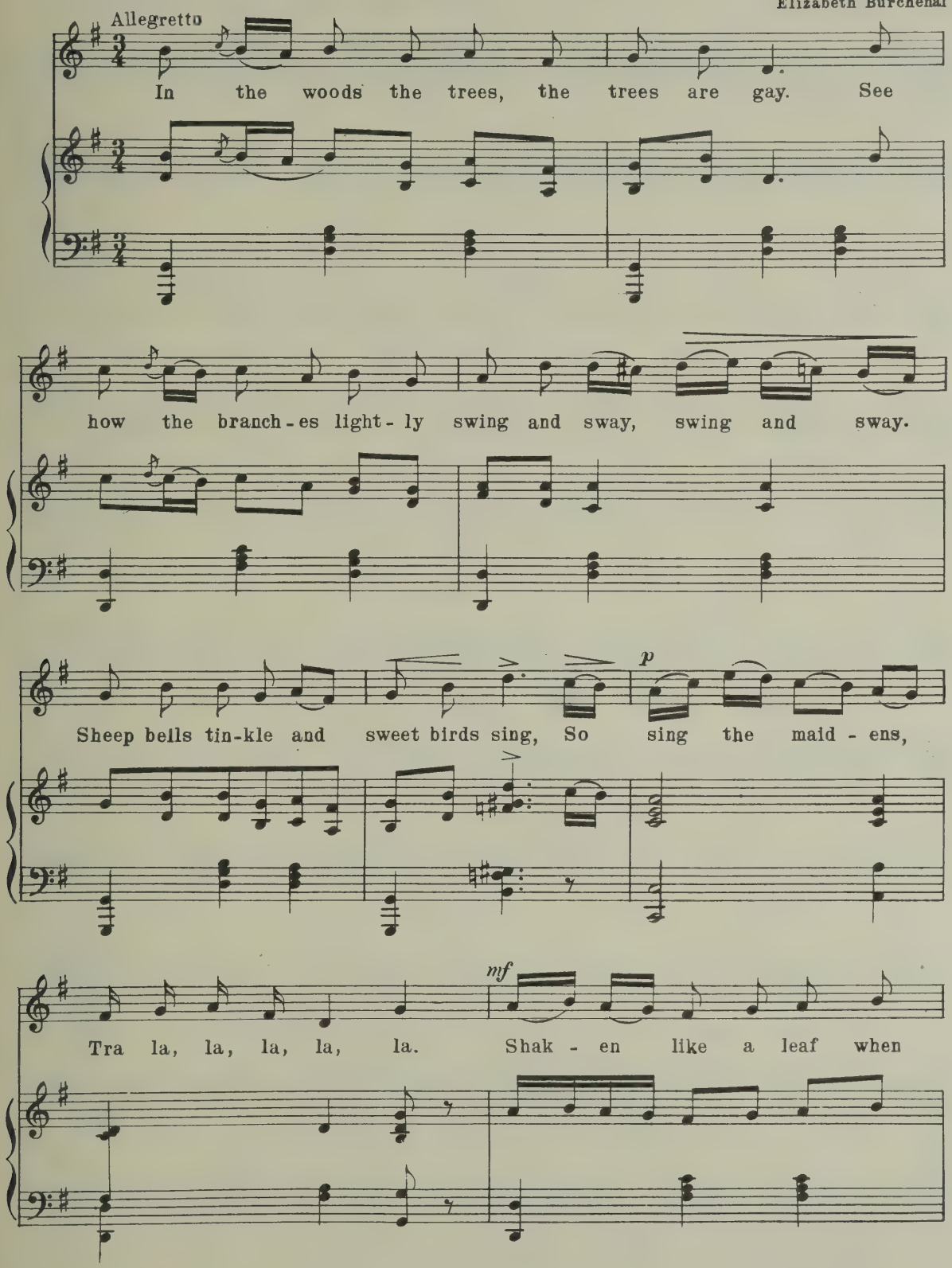
Golden is her heavy hair–
Coarse like rope untwining–
Blue her eyes as heaven above,
Though they cross in shining!
Hei, lu-li-a, lu, lu, la,
This gay lad is singing,
Hei, lu-li-a, lu, lu, la,
This gay lad is singing.

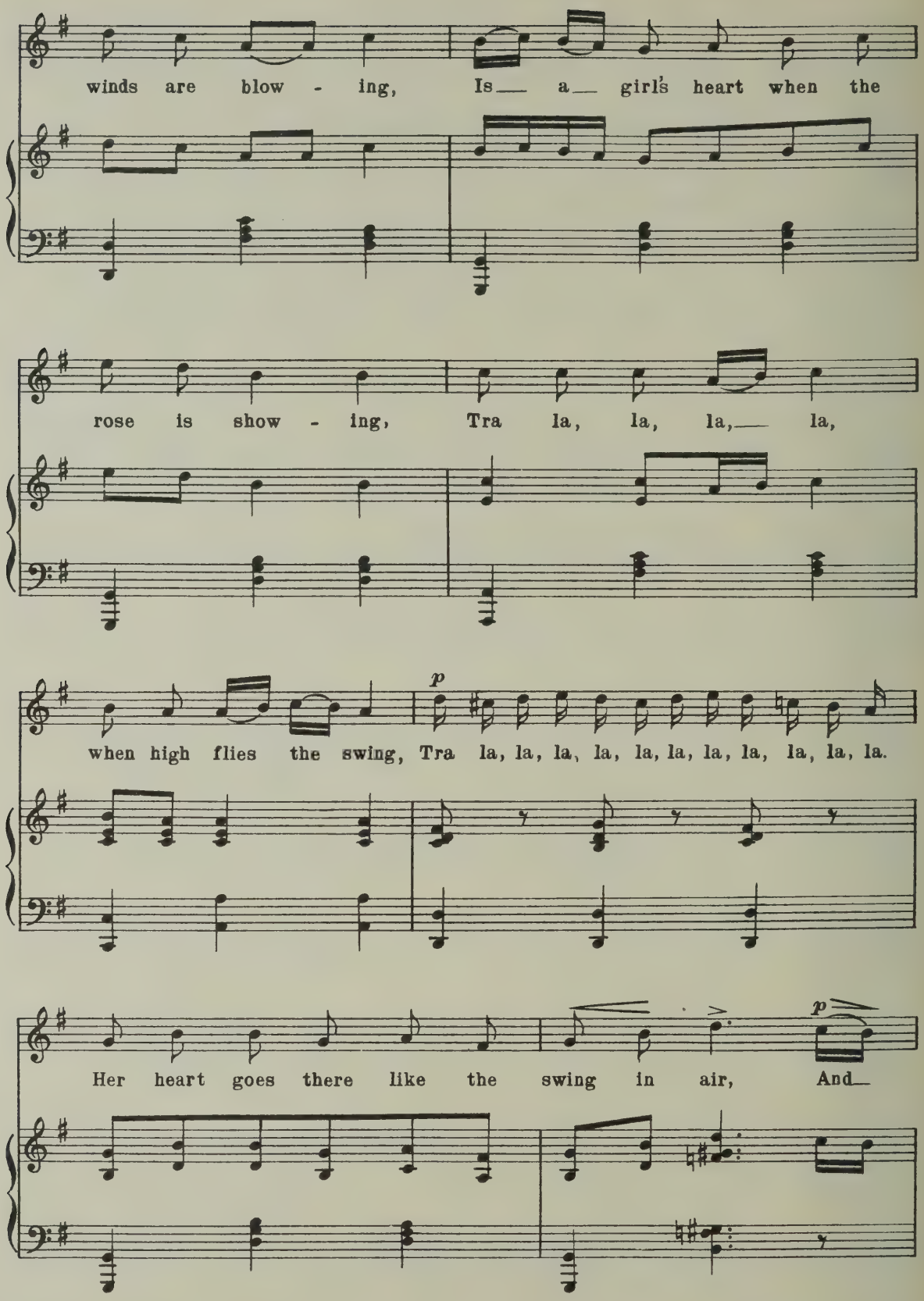
English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

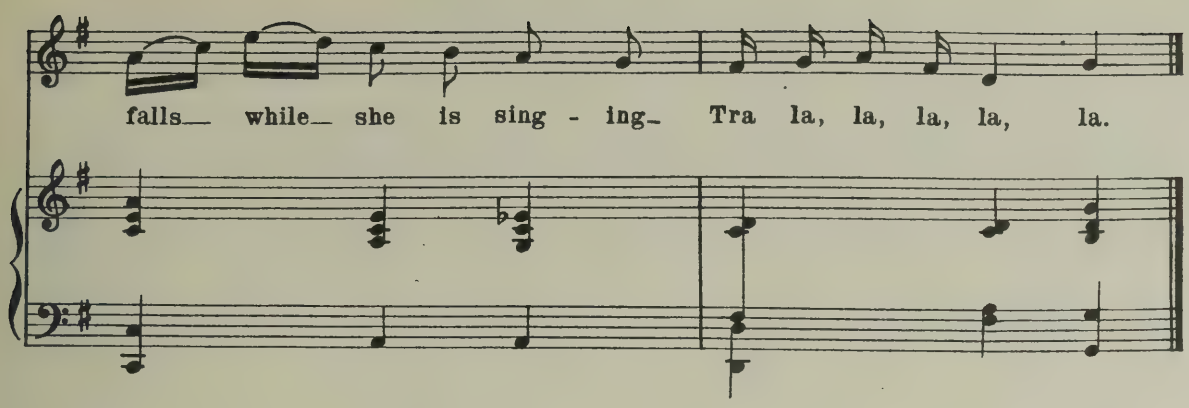
POLKA

English version by
Louise Driscoll

Folk Dance
As recorded by
Elizabeth Burchenal




winds are blow - ing, Is a girl's heart when the
rose is show - ing, Tra la, la, la, la,
p
when high flies the swing, Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
Her heart goes there like the swing in air, And
p



Polska

Metsän puita tuuli tuudittaa,
ja joka lehti liikkuu,
oksat keinuu, kiikkuu,
karjan kellot kilvan kalkattaa
ja linnut livertävät
la la la la la la.
Niinpä neidon mieli nuorell' ijällä
lentää kuin lehti ilman tiellä
Näin iloiten vain ma laulelen
la la la la la la la la la la la la.
Karjan kellot kilvan kalkattaa
ja linnut livertävät
la la la la la la.

Sunnuntaina taasen kiikuttaa
pojat iloissansa
kukin neitojansa.
Korkealle keinu heilahtaa
ja tytöt laulelevat
la la la la la la.
Niinpä neidon mieli nuorell' ijällä
lentää kuin lehti ilman tiellä.
Näin iloiten vaan ma laulelen
la la la la la la la la la la la la.
Korkealle keinu heilahtaa
ja tytöt laulelevat
la la la la la la.

Polka

In the woods the trees, the trees are gay.
See how the branches lightly swing and sway, swing and sway.
Sheep bells tinkle and sweet birds sing,
So sing the maidens, tra la, la, la, la, la.
Shaken like a leaf when winds are blowing,
Is a girl's heart when the rose is showing.
Tra la, la tra la, la, when high flies the swing,
Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
Her heart goes there like the swing in air,
And falls while she is singing—Tra la, la, la, la, la.

English version by
Louise Driscoll.

SONGS OF ESTHONIA

PAGE

COME, MY DEAREST 113

WILL YOU BE MINE? 114

THE HARP SONG 116

WEDDING JOY 118

MOAN TO THE MOON 120

34888

COME, MY DEAREST

English version by
David Morton

Andante

Folk-Song





Tule kodu!

Tule koju, armuke, kulla kaunis piigake!
Tule koju! Mul on kodus kambrike,
Kena, waikne, armukaunis pesake.
Millal meie pulmad teeme, ai,li,lu,li,lu,li!
Millal võin ma kosja sõita, ai,li,lu,li,lu,li!
Kewadel, kui häälitseb lind –
Kewadel, siis ootan ma sind!

Come My Dearest

He
Come, my dearest, to my breast,
Come, my golden maiden, home;
Sweet be the season,
Sweet the room where love has rest,
Love's in season,
Come, my dearest, to my nest.

O, the wedding, when the wedding? ai, li, lu, li, lu, li.
When the courting, when the courting? ai, li, lu, li, lu, li.
Shall it be a sled for winter, ai, li, lu, li, lu, li.
Or a carriage 'mid the flowers? ai, li, lu, li, lu, li.

She
In the spring when sweet birds sing,
I'll await you in the spring.

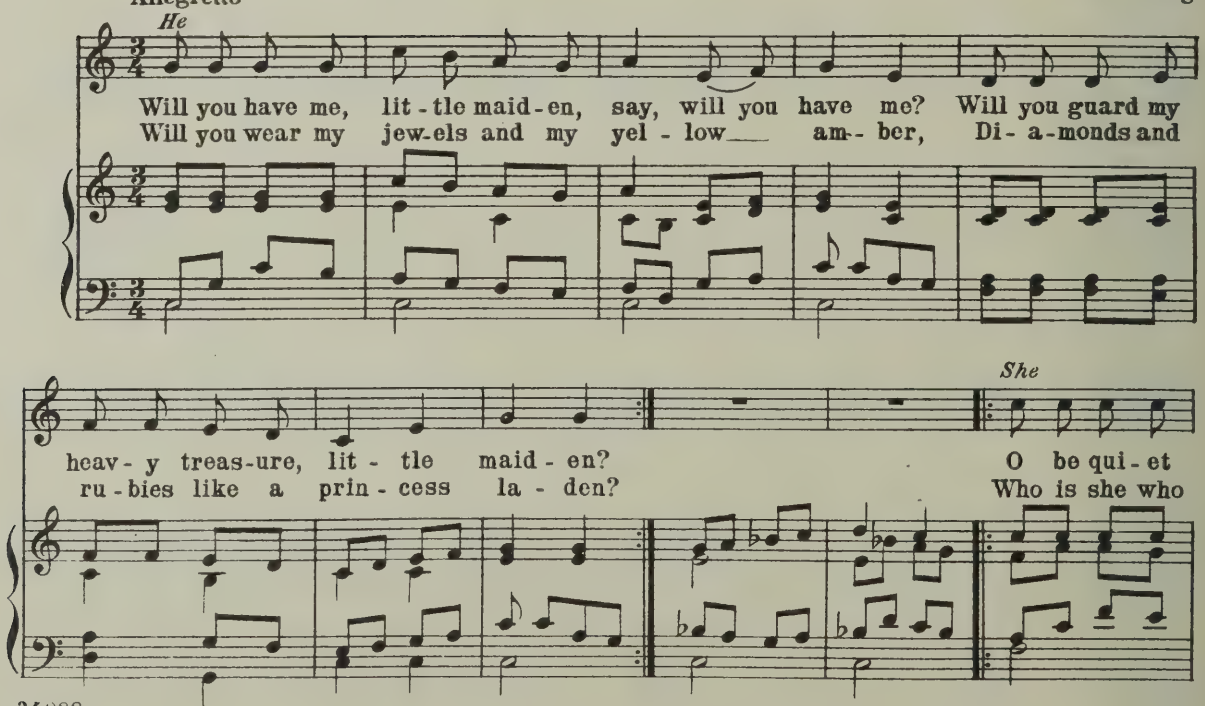
English version by
David Morton

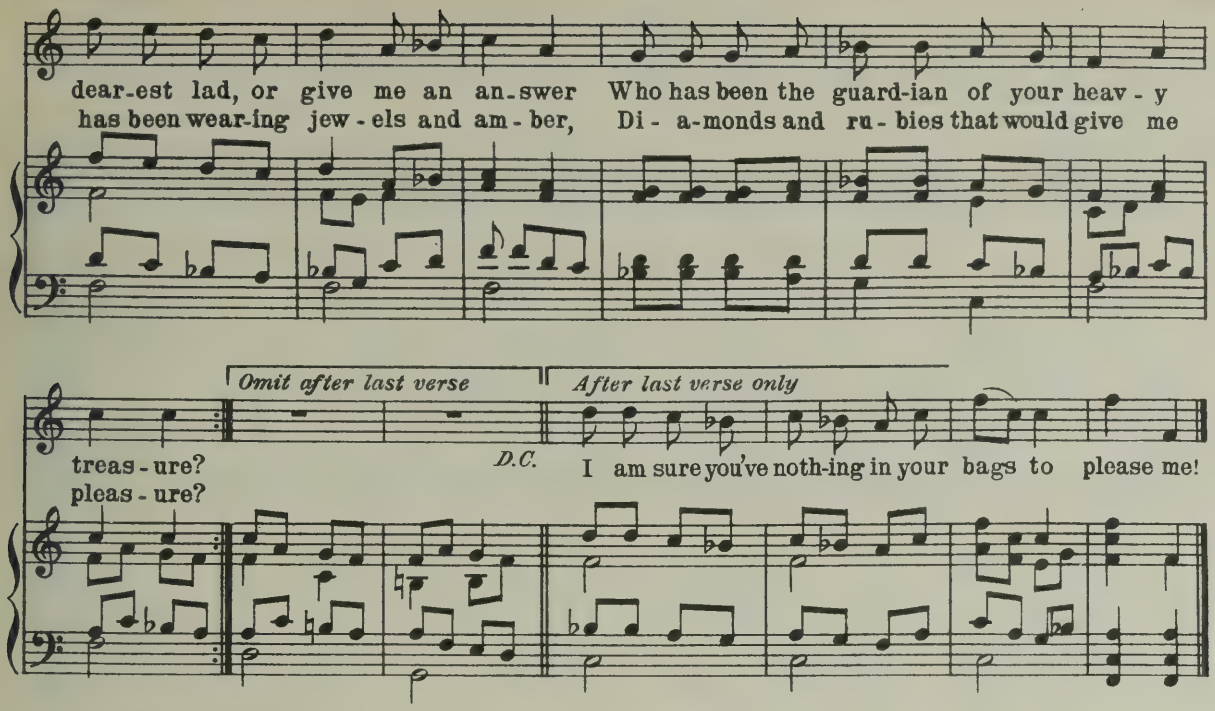
WILL YOU BE MINE?

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

Allegretto

Folk-Song





Tule mulle, neitsikene

Tule mulle, tule mulle, neitsikene,
Tule mulle, mul on külla, neitsikene;
Tule mu külla, tule mu külla kaitsejaksa,
Tule mu wara, tule mu wara wahtijaksa.
Ole waita, ole waita, noori meesi,
Kes su hulka, kes su hulka enne hoidis,
Kes su wara, kes su wara enne wahtis?
Kes su wara, kes su wara enne wahtis?

Tule ikka, tule ikka, neitsikene,
Tule sisse, tule sisse käokene;
Tule mu külla, tule mu külla kaitsejaksa,
Tule mu hõbe, tule mu hõbe hoidijaksa.
Ole waita, ole waita, peiukene,
Ole waita, ole waita, noori meesi,
Kes su kulda, kes su kulda enne kaitsis,
Kes su hõbe, kes su hõbe enne hoidis?

Tule ikka, tule mulle, neitsikene,
Tule mulle, kuldakallis käokene;
Tuhat seisab, tuhat seisab tünderissa,
Sada seisab, sada seisab salwedessa.
Oh sa petis, oh sa petis peiukene,
Kawalik sa, kawalik sa, kaasakene,
Tuhk sul seisab, tuhk sul seisab tünderissa,
Sawi seisab, sawi seisab salwedessa.

Will You Be Mine?

He
Will you have me, little maiden, say, will you have me?
Will you guard my heavy treasure, little maiden?
Will you wear my jewels and my yellow amber,
Diamonds and rubies, like a princess laden?

She
O be quiet, dearest lad, or give me an answer –
Who has been the guardian of your heavy treasure?
Who is she who has been wearing jewels and amber,
Diamonds and rubies that would give me pleasure?

He
Come to me, O little cuckoo, say, are you coming?
Little cuckoo, will you guard my silver shining?
Will you watch and keep my bags of golden treasure?
For your sake I'd give it all without repining.

She
O be quiet, foolish boy, or give me an answer –
Who has been the guardian of your heavy treasure?
Who has kept the shining silver you would give me?
Who has kept the gold you offer for my pleasure.

He
Little maiden, golden cuckoo, say, will you have me?
In my barrels I have thousands for your keeping,
In my money-bags are hundreds for your spending,
And for need of treasure you would not be weeping.

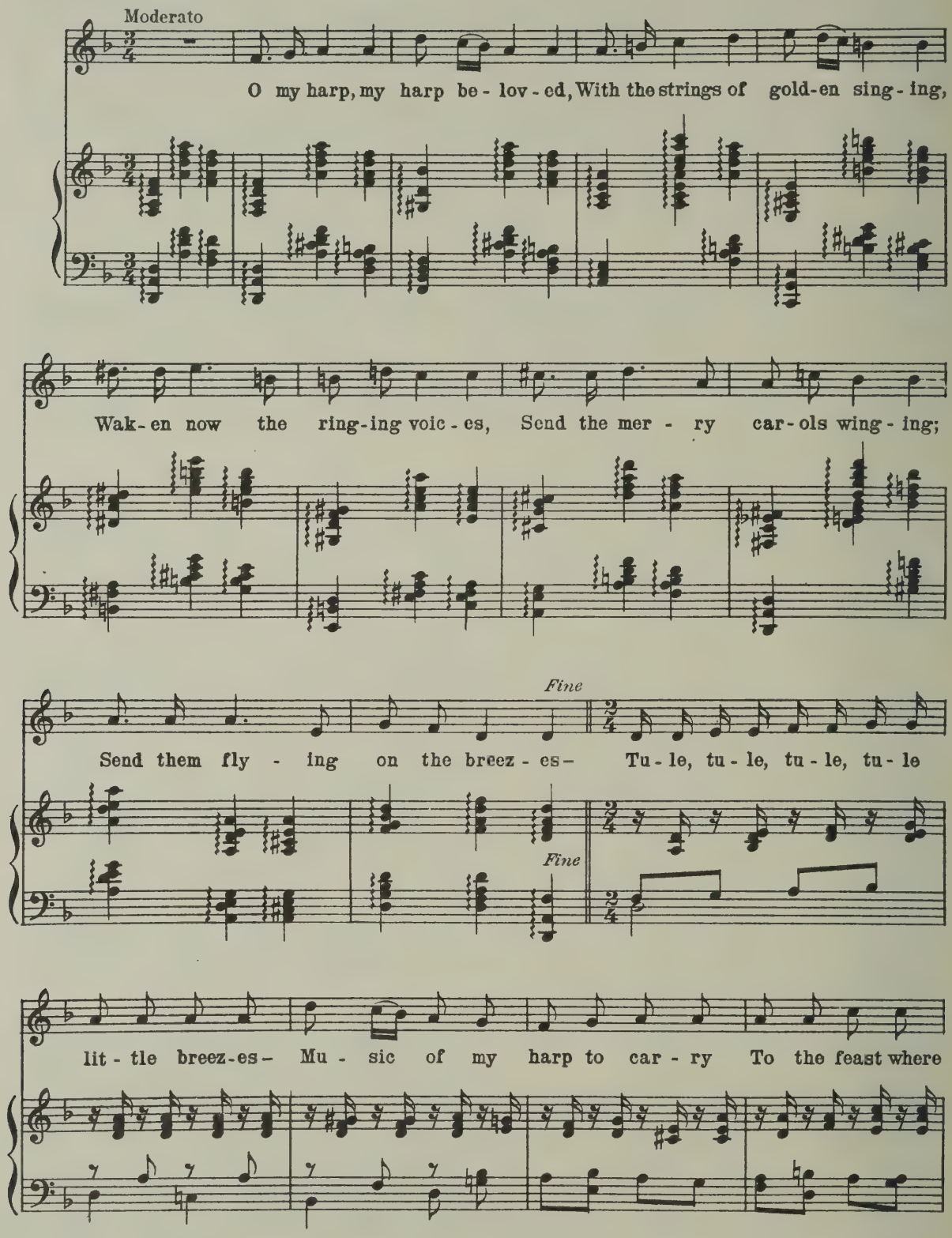
She
You are fooling! You are bragging! Oh, what a silly!
I am far too wise to listen when you tease me.
You have only dust and ashes in all your barrels,
I am sure you've nothing in your bags to please me!
I am sure you've nothing in your bags to please me!

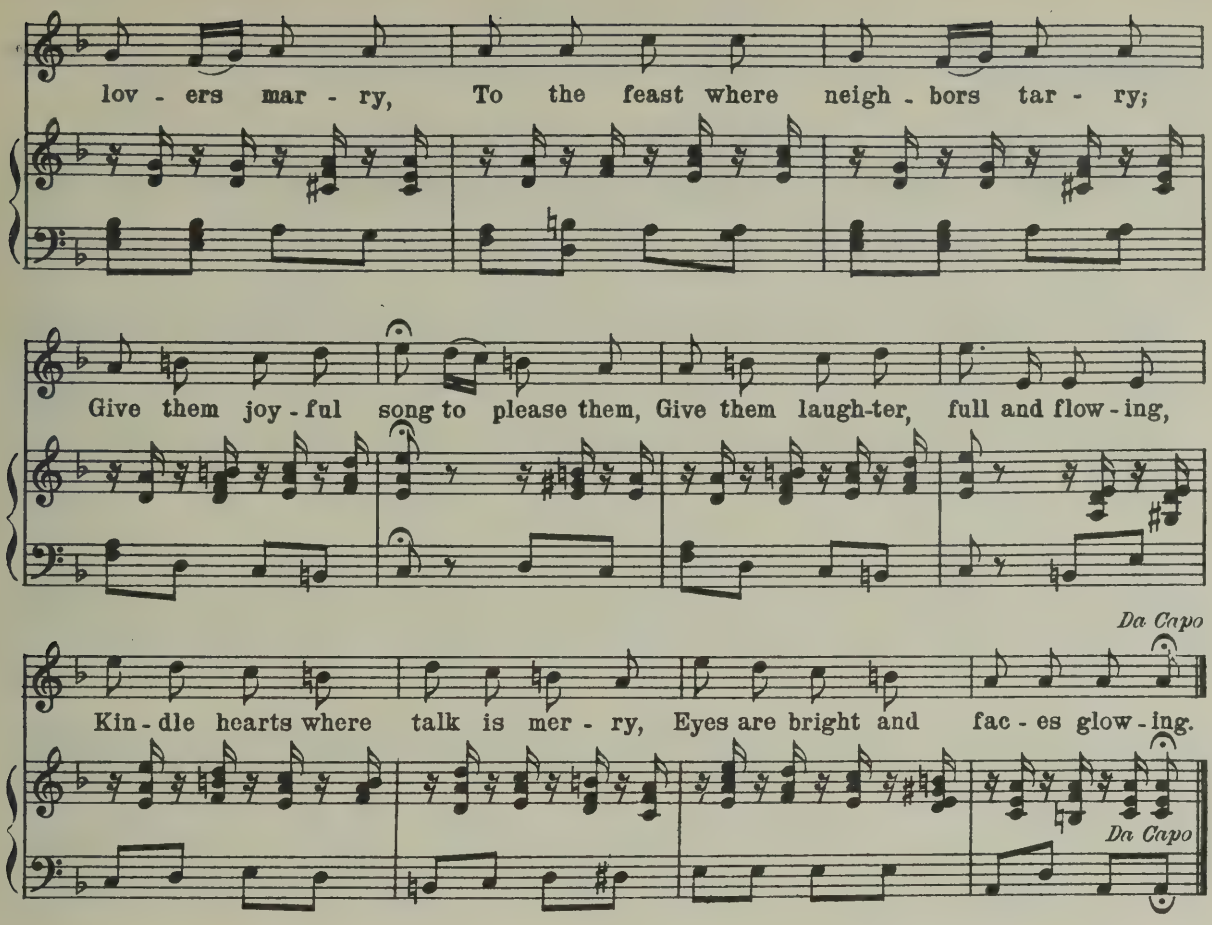
English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

THE HARP SONG

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

Arranged by
Franklin W. Robinson





Kannel

Kannel armas, kannel kallis,
Kannel kulla-keeleline
Awab hääle ärkamaie,
Lugusida lendamaie
Laulusida lôôrimaie,
Tule, tule, tule, tule, tuulekene,
Wii minu kandle häälekene
Rôômsa rahwa ridadesse,
Lustiliste laua taha,
Kussa pulma peetanessa,
Kussa lustil luisatakse,
Et saaks häälta ärgitama,
Et saaks südant sütitama.

Kannel armas, kannel kallis,
Kannel kulla-keeleline
Awab hääle ärkamaie,
Lugusida lendamaie
Laulusida lôôrimaie,
Tule, tule, tule, tule, tuulekene,
Wii minu kandle häälekene
Leinaliste keskeelle,
Waeste kurwa südamele,
Et saaks walu waigistama,
Kurwastusta kustutama,
Leinamista lepitama
Nutu-ohku uinutama.

The Harp Song

O my harp, my harp beloved,
With the strings of golden singing,
Waken now the ringing voices,
Send the merry carols winging;–
Send them flying on the breezes
Tule, tule, tule, tule, little breezes –
Music of my harp to carry
To the feast when lovers marry,
To the feast where neighbors tarry;
Give them joyful song to please them,
Give them laughter, full and flowing,
Kindle hearts where talk is merry,
Eyes are bright and faces glowing.

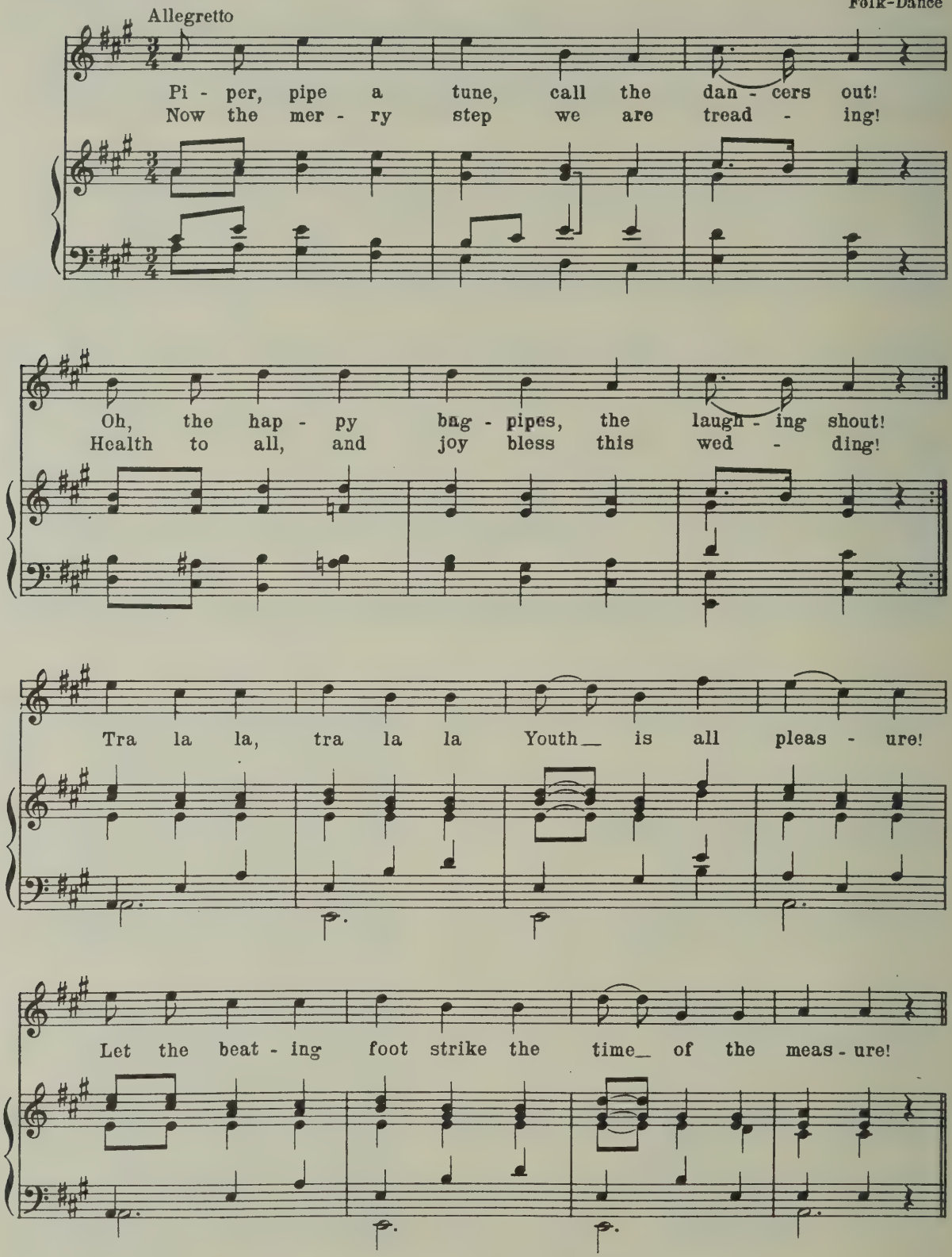
O my harp, my harp beloved,
With the strings of golden singing,
Waken now the gentle voices,
Send your mellow music winging;
Send it flying on the breezes –
Tule, tule, tule, tule, little breezes –
Find the place of heavy sighing,
And the bed of pain and dying;
Comfort all the bitter crying,
Giving balm for every sorrow,
Giving ease for quiet sleeping,
Stealing tears from eyes of mourners,
Calm the heart that would be weeping.

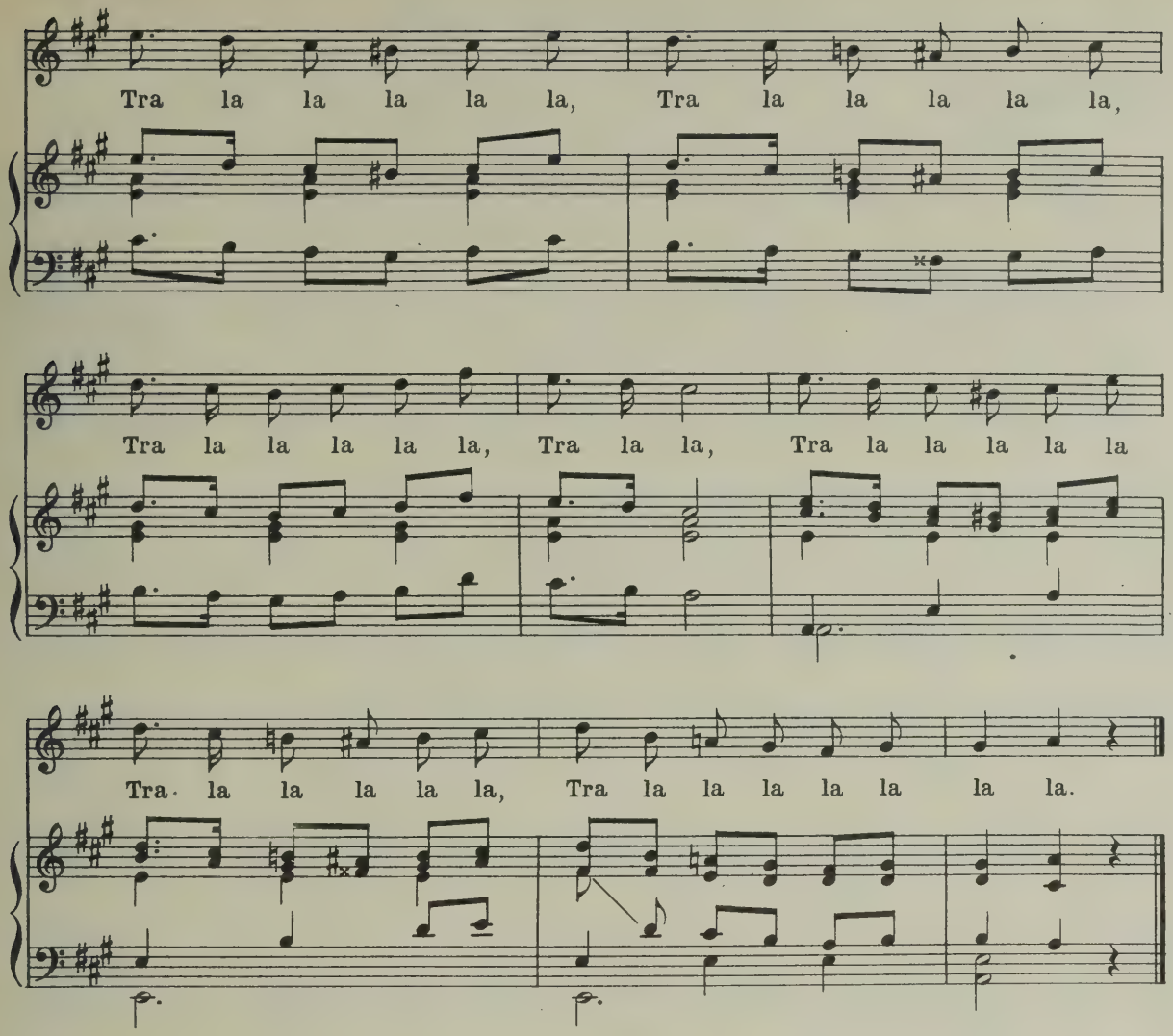
English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

WEDDING JOY

English version by
Edna St.Vincent Millay

Folk-Dance





Pulma lust

Oh seda elu ja õnne,
Oh seda pidu ja põlwe.
Oh seda lusti ja rõõmu,
Torupill kui kutsub meid tans'ma.
Tril lal la, tral lal la, pane pulmajalg al la,
Wõta pill siis kätte ja astu meie ette.

Tral lal la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la, tral la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Sinisukka meistrime' poega,
Punapärga talume' tütar.
Neist saab siis wiimaks weel paar,
Nendest saab siis wiimaks weel paar.
Uh tsah tsah, tral lal la, oleksin mina
Selle kena neiu armas, kallis peiu.

Tral lal la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la, tral la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Wedding Joy

Piper, pipe a tune, call the dancers out!
Oh, the happy bag-pipes, the laughing shout!
Now the merry step we are treading!
Health to all, and joy bless this wedding!
Tra, la, la! Tra, la, la! Youth is all pleasure!
Let the beating foot strike the time of the measure!

Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la.

Now the master's son, riches spurning,
Weds the farmer maid of his yearning;
Now the girl the rose garland covers,
Leaves her father's house for her lover's.
Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Lonely my heart, dream laden.
Would that I the bridegroom were, of so sweet a maiden.

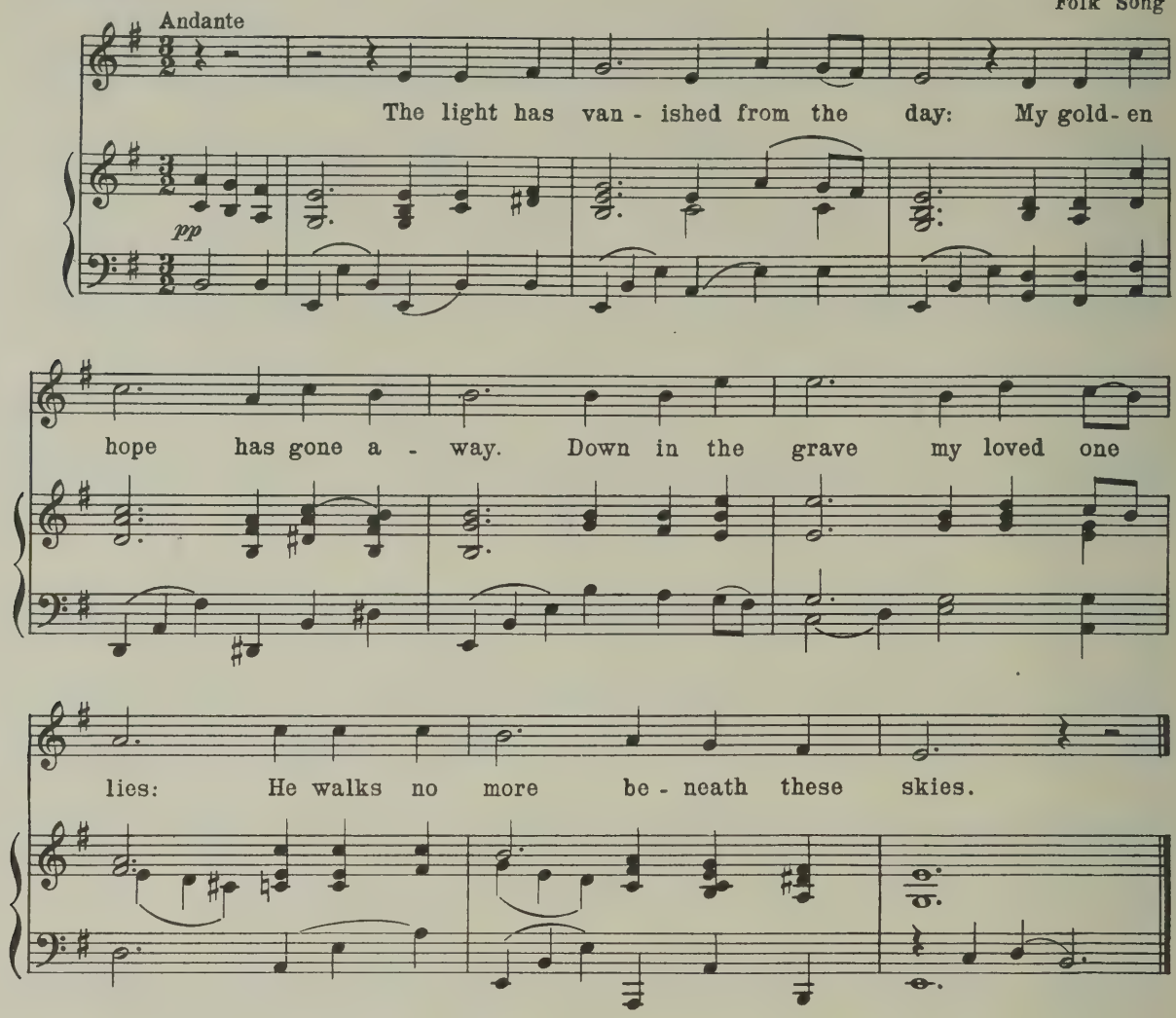
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la la la la,
Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la.

English version by
Edna St. Vincent Millay

MOAN TO THE MOON

Paraphrase by
Edwin Markham

Folk Song



Waiksel ööl

Kuu kumab kõrgest ülewast
Näeb leina'valus tütarlast.
Täis rahu hingab waikne ilm,
Ei suigu unel minu silm.

Mu kuldne lootus kadunud,
Mu kallim hauda kannetud
Nüüd pörmuks läind mu parem püüd,
Täis tühjust terwe ilma hüüd.

Oh kuu, sa kuldne kuningas,
Seal tähe walda walwamas
Oh saada hiilgwast tähe wäest
Üks sõna rahuks ingli käest.

Moan to the Moon

The light has vanished from the day:
My golden hope has gone away.
Down in the grave my loved one lies:
He walks no more beneath these skies.

O moon, you shine so bright in heaven,
But I have sorrows, seven times seven.
Earth sleeps beneath your silver beam,
While I am crying for my dream.

O, whisper from your place above
Some tidings of my dear lost love.
Tell me that lovers find once more
Their lost loves on some other shore.

Paraphrase by
Edwin Markham

SONGS OF LATVIA

PAGE

National Hymn—Latvia 122

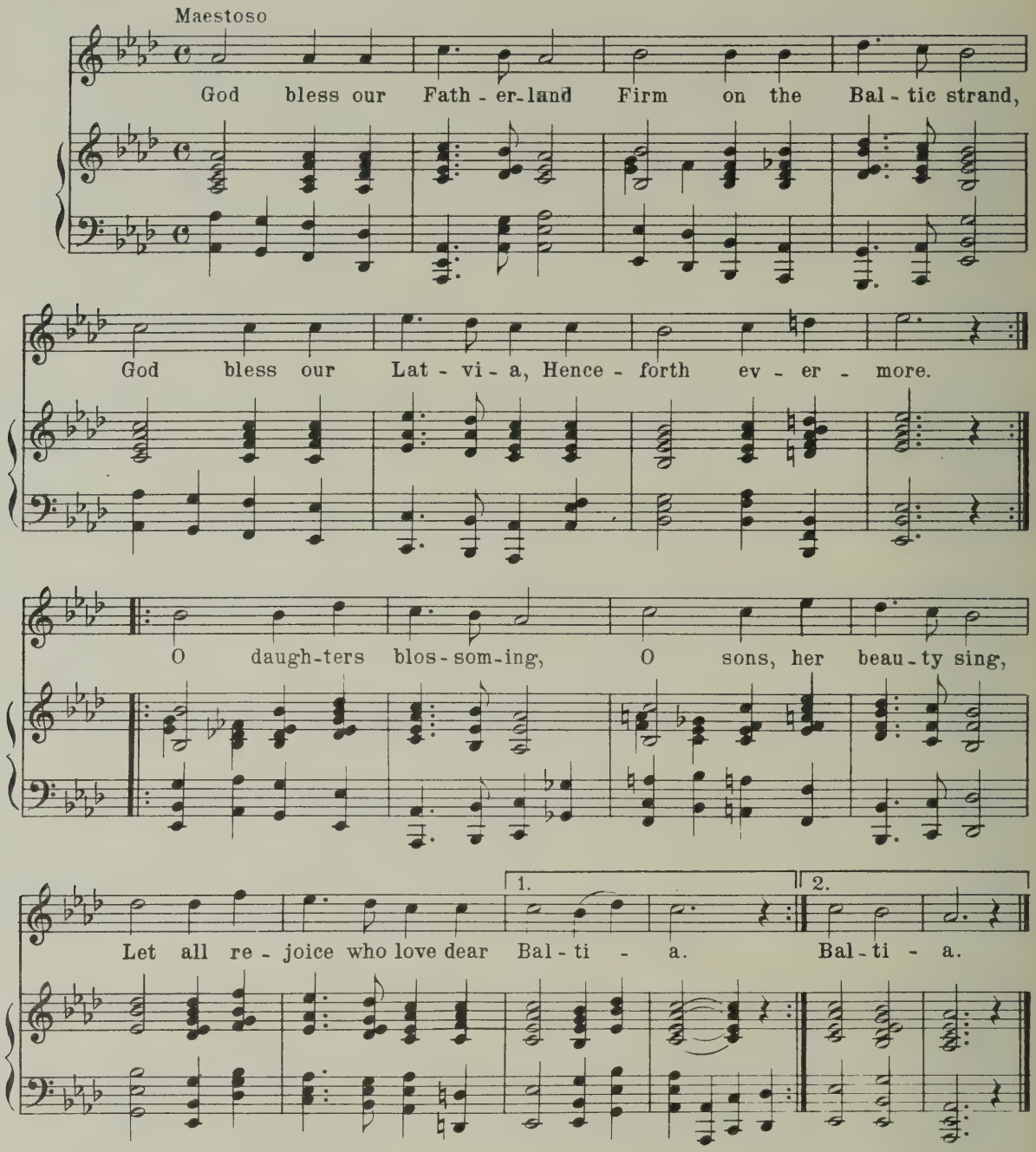
Where Did You Grow? 123

The Sun Runs Its Course 124

34888

NATIONAL HYMN- LATVIA

English version by
C. H. B.



Deews, swehti Latwiju

Deews, swehti Latwiju, muhs' dahrgo tehwiju
Swehti jel Baltiju ak swehti jel to!
Kur Latwju dehli dseed, kur Latwju meitas seed,
Laid mums tur laimê deet, muhs' Baltijâ!

National Hymn- Latvia

God bless our Fatherland
Firm on the Baltic strand,
God bless our Latvia,
Henceforth, evermore.
O daughters, blossoming,
O sons, her beauty sing.
Let all rejoice who love dear Baltia.

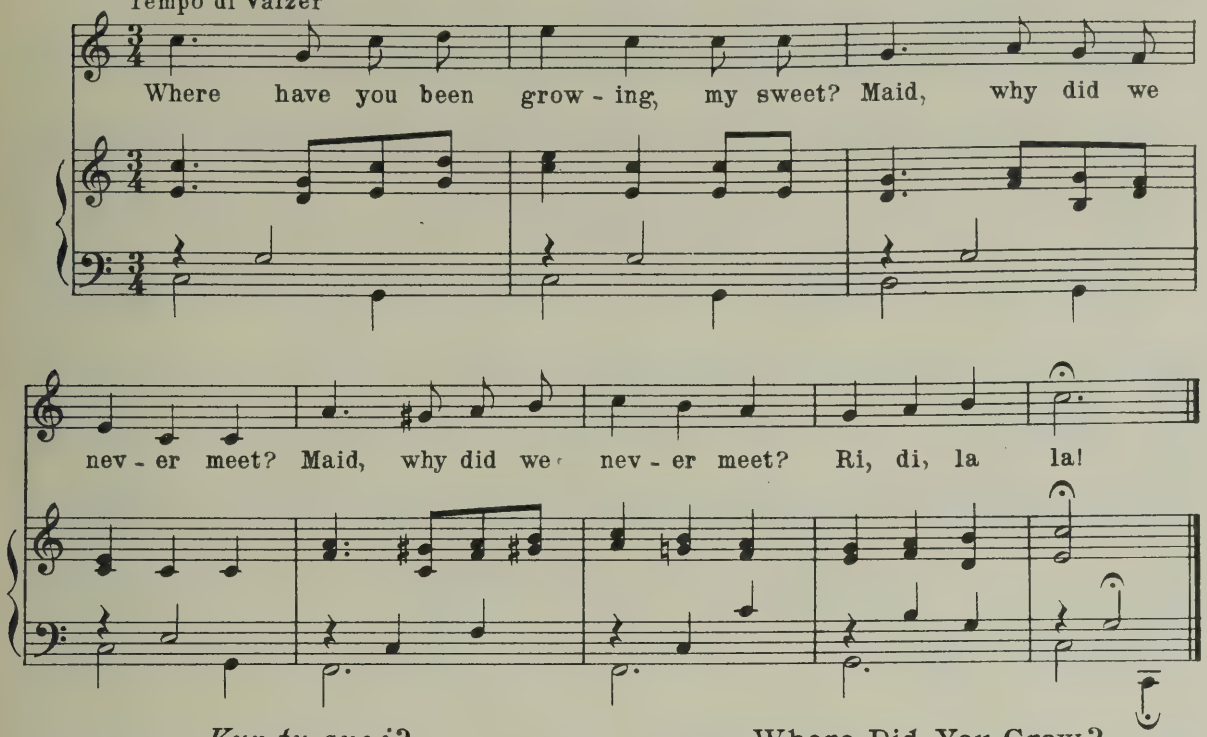
English version by
C. H. B.

WHERE DID YOU GROW?

English version by
Beatrice Barry

Folk-Song

Tempo di Valzer



Kur tu augi?

Kur tu augi daiļa meita, ka eś tewi neredsej'?
Ka eś tewi neredsej'? Ridirala!
Es usaugu pee mahmiņas skaista roschu darsiņâ,
Skaista roschu darsiņâ. Rai, rai, la, la!

Wai tu augi pee mahmiņas wai mahmiņas puhriņa?
Wai mahmiņas puhriņa? Ridirala!
Es us augu pee mahmiņas baltam deegu seķitem,
Sarkanami kurpitem. Rai, rai, la, la!

Sneeds roziņu dod mutites buhsi mana lihgawiņ'!
Buhsi mana lihgawiņ'! Ridirala!
Zitam tehwu dehliņami roku dewu solijoś
Roku dewu solijoś. Rai, rai, la, la!

Where Did You Grow?

Men:
Where have you been growing, my sweet?
Maid, why did we never meet?
Maid, why did we never meet?
Ri di la la!

Girls:
I was in a garden growing
Where the roses flourished, too—
Where the roses flourished, too.
Ri di la la!

Men:
Did your mother keep you always
Hidden in your marriage chest?
Hidden in your marriage chest!
Ri di la la!

Girls:
Nay, I danced for mother, I wore
Sandals red and stockings white!
Sandals red and stockings white!
Ri di la la!

Men:
Give me your hand, sweetheart, won't you
Kiss me, promise to be mine?
Kiss me, promise to be mine!
Ri di la la!

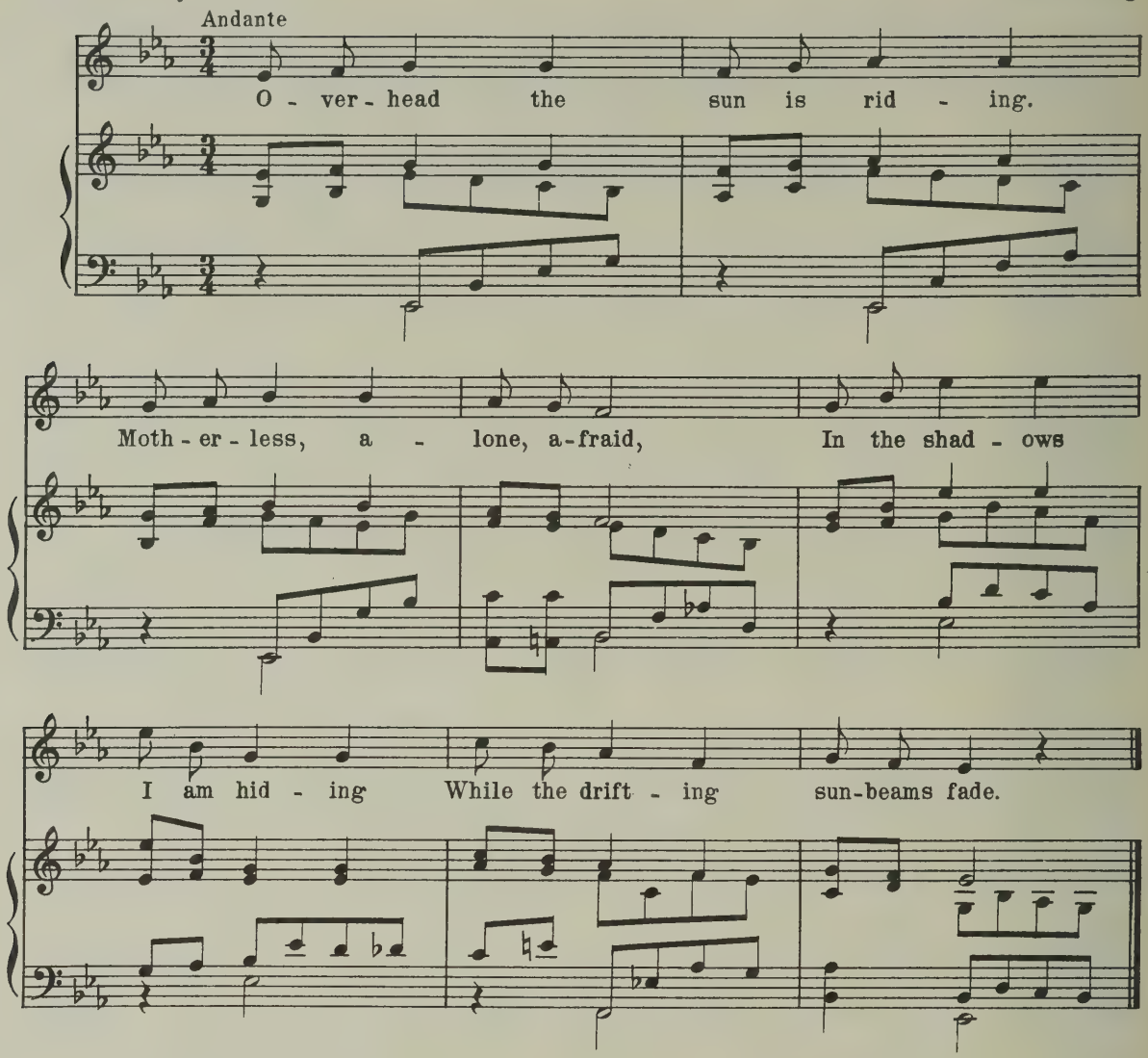
Girls:
I have pledged my promise truly
To another man than you!
To another man than you!
Ri di la la!

English version by
Beatrice Barry

THE SUN RUNS ITS COURSE

English version by
Beatrice Barry

Folk-Song



Saulit' tezej' tezedama

Saulit' tezej' tezedama,
Es paliku pawehni
Nawa sawas mahmuliņas,
Kas eezehla saulité.

Tez', saulite, pagaid' manis,
Ko es tewim pasazisch'
Aisnes manai mahmuliņai
Labu, labu wakariņ'

Jau saulite semu, semu,
Mahmuliņa tahļu tahl',
Teku, teku, nepanahku,
Sauzu, sauzu, nesasauz'!

The Sun Runs Its Course

Overhead the sun is riding.
Motherless, alone, afraid,
In the shadows I am hiding
While the drifting sunbeams fade.

Sunbeam, for a moment tarry–
Be my messenger, I pray.
Tell my mother that you carry
All my love to her to-day!

Bear my greetings, I beseech you,
Since you travel far indeed;
Lo, I run, but cannot reach you–
Though I call, you will not heed.

English version by
Beatrice Barry

SONGS OF LITHUANIA

PAGE

Lithuanian National Hymn 126

Softly Flows the Niemen 127

Sowing the Rue 130

At the Spring 131

In My Dreams 133

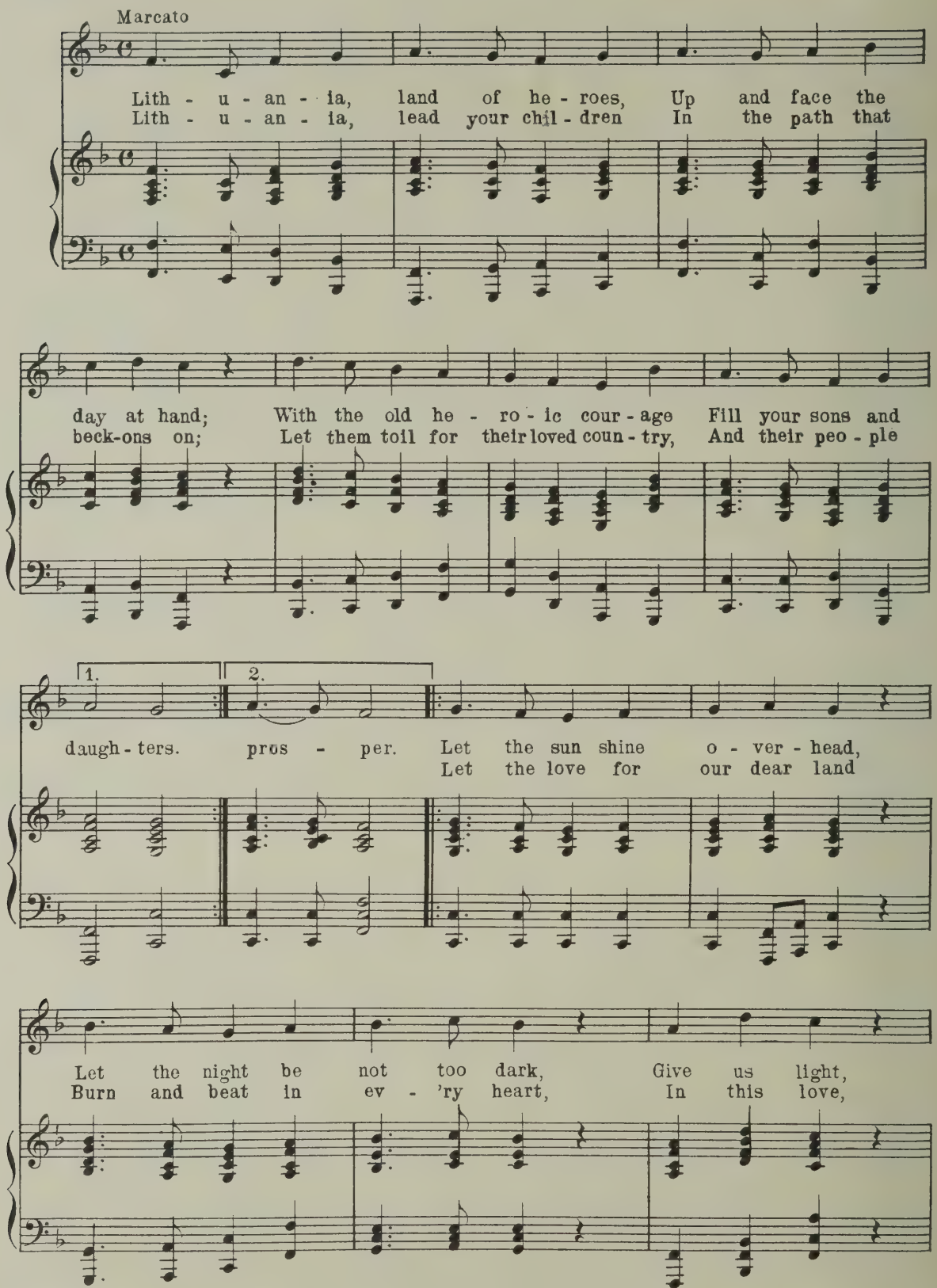
Today in Bethlehem 134

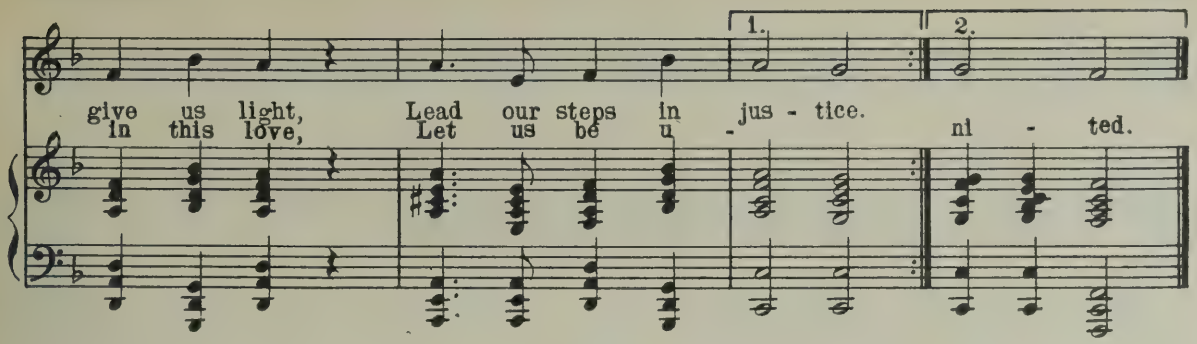
Mother Sent Me 136

34888

LITHUANIAN NATIONAL HYMN

English version by
William Griffith





Hymnas

Lietuva, tėvyne mūsų,
Tu didvyrių žeme;
Iš praeitės tavo sūnųs
Vis stiprybę seme.

Tegul tavo vaikai eina
Vien takais dorybės!
Tegul dirba ant naudos tav
Ir žmonių gėrybės!

Tegul saulė Lietuvos
Tamsumus prašalina,
Ir šviesa ir tiesa
Mūs' žingsnius telydi!

Tegul meilė Lietuvos
Dega mūsų širdyse;
Vardan tos Lietuvos
Vienybė te žydi!

Lithuanian National Hymn

Lithuania, land of heroes,
Up and face the day at hand;
With the old heroic courage
Fill your sons and daughters.

Lithuania, lead your children
In the path that beckons on;
Let them toil for their loved country,
And their people prosper.

Let the sun shine overhead,
Let the night be not too dark,
Give us light, give us light,
Lead our steps in justice.

Let the love for our dear land
Burn and beat in every heart,
In this love, in this love
Let us be united.

English version by
William Griffith

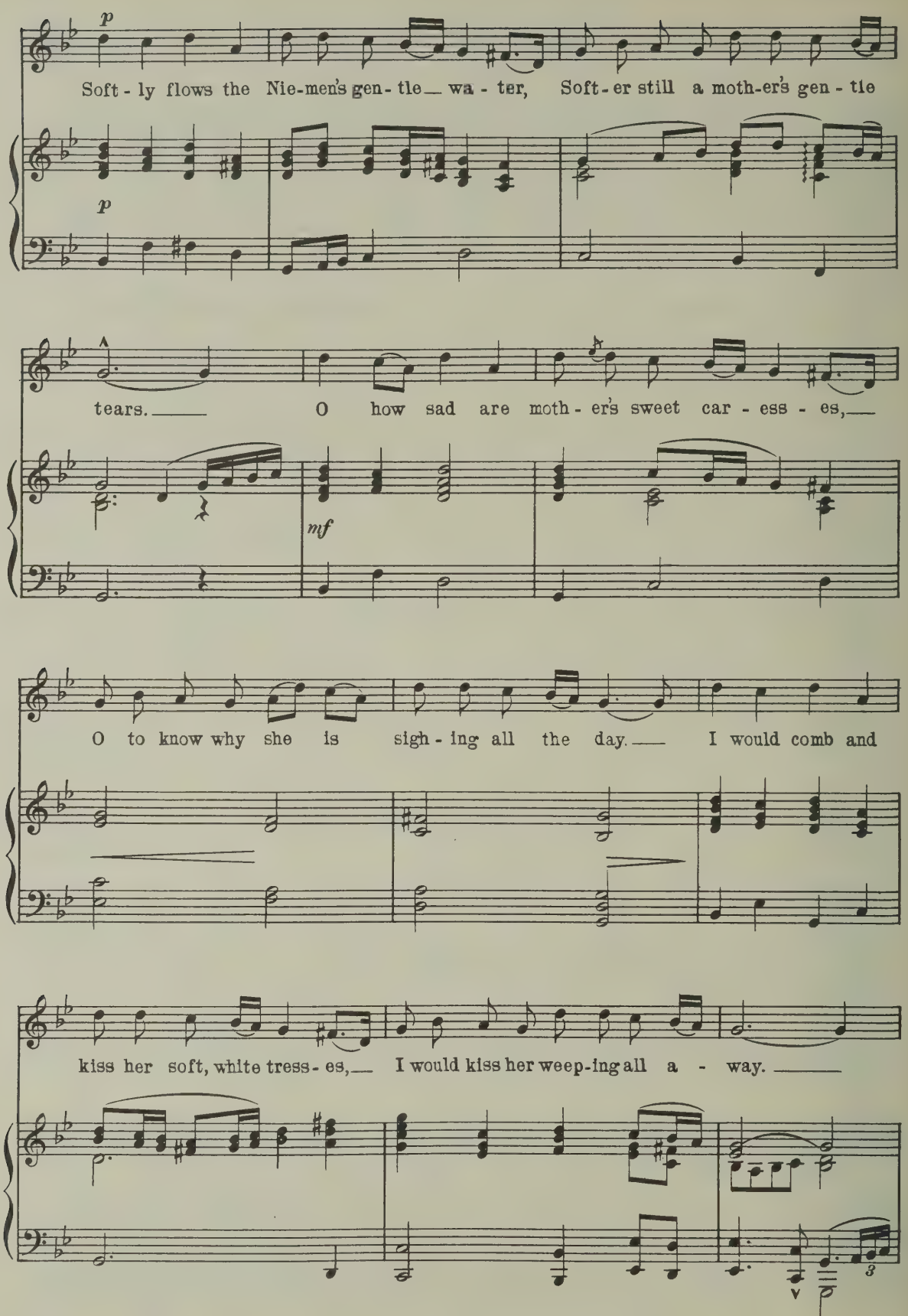
SOFTLY FLOWS THE NIEMEN

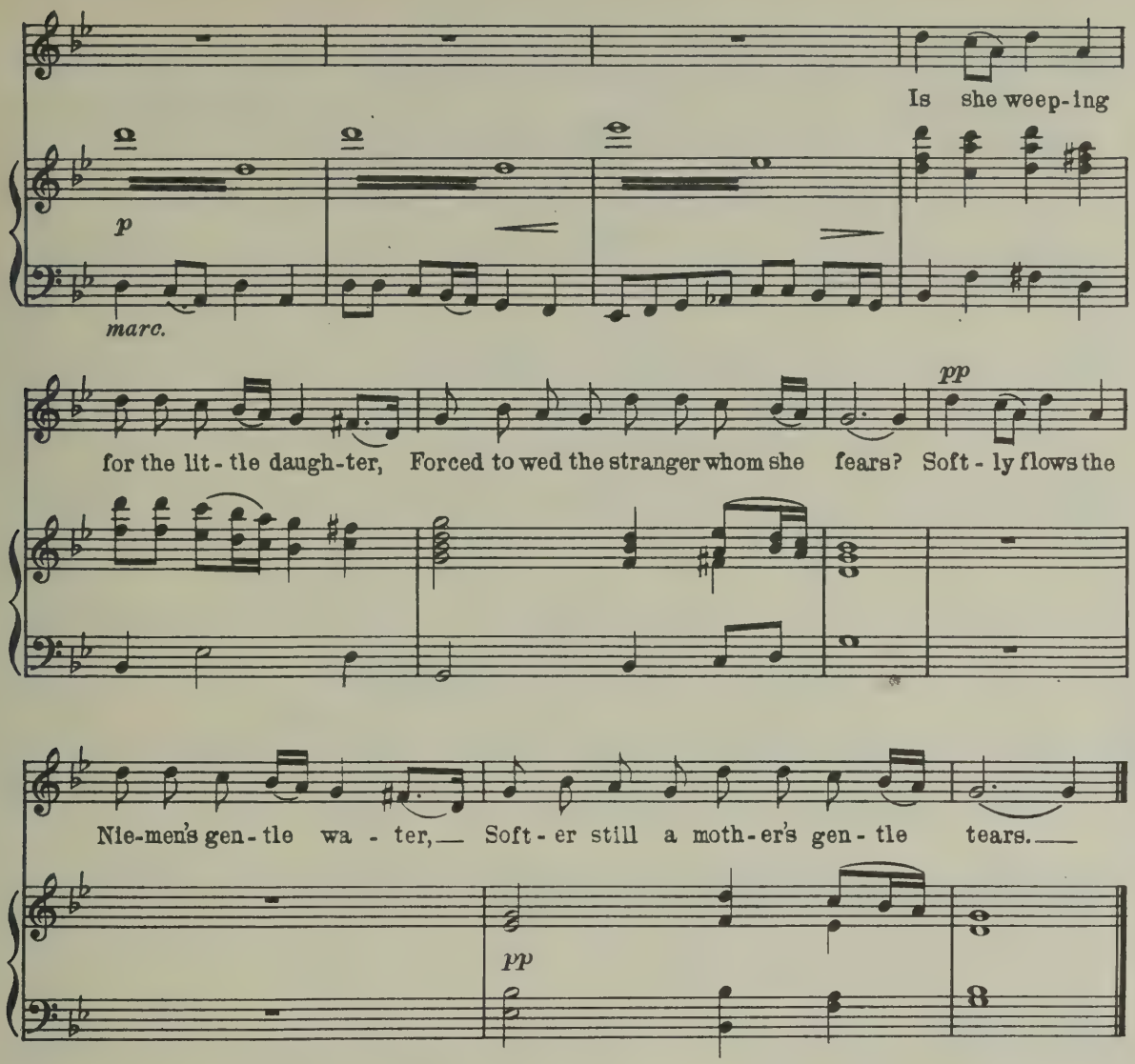
English version by
Leonora Speyer

Folk-Song

Arranged by
M.Petrauskas




p
Soft - ly flows the Nie-men's gen - tle wa - ter, Soft - er still a moth-er's gen - tle
p
tears. O how sad are moth - er's sweet car - ess - es,
mf
O to know why she is sigh - ing all the day. I would comb and
kiss her soft, white tress - es, I would kiss her weep-ing all a - way.
3



Tykiai Nemunėlis Teka

Tykiai, tykiai Nemunėlis teka,
Ne taip tykiai kaip motulė verkia,
Tykiai, tykiai Nemunėlis teka,
Ne taip tykiai kaip motulė verkia.

Kad žinočiau ko motulė verkia,
Kad aš išmanyciau, ko motulė verkia!
Aš motulei galvelę šukuočiau,
Jos baltuosius plaukelius bučiuočiau!

Gal motulei pagailo dukrelės
Kad tėvelis vargeliui nor duoti.
Tykiai, tykiai Nemunėlis teka,
Ne taip tykiai, kaip motulė verkia!

Softly Flows the Niemen

Softly flows the Niemen's gentle water,
Softer still a mother's gentle tears,
Softly flows the Niemen's gentle water,
Softer still a mother's gentle tears.

O how sad are mother's sweet caresses,
O to know why she is sighing all the day.
I would comb and kiss her soft,white tresses,
I would kiss her weeping all away.

Is she weeping for the little daughter,
Forced to wed the stranger whom she fears?
Softly flows the Niemen's gentle water,
Softer still a mother's gentle tears.

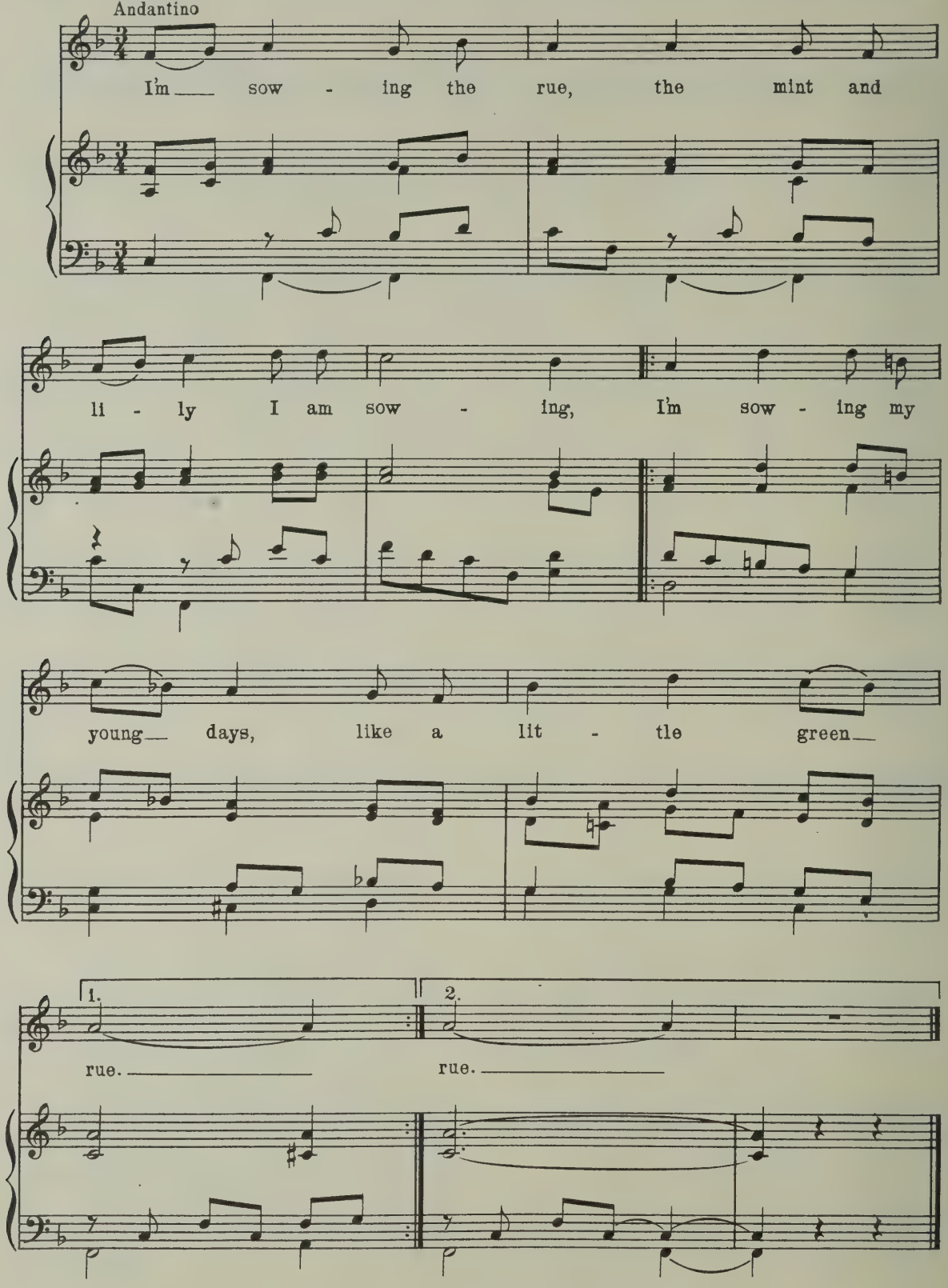
English version by
Leonora Speyer

SOWING THE RUE

English version by
Edna St. Vincent Millay

Folk Song

Andantino



Sējau rūtą

Sējau rūtą, sējau mėtą, sējau lelijėlę,
Sējau savo jaunas dienas, kaip žalią rūtelę.

Dygo rūta, dygo mėta, dygo lelijėlė,
Dygo mano jaunos dienos, kaip žalia rūtelė.

Augo rūta, augo mėta, augo lelijėlė,
Augo mano jaunos dienos, kaip žalia rūtelė.

Noko rūta, noko mėta, noko lelijėlė,
Noko mano jaunos dienos, kaip žalia rūtelė.

Ir atėjo bernužėlis, skynė lelijėlą,
Skynė mano jaunas dienas, Vytau kaip rūtelė.

Kirto rūtą, kirto mėtą, kirto lelijėlę
Kirto mano jaunas dienas kaip žalia rūtelė.

Vyto rūta, vyto mėta, vyto lelijėlė
Vyto mano jaunos dienos, kaip žalią rūtelė.

Sowing the Rue

I'm sowing the rue, the mint and lily I am sowing,
I'm sowing my young days, like a little green rue.

The rue is budding, budding is the mint, is the lily,
My young days are budding, like a little green rue.

The rue is growing, growing is the mint, is the lily,
My young days are growing, like a little green rue.

The rue is ripened, ripened is the mint, is the lily,
My young days are ripened, like the little green rue.

There comes to my garden a youth with a sickle,–
"Oh, touch not my young days, like a little green rue!"

He has mown down the rue, the mint and lily, he has severed,
My young days he's wasted, like the little green rue.

The rue is fading, fading is the mint, is the lily,
My young days are fading, like the little green rue.

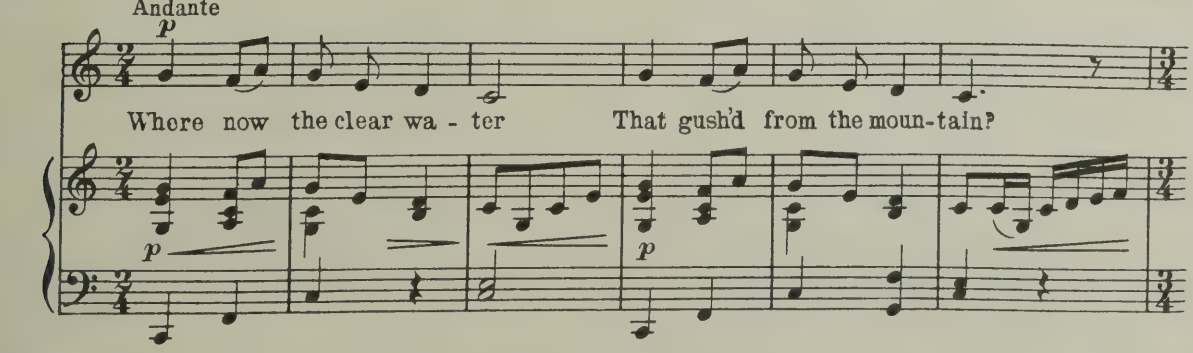
English version by
Edna St. Vincent Millay

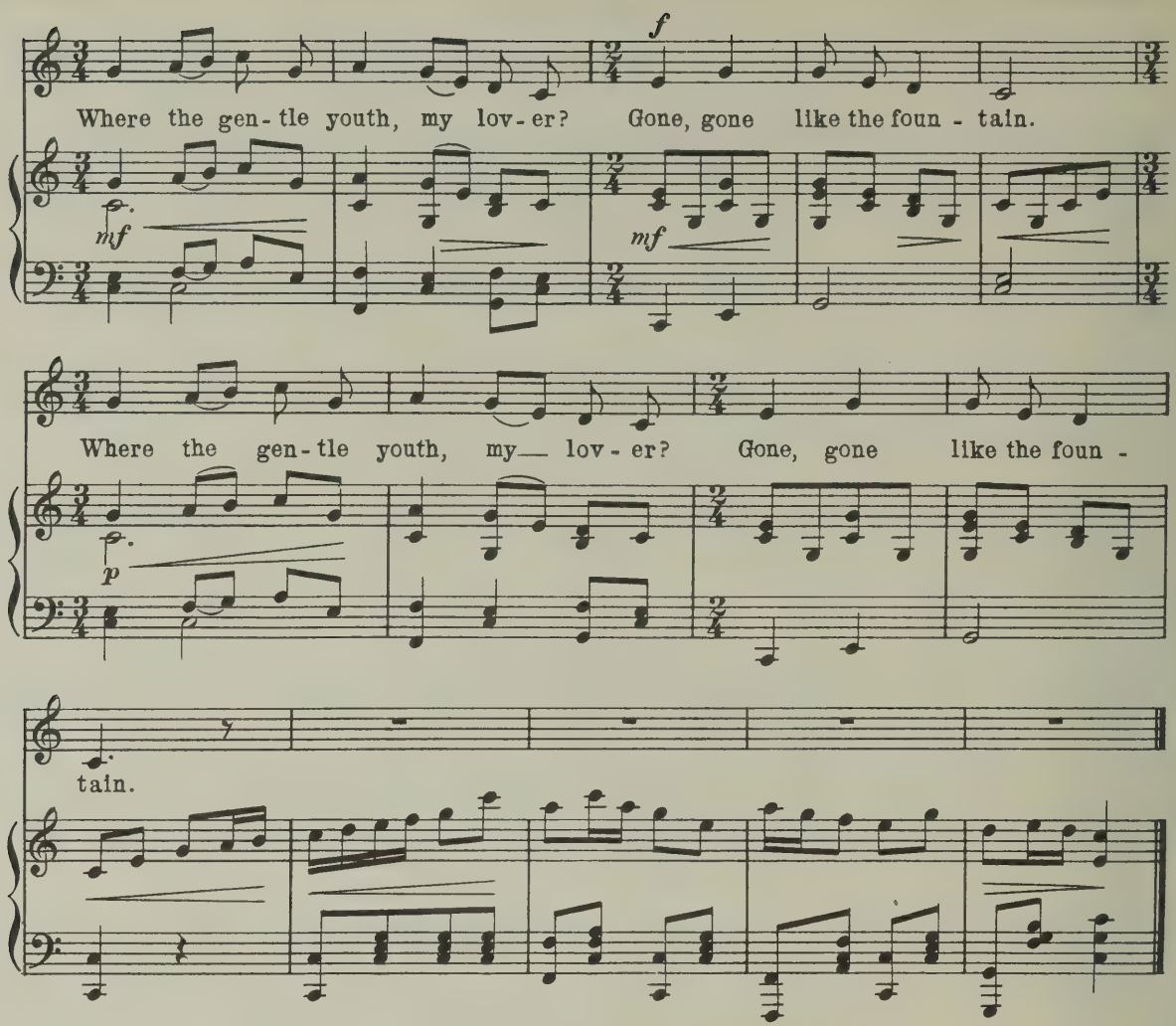
AT THE SPRING

English version by
H.B.

Folk-Song

Arranged by
M. Petrauskas





Kur tas šaltinėlis?

Kur tas šaltinėlis,
Kur aš jauna gėriau,
Kur tas mano bernužėlis
Katrą aš mylėjau.

Katrą aš mylėjau,
Širdelėj turėjau,
Kas naktelę per sapnelį
Žodelį kalbėjau

Jau tas šaltinėlis
Žolele apaugo,
Jau tas mano bernužėlis
Į karę išjojo.

Darysiu lyseles,
Pasėsiu gėleles,
Apsikaišius žalia ruta
Bernelio gedėsiu.

At the Spring

Where now the clear water
That gushed from the mountain?
Where the gentle youth, my lover?
Gone, gone like the fountain.

Him the war has taken,
My faithful, fond lover.
Seek not the spring in the meadow,
Grass covers it over.

In my heart I hid him;
When in dreams he sought me
And we spoke together softly,
What joy dreams brought me.

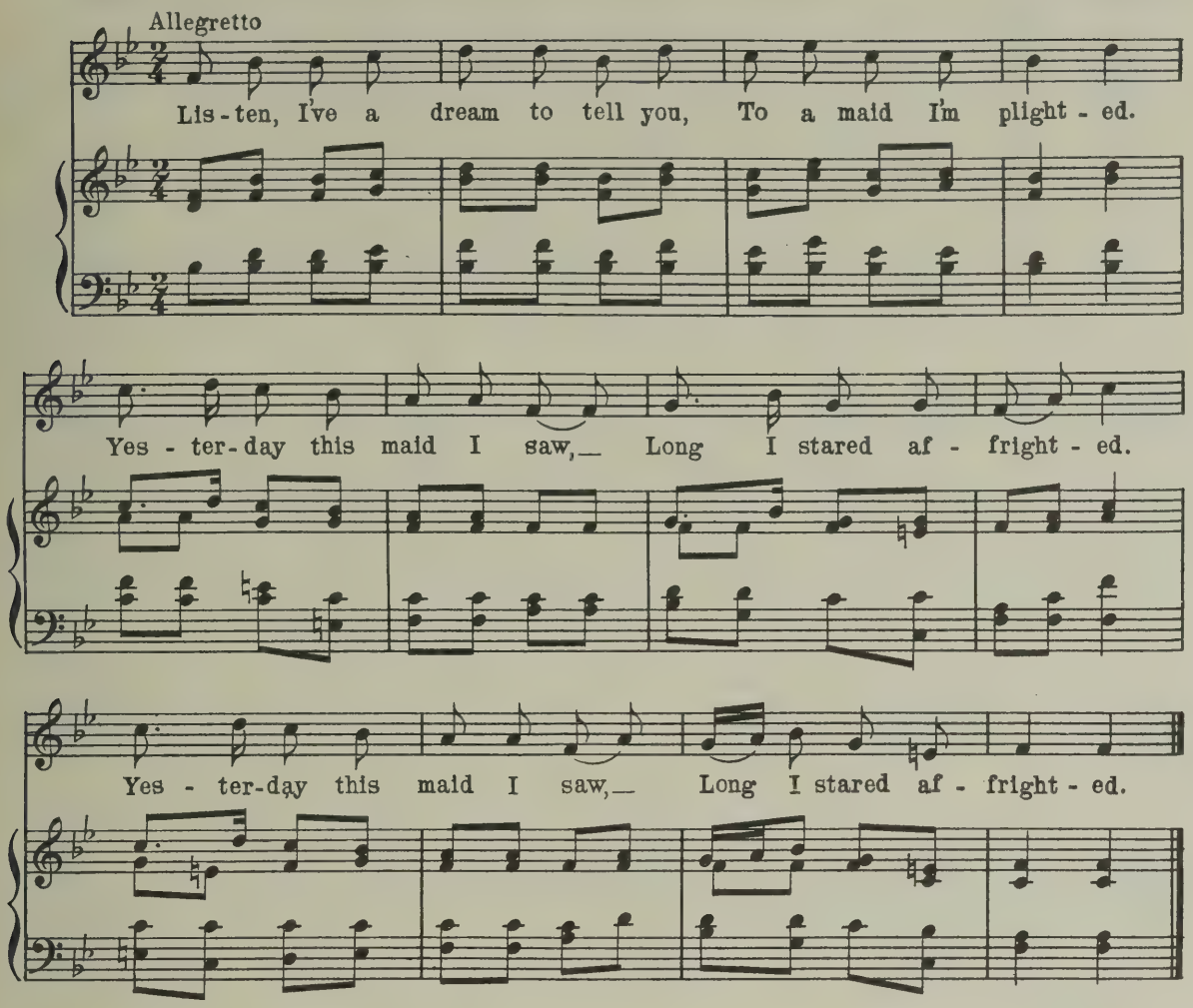
Bring rue from my garden,
My dark hair adorning.
I'll be constant to my lover
Through long years of mourning.

English version by
H.B.

IN MY DREAMS

English version by
C. H. B.

Folk-Dance



Noriu miego

Noriu miego, saldaus miego,
Neturiu kur gulti.
Jaučiu kieme mergužėlę,]2
Neturiu ką siūsti!

Siunčiau, siunčiau pasiuntinį,
Ką mergužė veikia?
Žalių rūtų daržėlėlyj']2
Vainikėlį pina.

Ir pindama, dabindama,
Su vainiku kalba:
Vainikėli žalių rūtų]2
Kur aš tave dėsiu?

Kaip buvau aš pas močiutę,
Kaip rožė žydė jau,
Pas tave, mans bernužėli,]2
Kaip ruta pavytau!

In My Dreams

Listen, I've a dream to tell you,
To a maid I'm plighted.
Yesterday this maid I saw,
Long I stared, affrighted.

Was this maid a mist or shadow
In the garden walking?
There she wove a wreath of rue,
Soft, I heard her talking.

Tell me little glossy leaflet
Now so neatly braided,
How, O how, may I wear you
When your green has faded?

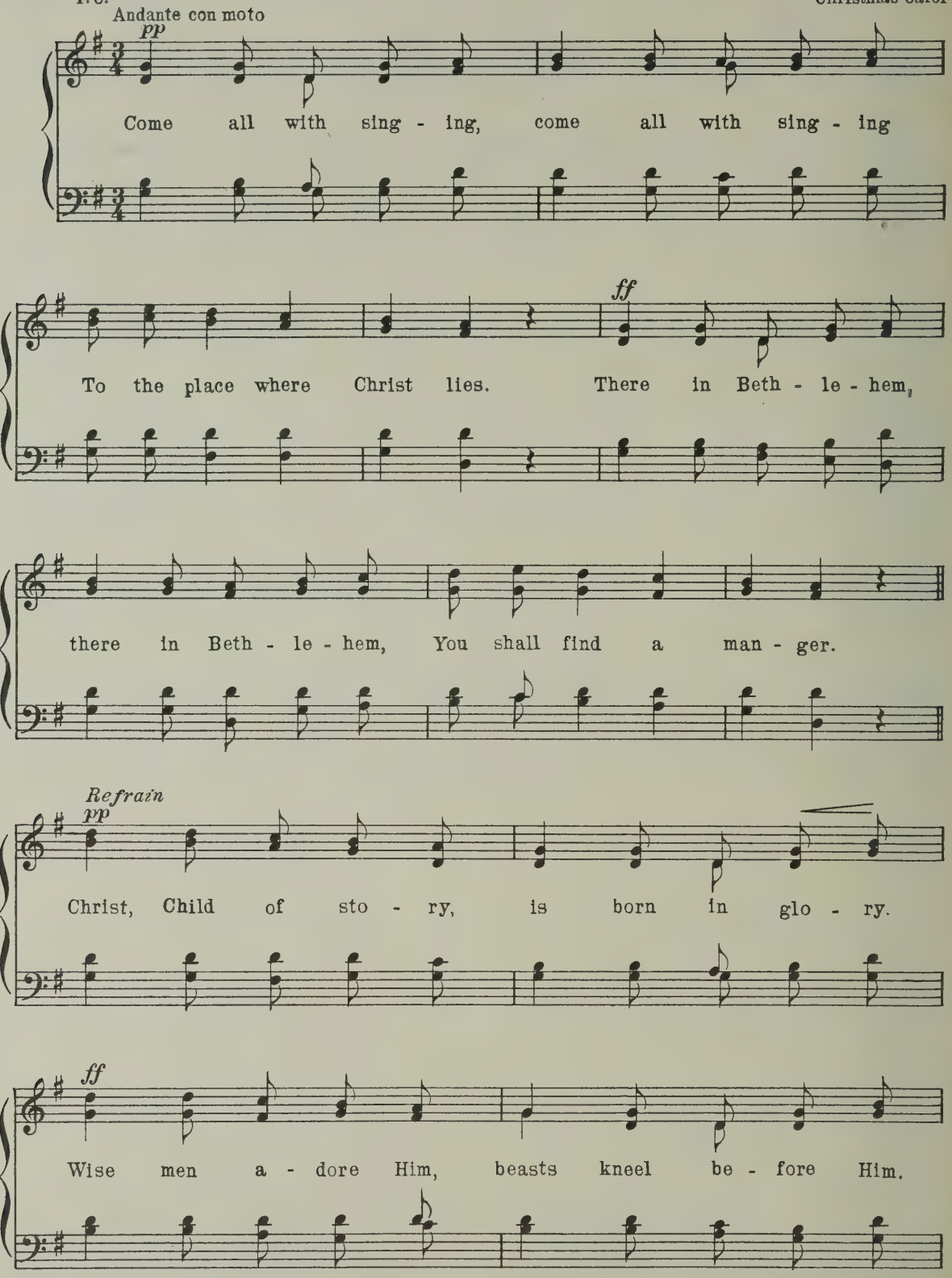
Now I bloom in mother's garden,
Rose by bees attended;
When a lover comes to pluck me,
Rose life will be ended.

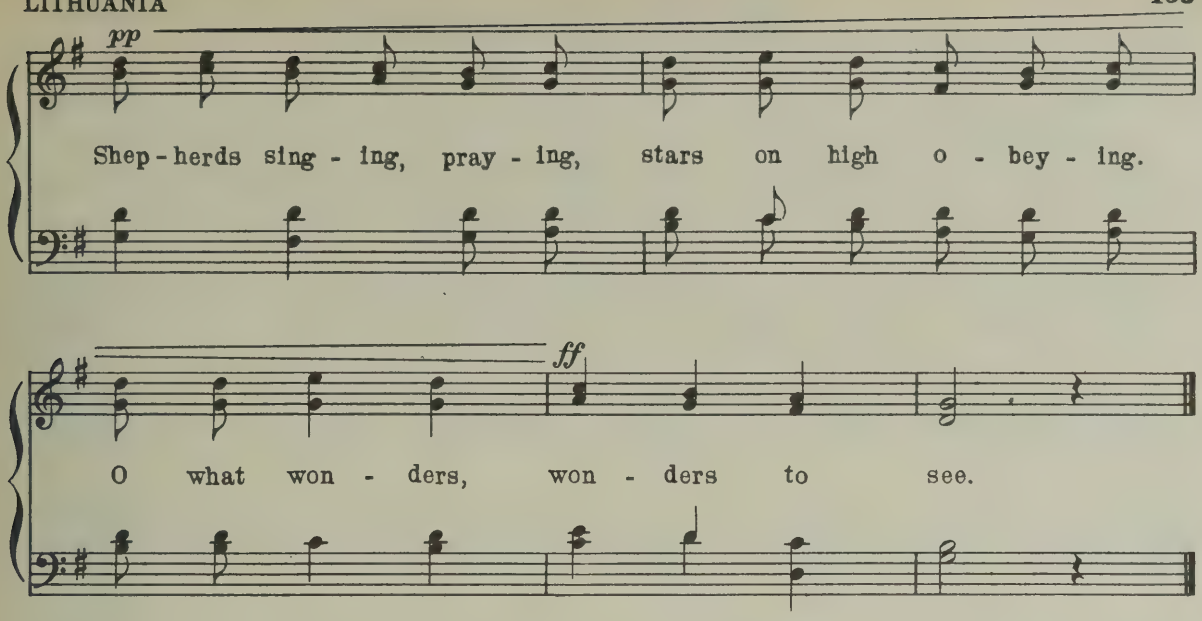
English version by
C. H. B.

TODAY IN BETHLEHEM

English version by
F. C.

Christmas Carol





Šiandien Betlėjuj

Šiandien Betlėjuj linksma naujiena:
Sūnelį Jėzų pagimdė mums Pana.

Kristus užgimė, linksma gadynė,
Aniuolai grajin', Karaliai sveikin';
Gieda piemenėliai, klaupia gyvulėliai
Stebūklus, stebūklus garsin'.

Marija Pana Vaikelį nešioja,
Ir senas Juozapas Jį pridaboja.

Kristus užgimė, ir t. t.

Ir Trįs Karaliai iš Rytų atėjo
Ir dovanėles Viešpačiui sudėjo,

Kristus užgimė, ir t. t.

Būk pasveikintas, amžinas Viešpatie,
Kurisai ant šieno guli jau šiandie.

Kristus užgimė, ir t. t.

Būk pagarbintas, Dieve nepabaigtas,
Garbinam Tave, Jėzau neapimtas.

Kristus užgimė, ir t. t. Amen.

Today in Bethlehem

Come all with singing, come all with singing
To the place where Christ lies.
There in Bethlehem, there in Bethlehem,
You shall find a manger.

Refrain.

Christ, Child of story, is born in glory,
Wise men adore Him, beasts kneel before Him.
Shepherds singing, praying, stars on high obeying.
O what wonders, wonders to see.

There lies the Virgin her babe adoring,
Joseph watches near them,
Watches the Christ Child, watches the Christ Child,
The world's Redeemer.
Refrain

What have the wise men, what have the wise men,
Laid before the cradle?
Gold and frankincense, gold and frankincense,
For a King's adorning.
Refrain

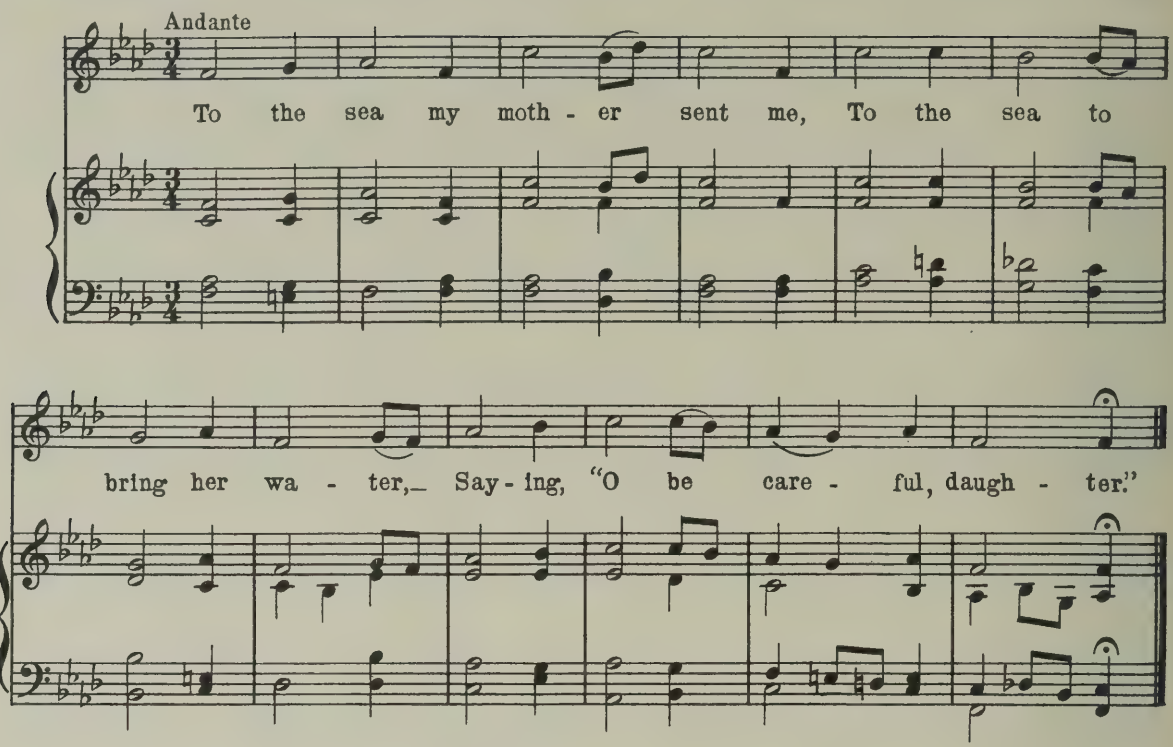
Honor and glory, honor and glory
Be unto the Father;
And to His dear Son, and to His dear Son,
Praises everlasting.
Refrain

English version by
F. C.

MOTHER SENT ME

English version by C.H.B.

Folk-Song



Siuntē mane

Siuntē mane motinēlē,
Į jūreles vandenēlio.]2

Man besemiant vandenēlį
Ir atlēkē gulbinēlis.]2

Ir atbēgo juods laivelis,
Tam laivelyj jauns bernelis.]2

Eik šian, mano mergužēle,
Aš perkelsiu per jūrelę.]2

Dievas davē man protelį,
Kad nesēdau į laivelį.]2

Mother Sent Me

To the sea my mother sent me,
To the sea to bring her water
Saying, "O be careful, daughter."

Came a sea-gull slowly flying
While I dipped the blue sea water,
In my hands I might have caught her.

Came a black boat slowly sailing
With a single sail of yellow,
Steered by such a handsome fellow.

Cried the young and handsome fellow,
"Drain the sea not with your pitcher
For my lips are warmer, richer.

In my boat with sail of yellow
Side by side we'll cross the water."
Mother called "Be careful, daughter."

Thankful be, my good sense taught me
Not to covet being richer
But to run home with my pitcher.

English version by C.H.B.

IV.

SONGS OF POLAND

PAGE

Polish National Anthem 138

Onward, Brothers 140

Choral 141

Near Krakow 143

The Little Shepherd 145

Jack, Where are You Going? 147

The Green Grove 150

By the Lake 152

Polonaise 154

Across the Niemen 156

The Little Quail 158

Why, O Mother? 159

Rosemary 161

The Cossack 162

At the Spinning-Wheel 164

When the Sun Shines 165

Oberek 168

Lullaby Carol 170

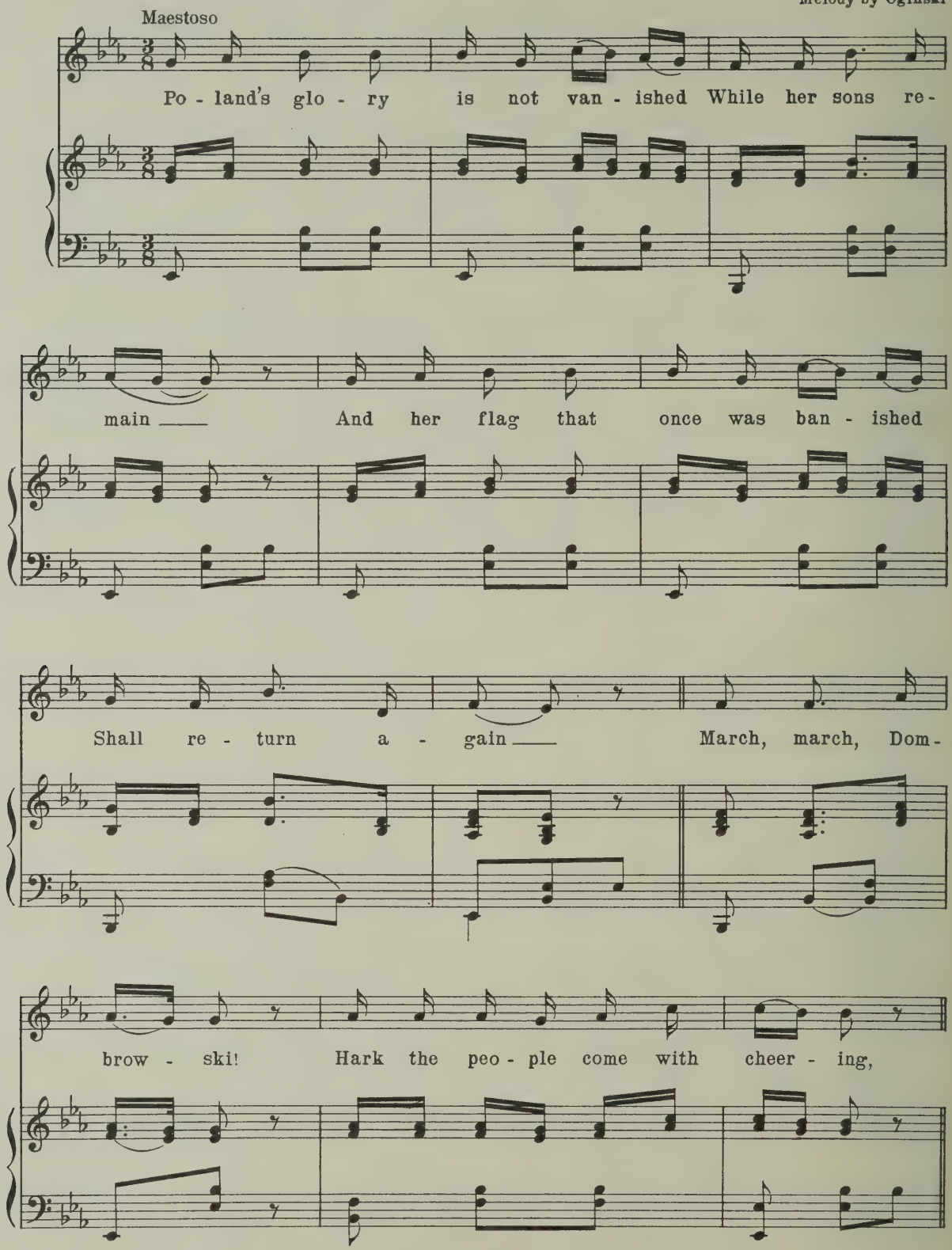
Amid the Silence 172

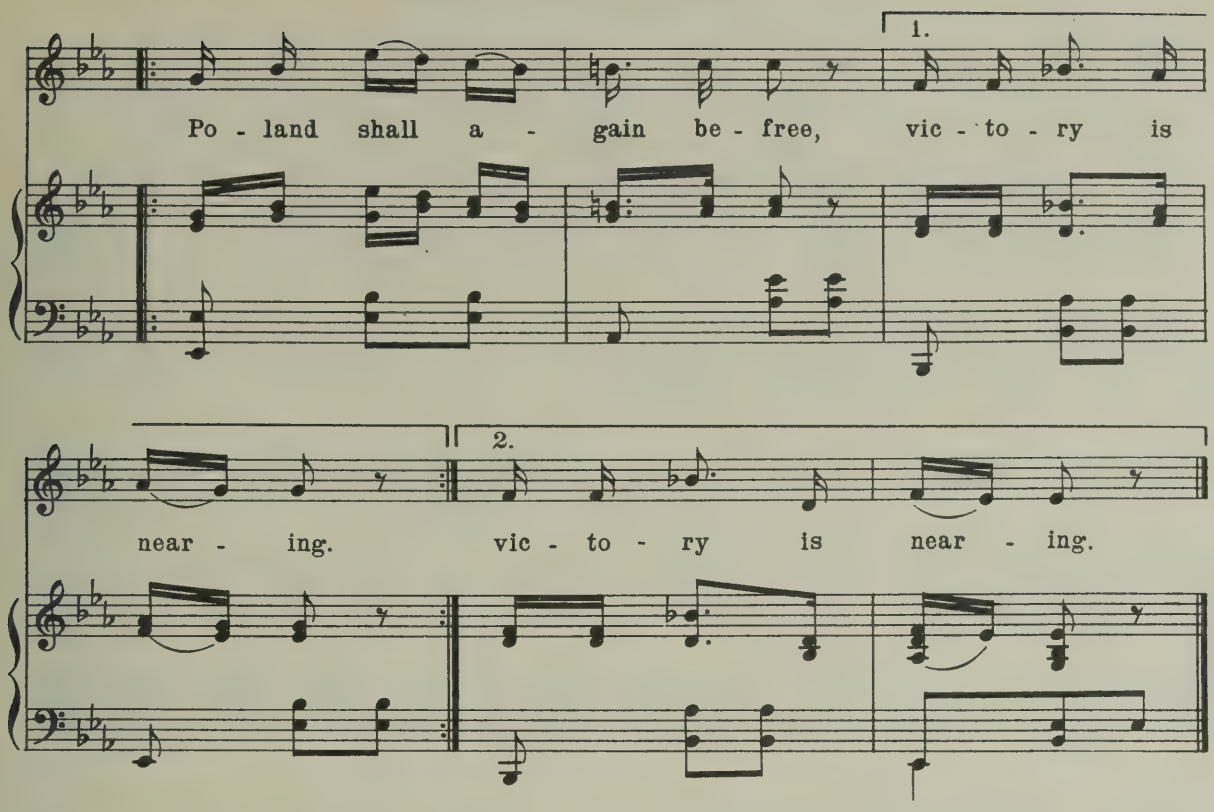
34888

POLISH NATIONAL ANTHEM

English version by
Edwin Markham

Melody by Oginski





Jeszcze Polska nie zginęła

Jeszcze Polska nie zginęła,
Kiedy my żyjemy;
Co nam obca przemoc wzięła,
Mocą odbierzemy.
Marsz, marsz, Dąbrowski,
Z ziemi włoskiej do polskiej,
Za twoim przewodem,
Złączym się z narodem.

Choć sąsiady nas zniszczyły,
I broń nam zabrały,
Sparty piersi murem były
I te nam zostały.
Marsz, marsz, Dąbrowski,
Z ziemi włoskiej do polskiej,
Każdy z nas chęć czuje,
Wodza nie brakuje.

Dzielność wolnego oręża,
Starzec opowiada,
Aby szukać tego męża
Młody na koń siada.
Marsz, marsz, Dąbrowski,
Z ziemi włoskiej do polskiej,
Wolność, dawne hasło
Jeszcze w nas nie zgasło.

Polish National Anthem

Poland's glory is not vanished
While her sons remain,
And her flag that once was banished
Shall return again.

Refrain
March, march, Dombrowski!
Hark, the people come with cheering,
Poland shall again be free, victory is nearing.

Poland's wrongs shall all be righted,
Youth of Poland call.
Freedom's torch we bring uplighted,
Spartan breasts our wall.

Refrain – March, march, etc.

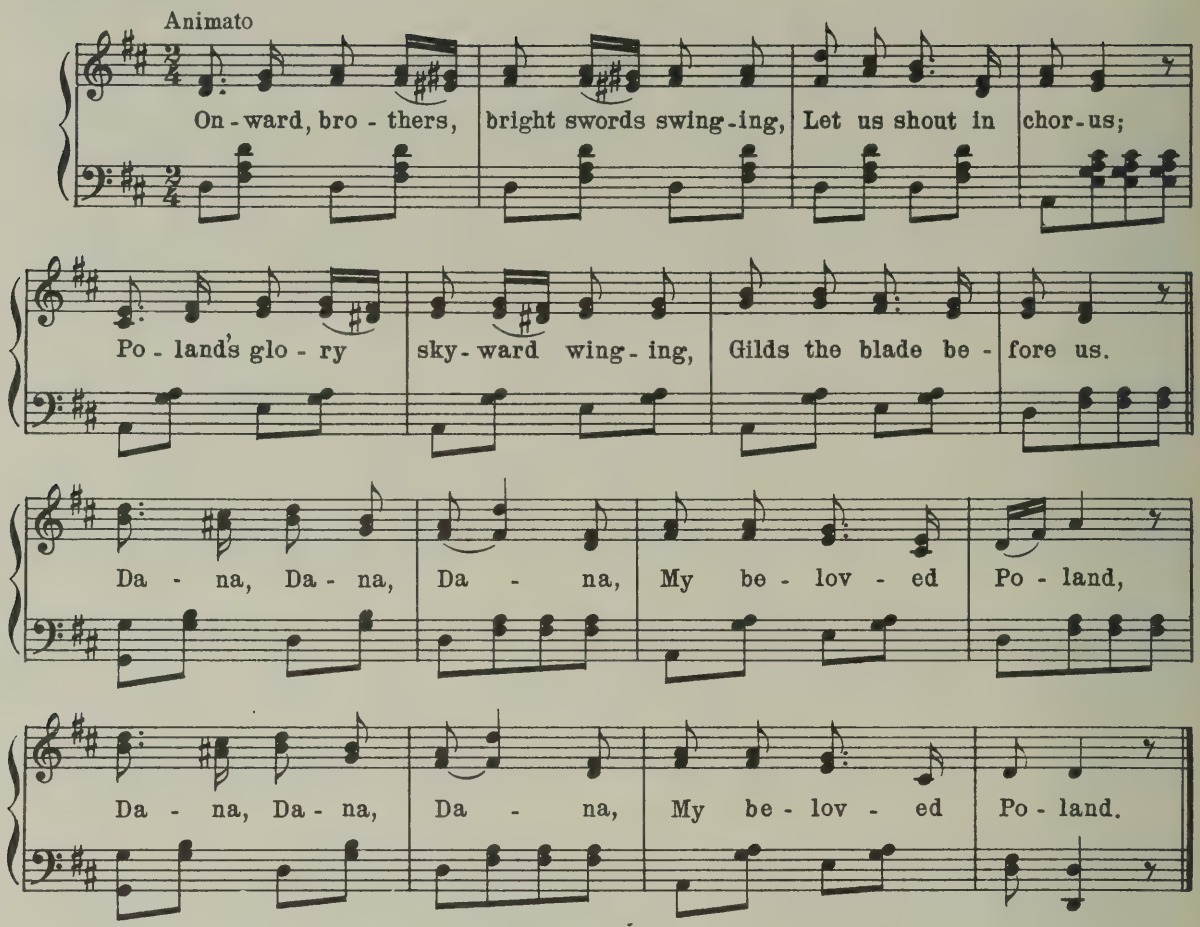
Poland's sons again will muster,
And drive out the foe;
Will bring back her ancient lustre,
Bring her joy for woe.

Refrain – March, march, etc.

English version by
Edwin Markham

ONWARD BROTHERS

Paraphrase by
Samuel Minturn Peck



Dalej bracia

Dalej bracia bierzwa kosy,
Wykrzyknijwa razem:
Polsko! świetne Twoje losy!
Tem wrócim żelazem!
Danać moja dana,
Ojczyzno kochana!

Albośwa to nie Krakusy?
Albośwa to jacy? –
Nie maćwa to polskiej dusy,
Dyćwa Krakowiacy?
Danać moja dana i t.d.

Krakusy się nie ulękną,
Choć armaty jękną,
Śmiało oni w boju staną
Za Polskę kochaną.
Danać moja dana i t.d.

Onward Brothers

Onward, brothers, bright swords swinging,
Let us shout in chorus;
Poland's glory skyward winging,
Gilds the blades before us.
Dana, Dana, Dana,
My beloved Poland.

Krakow's loyal men are we not?
None than hers are braver;
Fighting men of Poland flee not,
They would die to save her.
Dana, Dana, Dana,
My beloved Poland.

Krakow's men, when bullets rattle,
Bright-eyed stand they, peerless;
Like a stone wall in the battle;
Steady, strong, and fearless.
Dana, Dana, Dana,
My beloved Poland.

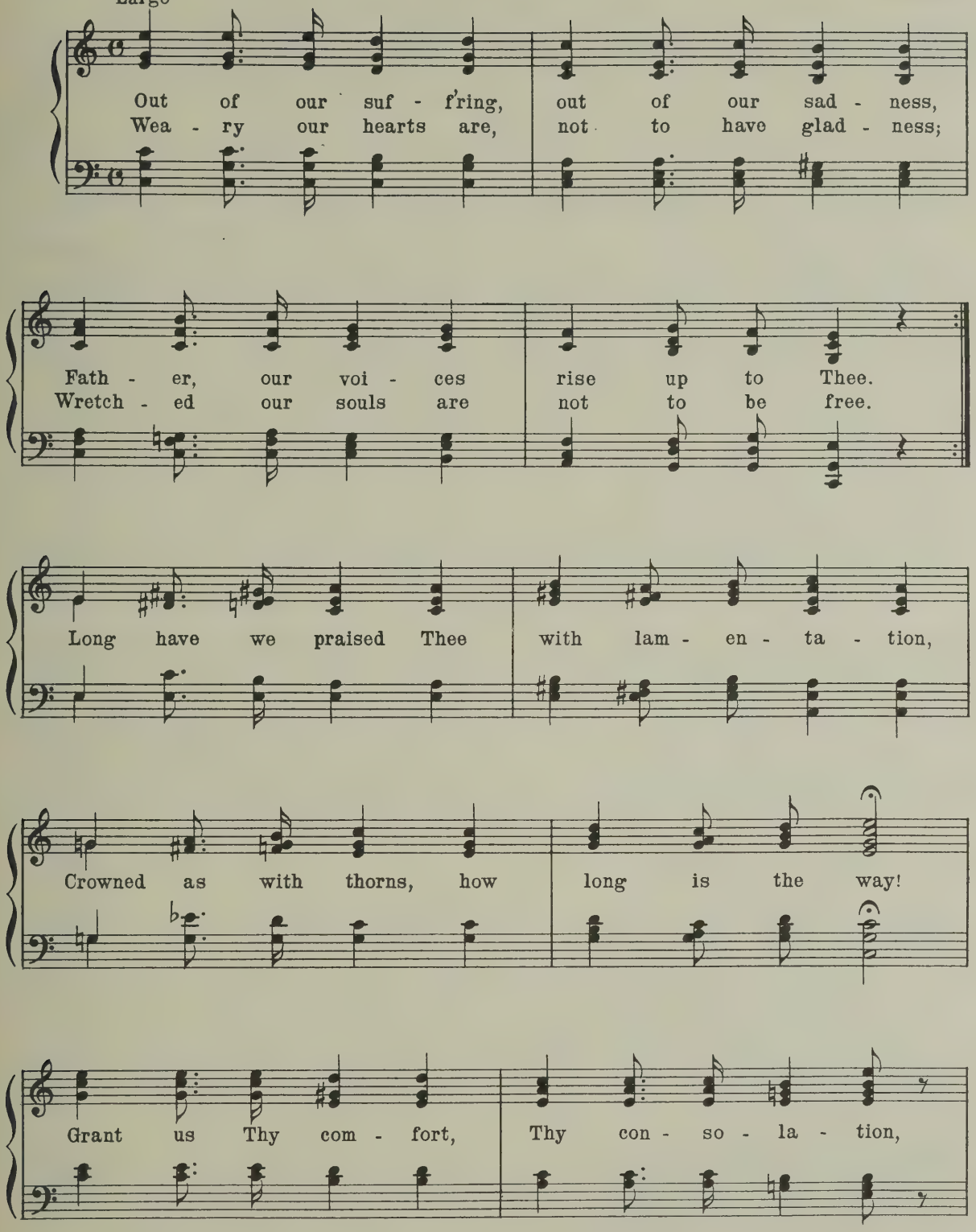
Paraphrase by
Samuel Minturn Peck

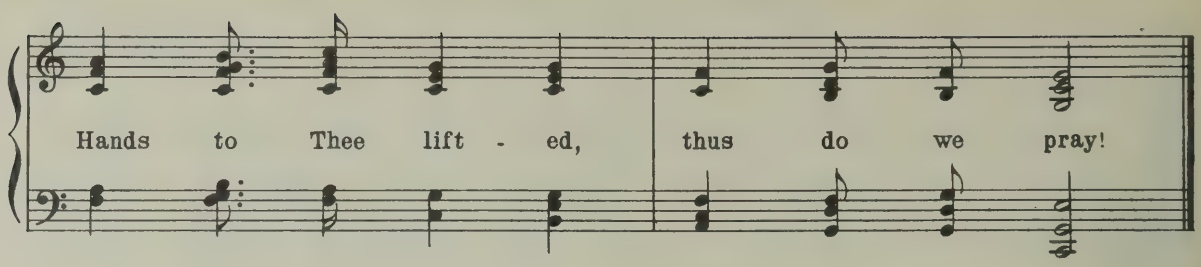
CHORAL

English version by
Clinton Scollard

National

Largo





Chorał

Z dymem pożarów, z kurzem krwi bratniej,
Do Ciebie, Panie, bije ten głos,
Skarga to straszna, jęk to ostatni,
Od takich modłów bieleje włos.

bis
My już bez skargi nie znamy śpiewu,
Wieniec cierniowy wrósł w naszą skroń,
Wiecznie jak pomnik Twojego gniewu,
Sterczy ku Tobie błagalna dłoń!

Ileż to razy Tyś nas nie smagał,
A my ze świeżych nie zmyci ran,
Znowu wołamy: „On się przebłagał,
Bo On nasz Ojciec, bo On nasz Pan!“

bis
I znów powstajem w ufności szczersi,
A za Twą wolą zgniata nas wróg
I śmiech nam rzuca jak głaz na piersi:
„A gdzież ten Ojciec, a gdzież ten Bóg?“

I patrzym w niebo, czy też ze szczytu
Sto słońc nie spadnie wrogom na znak?
Cicho i cicho pośród błękitu,
Jak dawniej buja swobodny ptak.

bis
Owoż w zwątpienia strasznej rozterce,
Nim naszą wiarę ocucim znów,
Bluźnią Ci usta, choć płacze serce;
Sadź nas po sercu, nie według słów!

O Panie, Panie! ze zgrozą świata
Okropne dzieje przyniósł nam czas,
Syn zabił matkę, brat zabił brata,
Mnóstwo Kainów jest pośród nas.

bis
Ależ o Panie, oni nie winni,
Choć naszą przyszłość cofnęli wstecz,
Inni szatani byli tam czynni,
O! rękę karaj, nie ślepy miecz.

I z archaniołem Twoim na czele,
Pójdziemy potem na wielki bój,
I na drgającem szatana ciele
Zatkniemy sztandar zwycięski Twój!

bis
Dla błędnych braci otworzym serca,
Winę ich zmyje wolności chrzest,
Wtenczas usłyszy podły bluźnierca
Nasza odpowiedź: „Bóg był i jest!“

Kornel Ujejski

Choral

Out of our suffering, out of our sadness,
Father, our voices rise up to Thee.
Weary our hearts are, not to have gladness;
Wretched our souls are, not to be free.
Long have we praised Thee with lamentation,
Crowned as with thorns, how long is the way!
Grant us Thy comfort, Thy consolation,
Hands to Thee lifted, thus do we pray!

When fell Thy peace on field and on city,
Not in vain did we feel we had prayed;
"God in his mercy, God in his pity,
He," we exulted, "hath come to our aid!"
But when the Demon faltered before us
Basely again on our liberties trod,
Can it be strange that we cried in chorus,
"Where is our Father, where is our God?"

Lest we seem faithless, base and inglorious,
Bearing a stigma, wearing a stain,
Send Thine Archangel, him the victorious,
Then we will gird on our armor again!
Come let us rouse those sluggishly sleeping,
Let them with sorrow and doubting be done!
We will away with our wailing and weeping,
Fight on and on till the victory is won!

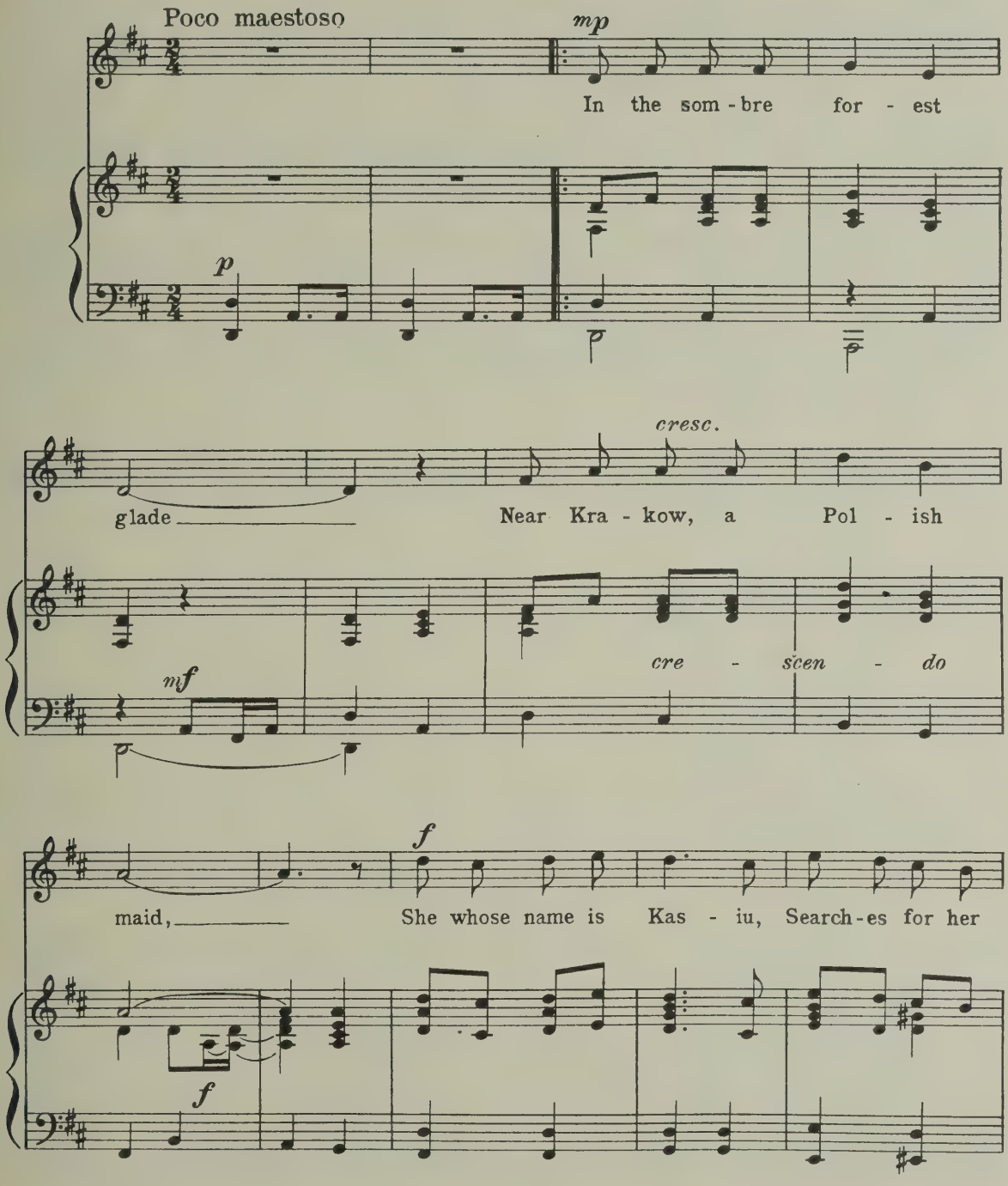
English version by
Clinton Scollard

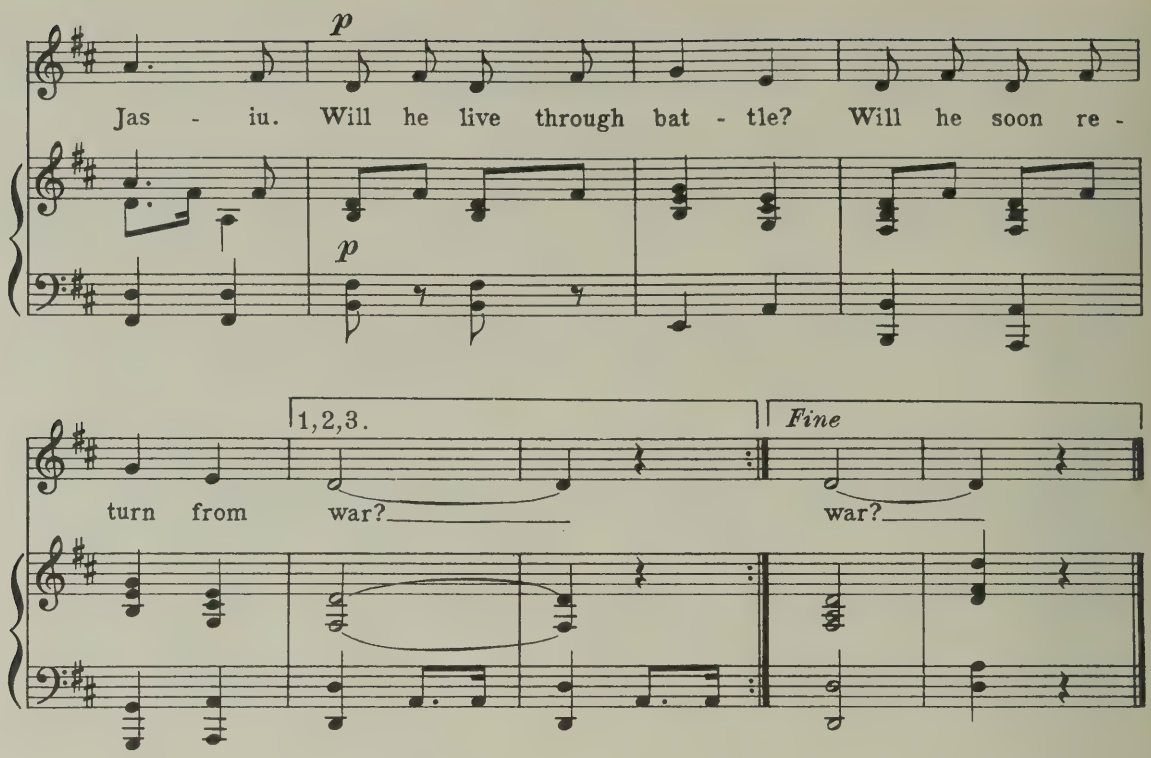
Near Krakow

Folk-Song

English version by
Walter Adolphe Roberts

Arranged by
Andrew Salama





Od Krakowa czarny las

Od Krakowa czarny las,
od Krakowa czarny las,
pytała się Kasia
o swojego Jasia
czy powróci z wojny
czy powróci z wojny wraz.

"Jedzie Jasio, oj jedzie
a ja go już poznała
wywija chustecką
wywija chustecką
oj co ja mu ją dała
oj co ja mu ją dała.

Wywija chustecką
oj od scyrego złota
co ja mu ją dała
co ja mu ją dała
oj uboga sirota
oj uboga sirota."

"Oj cobyśty tak była
oj uboga sirota,
nie dawałabyś ty
nie dawałabyś ty
oj chustecek od złota
oj chustecek od złota."

Near Krakow

In the sombre forest glade
Near Krakow, a Polish maid,
She whose name is Kasiu,
Searches for her Jasiu.
Will he live through battle?
Will he soon return from war?

Ah, but see, he rides again,
Jasiu rides across the plain!
Eager ere he meets me,
From afar he greets me,
He waves aloft his kerchief,
The very one he wore for me.

He, the faithful and the brave,
Waves the kerchief that I gave,
The gold-broidered token
Of our love unspoken,
The rich-broidered kerchief,
I, the orphan, gave to him.

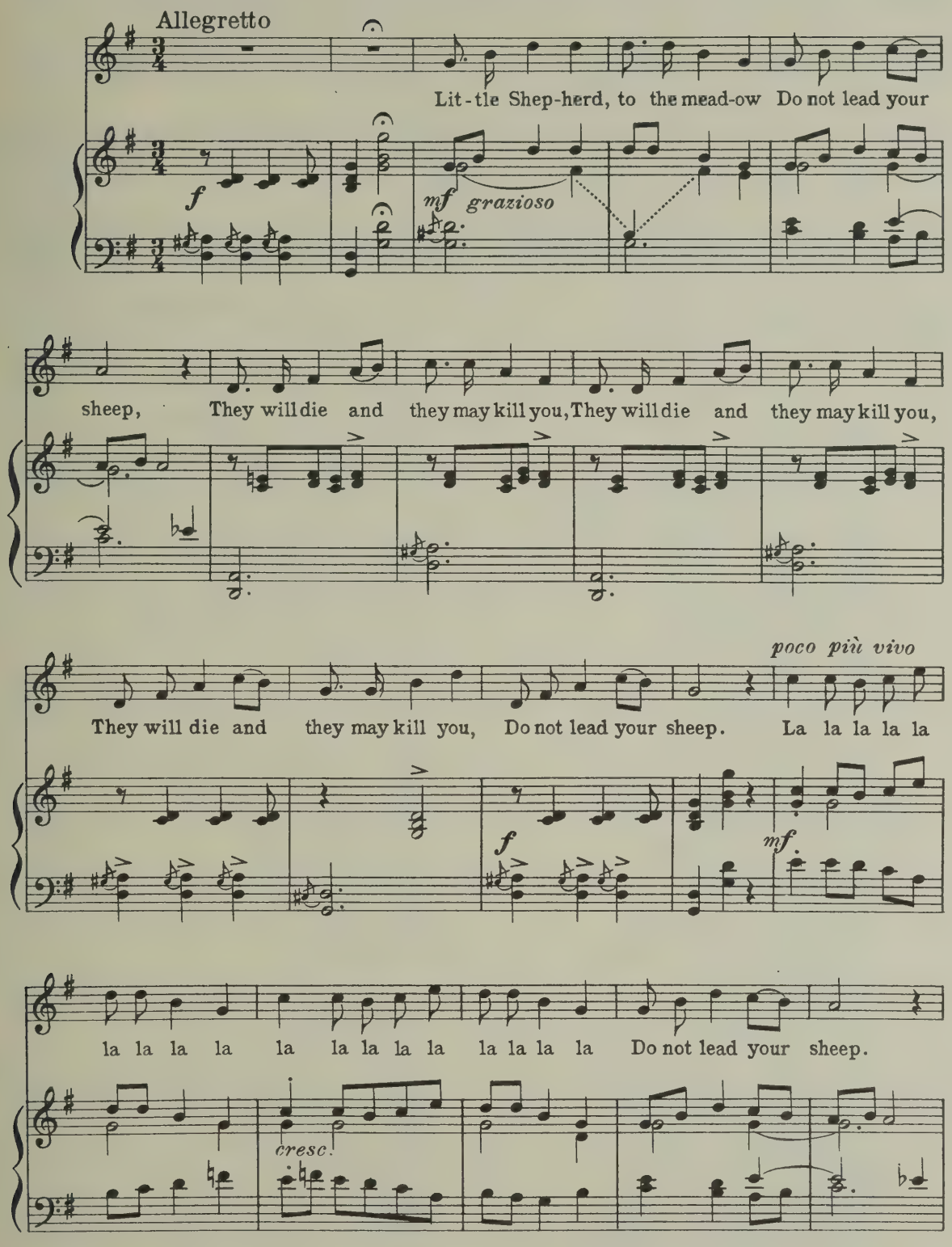
I, poor orphan maid, was sad,
I'd no wealth to bring my lad.
But I gave him fully
The heart that loved him truly,
And my broidered kerchief.
So I gave him all I had.

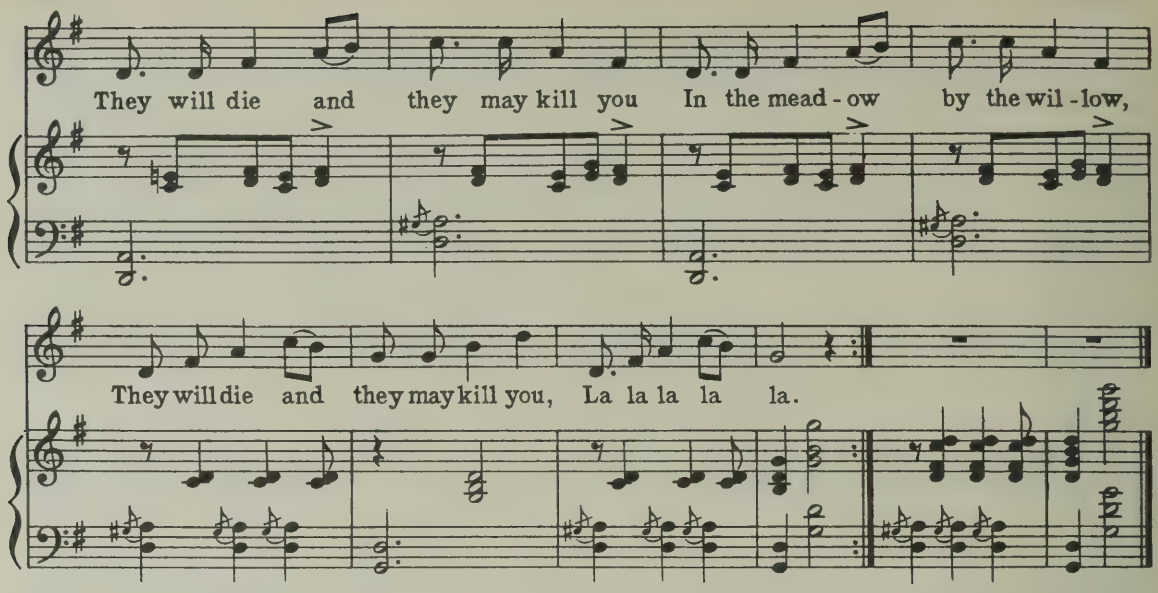
English version by
Walter Adolphe Roberts

The Little Shepherd

English version by
Anna Hempstead Branch

Arranged by
Andrew Salama





Owczarek

Nie wyganiaj owczareczku
Owiec na runią
Bo ci owce pozdychają,
Bo ci owce pozdychają,
Ciebie zabiją owczarku,
Ciebie zabiją.
Oj dana, dana, oj dadana,
Oj dana, dana, oj dadana,
Ciebie zabiją.
Bo ci owce pozdychają,
Bo ci owce pozdychają,
Ciebie zabiją owczarku,
Ciebie zabiją.

Owczareczek zachorował
I już umrzeć ma.
Wziął fujarkę swą do ręki
Wziął fujarkę swą do ręki
Jeszcze ludziom gra owczarek,
Jeszcze ludziom gra.
Oj dana, dana, oj dadana,
Oj dana, dana, oj dadana,
Jeszcze ludziom gra.
Wziął fujarkę swą do ręki
Wziął fujarkę swą do ręki
Jeszcze ludziom gra owczarek,
Jeszcze ludziom gra.

Owczareczka pochowali,
Ma pod wierzbą grób,
Dali krzyżyk na ten wieczny,
Dali krzyżyk na ten wieczny
Jego z wierzbą ślub, owczarek,
Jego z wierzbą ślub.
Oj dana, dana, oj dadana,
Oj dana, dana, oj dadana,
Jego z wierzbą ślub.
Dali krzyżyk na ten wieczny
Dali krzyżyk na ten wieczny
Z jego wierzbą ślub, owczarek,
Z jego wierzbą ślub.

The Little Shepherd

Little Shepherd, to the meadow
Do not lead your sheep,
They will die and they may kill you,
They will die and they may kill you,
They will die and they may kill you,
Do not lead your sheep.
La la la la la la, etc.
Do not lead your sheep.
They will die and they may kill you
In the meadow by the willow,
They will die and they may kill you,
La la la la la.

Little Shepherd! though he perish
Still his fife he plays!
All the people follow after,
All the people follow after,
All the people follow after,
To his lovely lays.
La la la la la la, etc.
Still his fife he plays.
All the people follow after
And he fills their souls with laughter,
Weeping too they follow after.
La la la la la.

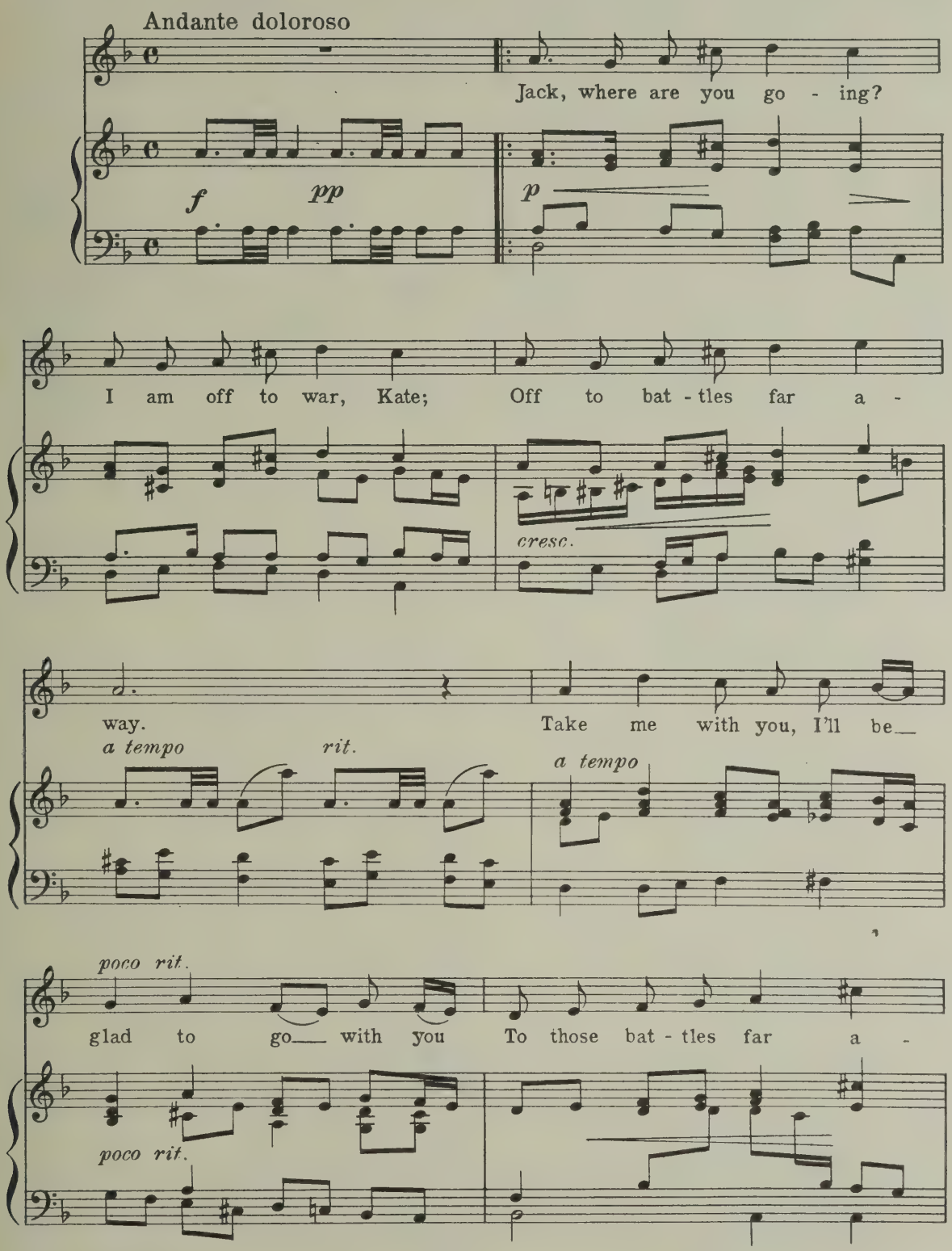
Little Shepherd! he is buried
By the willow tree.
They have set a cross above him,
They have set a cross above him,
They have set a cross above him,
There alone lies he,
La la la la la la, etc.
By the willow tree.
He is married to the willow,
She will be his bride forever,
He is married to the willow.
La la la la la.

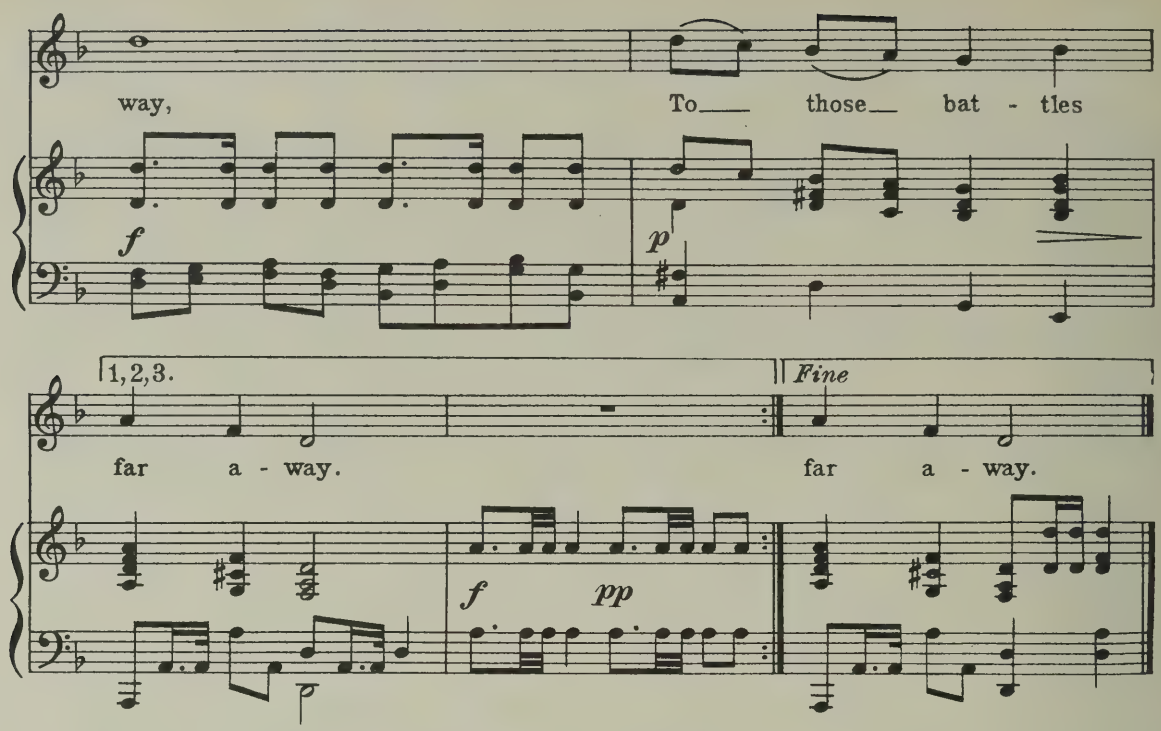
English version by
Anna Hempstead Branch

Jack, Where Are You Going?

English version by
Robert Haven Schauffler

Arranged by
Andrew Salama





Gdzież to jedziesz Jasiu?

— Gdzież to jedziesz Jasiu?
Na wojenkę Kasiu,
Na wojenkę daleczką.
— Weźże i mnie z sobą,
Radam jechać z tobą,
Na wojenkę daleczką. (2 razy)

— Co będziesz robiła,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
— Będę chusty prała,
Złotem wyszywała,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku.

— Gdzież je będziesz suszyć,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
— U króla na górze,
Na jedwabnym sznurze,
Tam je będę wieszała.

— Gdzież będziesz wałkować,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
— U króla w piwnicy,
W złotej wałkownicy,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku.

Jack, Where Are You Going?

Jack, where are you going?
I am off to war, Kate;
Off to battles far away.
Take me with you;
I'll be glad to go with you
To those battles far away,
To those battles far away.

But what will you do there,
Katie, little Katie,
In that war so far away?
I'll wash kerchiefs snow white,
And embroider them in gold,
Little Jack, my boy;
Broider them in gold, Jack my boy.

Where then, will you keep them,
Katie, little Katie,
When we reach that far-off war?
In the richly carven, golden chest
Near where the king is sitting,
Jack my boy;
Where the king is sitting, Jack, my boy.

But where will we rest,
Katie, little Katie,
In the war so far away?
There's a stone hard by the road,
On that we'll rest us,
Jack, little Jack, my boy,
Jack, little Jack, my boy.

—Gdzież będziesz chowała,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Do tej złotej skrzyni,
Co król siada przy niej,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku.

What will be our bedding,
Katie, little Katie,
In the war so far away?
In the road are pine-cones:
They will make our pillows,
Make our pillows, Jack my boy,
Make our pillows, Jack my boy.

—Gdzież będziem spoczywać,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Jest przy drodze kamień.
Odpoczniemy na nim,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku!

What will be our food there,
Katie, little Katie,
In the war so far away?
Mushrooms from the forest,
Fish from out the blue lake,
Jack, little Jack, my boy,
Jack, little Jack, my boy.

—Cóż sobie pościelem,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Są na boru szyszki,
To nasze poduszki,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku!

But what will we drink there,
Katie, little Katie,
When we reach that distant war?
In the spring is water,
Water to refresh us,
Jack, little Jack, my boy
Water to refresh us, Jack, my boy

—Czem się przykryjemy,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Jest na morzu trzcina,
To nasza pierzyna,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku!

With what will we play there,
Katie, little Katie,
In the war so far away?
We will catch a little fish,
We'll put it in a cradle,
Little Jack, my boy,
Put it in a cradle, Jack, my boy.

English version by
Robert Haven Schauffler

—Kto nas będzie budził,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Jest ptaszek na Rusi,
To nas budzić musi,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku!

—Cóż będziemy jedli,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Są na boru grzyby,
A w jeziorze ryby,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku!

—A co będziem pili,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Jest tam w zdroju woda,
To nasza ochłoda,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku!

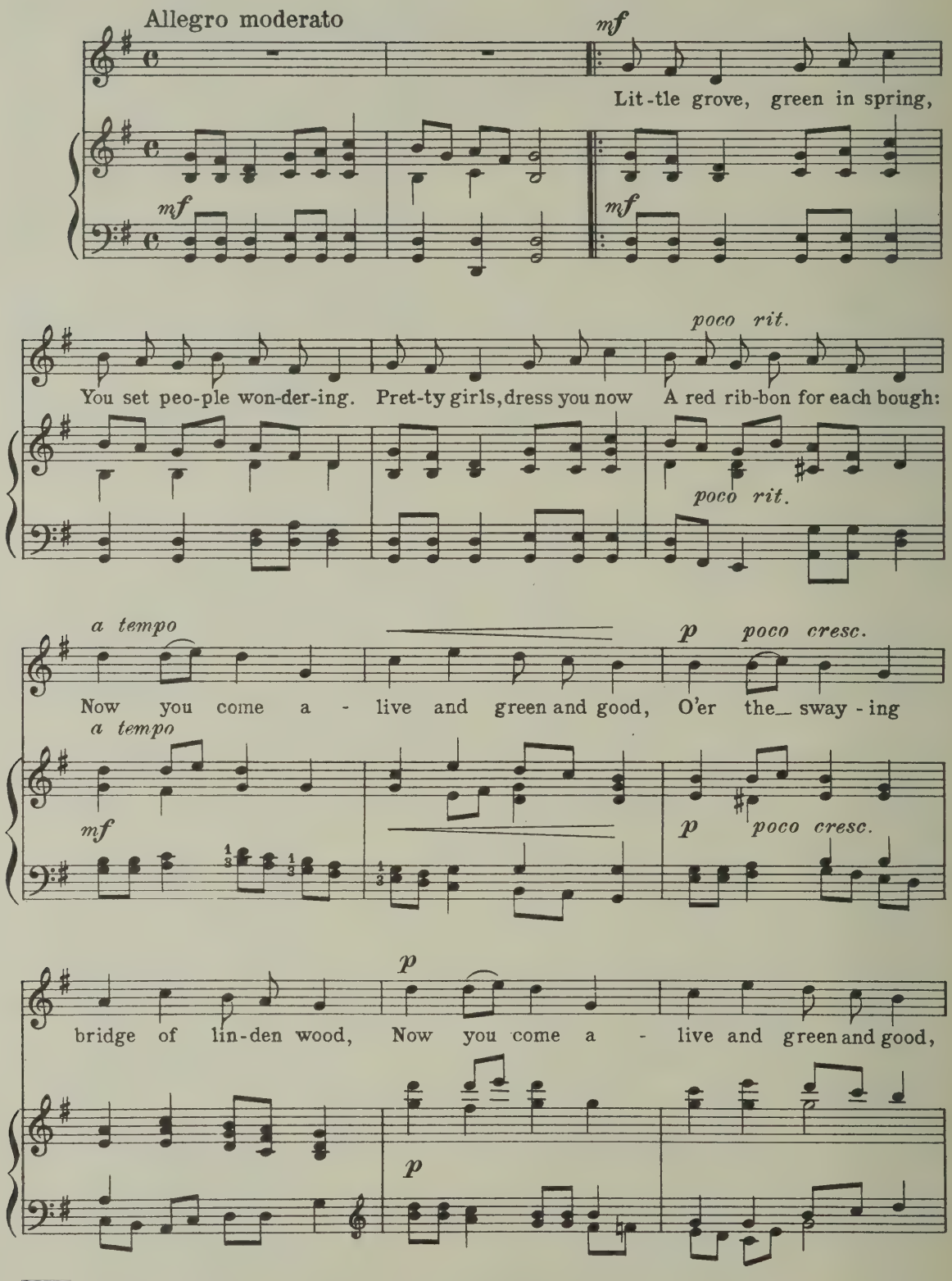
—Czem się będziem bawić,
Kasiu, Kasiuleczku,
Na wojence daleczkiej?
—Ułowimy rybkę,
Włożym ją w kolebkę,
Jasiu, Jasiuleczku!

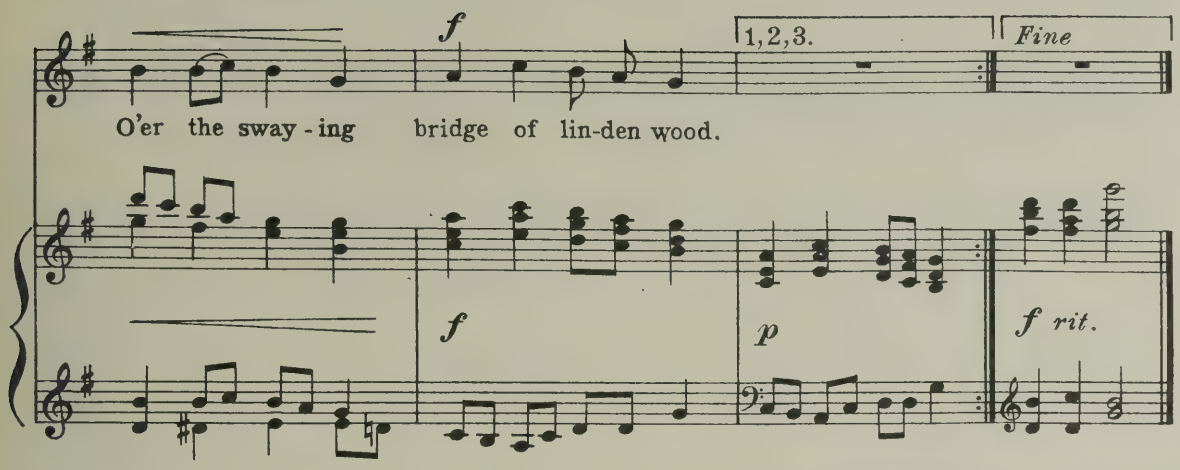
The Green Grove

Folk-Song

Paraphrase by
Grace Hazard Conkling

Arranged by
Andrew Salama





Gaiczek zielony

Gaiczek zielony
Pięknie przystrojony
W czerwone wstążeczki
Przez śliczne dzieweczki.

A ten gaik z lasu idzie
Dziwują się wszyscy ludzie
Idzie po lipowym moście
Przypatrują mu się goście.

A ta zima ciężka była,
Co nam ziółka wymroziła,
Ale my się tak starały,
Żeśmy ziółek nazbierały.

Na podwórzu gołębica,
Na polu śliczna pszenica,
Zieleni się, kwitnąć będzie,
Pan gospodarz chodzi wszędzie.

Niechże chodzi, niech obchodzi,
Patrzy jak pszeniczka wschodzi.
Niech weźmie za nią talary,
By aż po ziemi taczały.

Do tego domu wstępujemy,
Zdrowia, szczęścia winszujemy,
Zdrowia, szczęścia i wszystkiego,
Od Jezusa od samego.

Siedzi gospodarz w rogu stoła,
Żupan na nim w złote koła.
Gospodyni w oknie stoi,
W złoty czepiec główkę stroi,
Kluczykami pobrzękuje,
Dla nas podarek gotuje.

The Green Grove

Little grove, green in spring,
You set people wondering.
Pretty girls, dress you now,
A red ribbon for each bough:
Now you come alive and green and good,
O'er the swaying bridge of linden-wood.

Winter's frost tried in vain
To destroy our roots and grain;
Now they're green. Now there go
Pacing pigeons to and fro.
Master and Mistress proudly saunter out,
Watching their thalers grow and roll about.

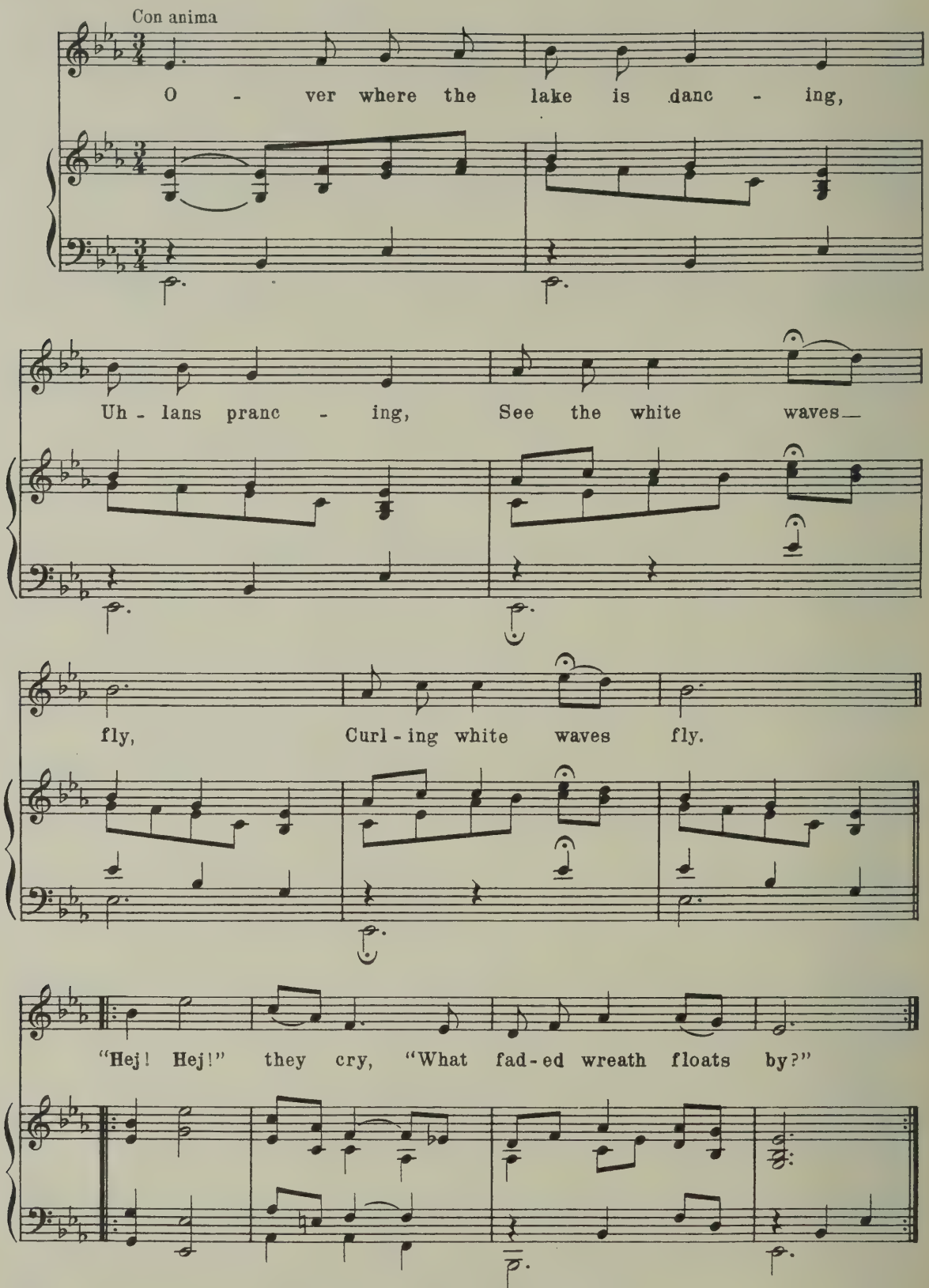
To their house if you came
They'd greet you in Jesus' name:
He in rich embroideries,
She with cap and jingling keys:
Both will surely have a gift for us;
They are rich and kind and generous.

Paraphrase by
Grace Hazard Conkling

BY THE LAKE

Free Translation by
John Chipman Farrar

Folk-Song



Z tamtej strony jezioreczka

Z tamtej strony jezioreczka, jezioreczka
Panowie jadą, panowie jadą.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, panowie jadą.
Jeden mówi do drugiego, do drugiego:
Wianeczek płynie,
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, wianeczek płynie.

Drugi mówi do trzeciego, do trzeciego:
Dziewczyna tonie, dziewczyna tonie.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, dziewczyna tonie.
Trzeci skoczył, konia zmoczył, konia zmoczył
I sam utonął.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, i sam utonął.

Oj idźże ty wrony koniu, wrony koniu,
Z siodłem do domu, z siodłem do domu.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, z siodłem do domu.
Nie powiadaj ojcu, matce, ojcu, matce,
Żem ja utonął,
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, żem ja utonął.

Jeno powiedz wrony koniu, wrony koniu,
Żem się ożenił, żem się ożenił.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, żem się ożenił.
Cóż było za ożenienie, ożenienie:
W wodzie tonienie,
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, w wodzie tonienie.

Cóż była za panna młoda, panna młoda,
Ta zimna woda, ta zimna woda.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, ta zimna woda.
Cóż tam byli za drużbowie, za drużbowie,
W wodzie rakowie,
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, w wodzie rakowie.

Cóż tam były za drucheńki, za drucheńki,
W wodzie rybeńki, w wodzie rybeńki.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, w wodzie rybeńki.
Cóż były za dziewosłęby, dziewosłęby,
Nad wodą dęby,
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, nad wodą dęby.

Cóż tam była za drużyna, za drużyna,
Nad wodą trzcina, nad wodą trzcina.
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, nad wodą trzcina.
Cóż tam było za łożeńko, za łożeńko,
W wodzie dziarenko,
Hej! hej! mocny Boże, w wodzie dziarenko.

By the Lake

Over where the lake is dancing, Uhlans prancing,
See the white waves fly,
Curling white waves fly.
"Hej! Hej!" they cry, "What faded wreath floats by?"

Lo, it is a drowning maiden, sorrow laden.
Bravely black steeds go,
Swift the black steeds go,
Alas! they go—but one sinks far below.

Haste, O you of evil tiding, madly riding,
He who rode lies dead,
Deep and still lies dead!
"Hej! Hej! Not dead—nay, he who rode is wed!"

He has wed the Cloud King's daughter, cruel Water,
Lilies on her breasts,
White and cold her breasts,
"Hej! Hej! How gay! With water nymphs for guests!"

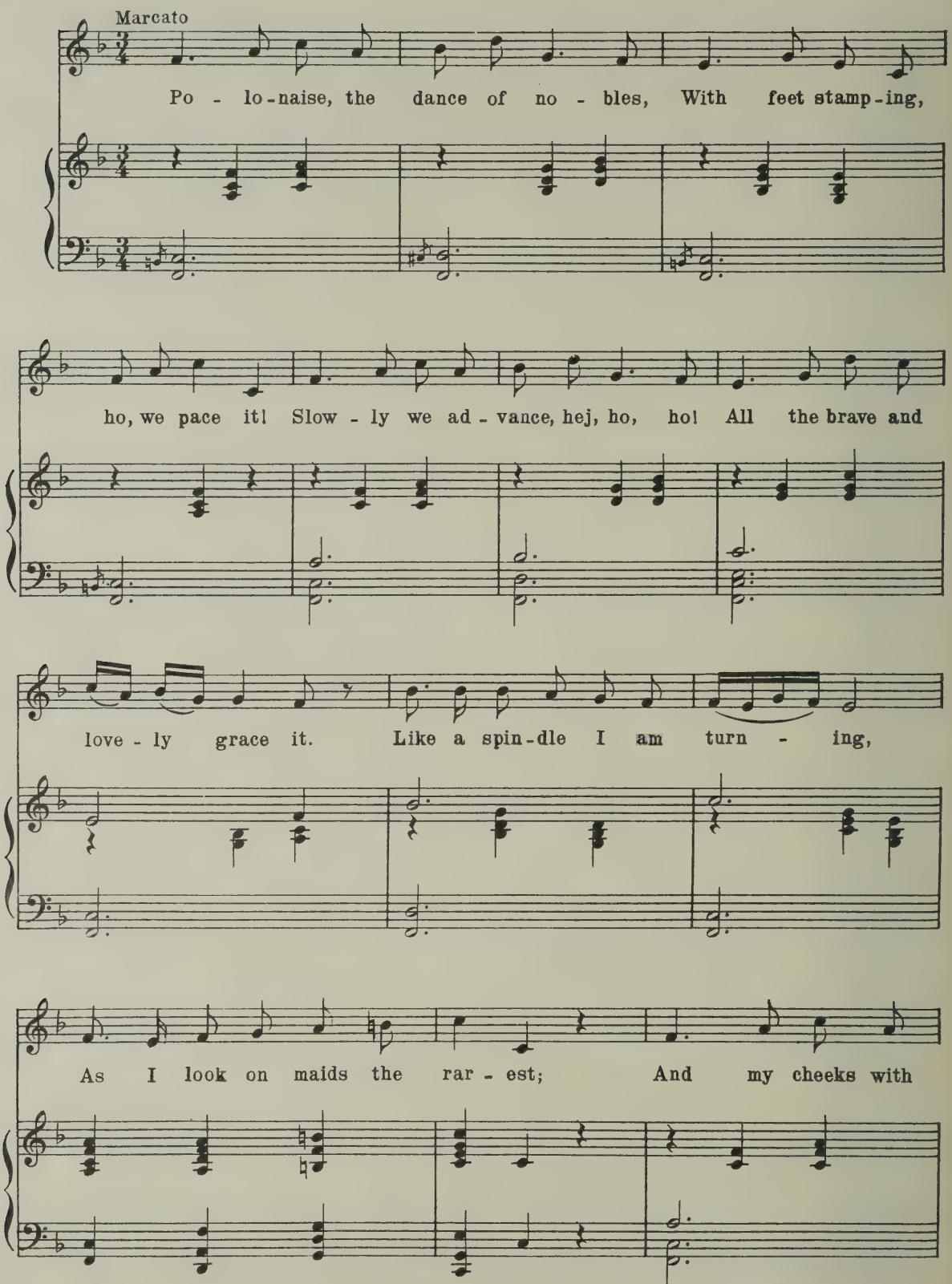
Underneath the silver willow, lay their pillow,
When the guests have fled,
Nymphs and crabs have fled!
"Hej! Hej! They lie—the cold sands for their bed!"

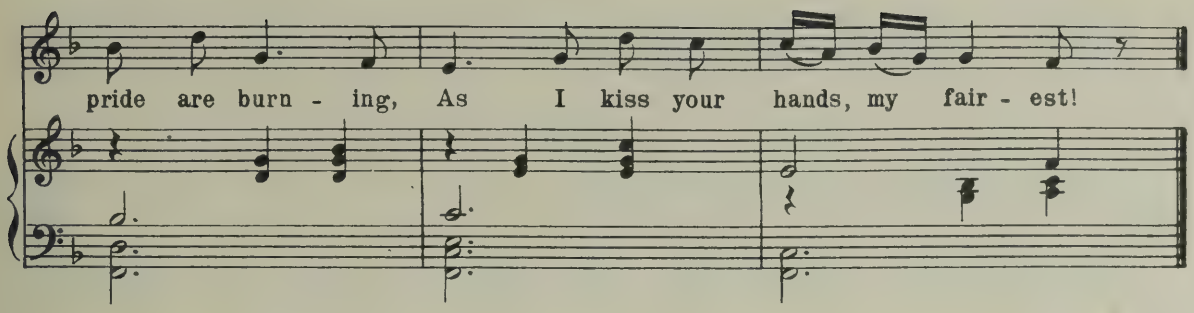
Free translation by
John Chipman Farrar

POLONAISE

Free translation by
Padraic Colum

Dance





Polonez

Gdy człek w taniec polski stanie,
Wąs podkręci, tupnie nogą,
Pierś mu rośnie, hej mospanie,
Już jest zdrowszy, już mu błogo,
Śmiałym krokiem wolno płynie,
Jak wrzeciono się mi kręci,
Cmoknie w rączkę swą boginię,
I oświadozy serca chęci.

Męstwo w sercu, śmiałość w oku
Laur na skroni, broń przy boku,
W tej postawie szli ojcowie
Tak i taniec wart widoku.
Hej, mospanie, gdy w dłoń klasnę,
W koło damy się wywinę,
Wtedy czując godność własną,
Mam potem krok i minę.

Polonaise

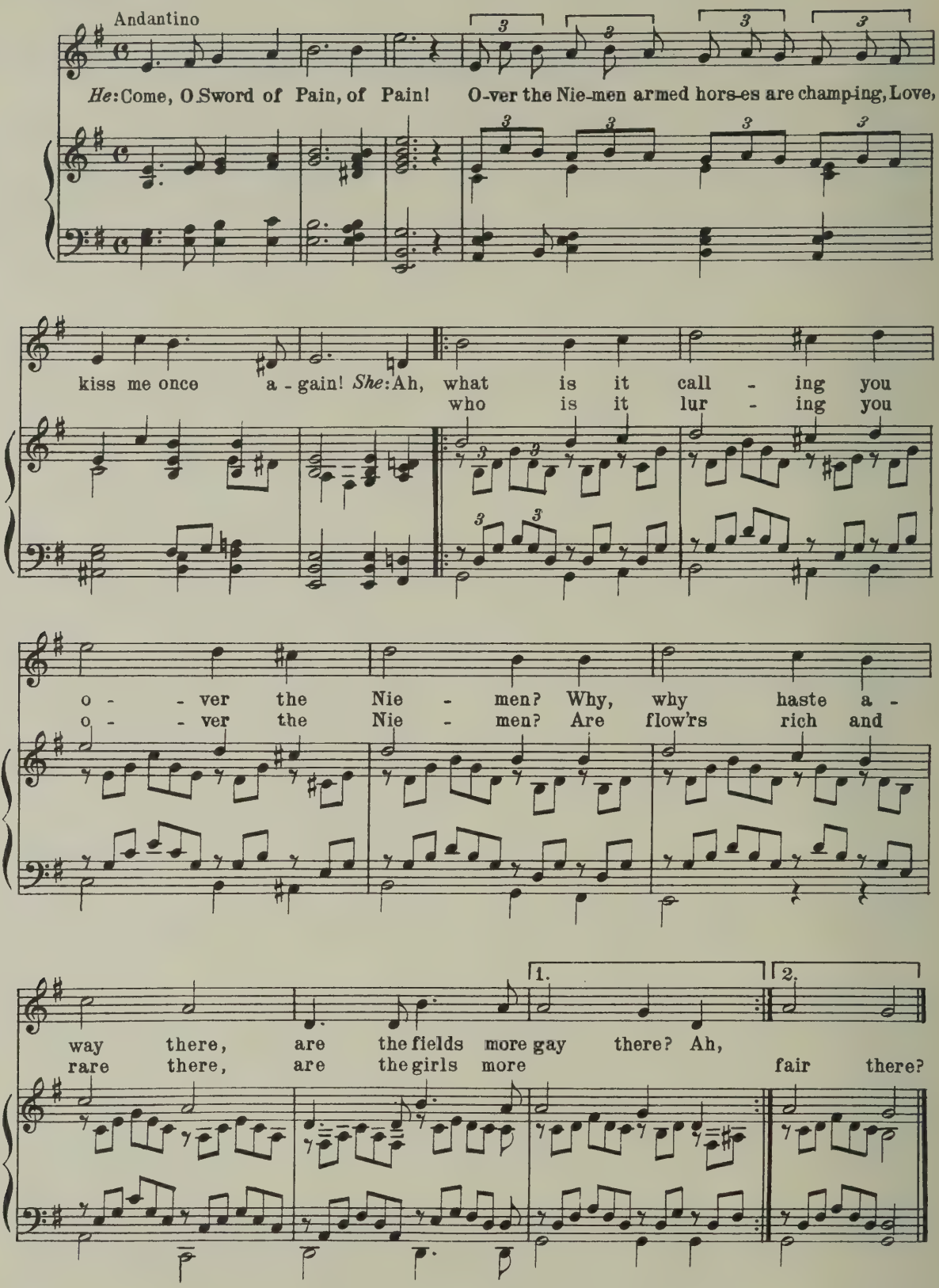
Polonaise, the dance of nobles,
With feet stamping, ho, we pace it!
Slowly we advance, hej, ho, ho!
All the brave and lovely grace it.
Like a spindle I am turning,
As I look on maids the rarest;
And my cheeks with pride are burning,
As I kiss your hands, my fairest!

Polonaise, the dance of heroes!
Laurels on their brows were twining,
Bright swords by their sides were shining,
Hej, ho, ho, ho! as they danced it.
Now your slender waist I measure,
And I know old loves have found us,
And the Polonaise has bound us:
Lift to mine your lips, my treasure!

Free translation by
Padraic Colum

ACROSS THE NIEMEN

Paraphrase by
John Chipman Farrar



Za Niemen

Za Niemen tam precz,
Już gotów koń, zbroja,
Dziewczyno ty moja,
Uściśnij, daj miecz.
Za Niemen, za Niemen,
I pocóż za Niemen,
Nie przylgniesz tam sercem,
Cóż wabi za Niemen?
Czy kraj tam piękniejszy,
Kwiecistsza tam błoń,
Czy milsze dziewoje,
Że spieszysz tam doń.

Nie spieszę do dziew,
Ja spieszę na gody,
Czerwone pió miody,
Moskiewską lać krew.
Chcesz godów, zaczekaj,
Kochanie ty moje,
Ja gody wyprawię,
Nasycę, napoję.
Patrz, pierś ma otwarta
Więc serce me weź,
Krwi mojej się napij,
Napij moich łez.

Dziewczyno stój, stój!
Twe słowa jak brzytwy,
Ja z pola, ja z litwy
Powrócę, jam twój!
Nie wrócisz, mój luby,
Nie wrócisz ty do mnie,
Twe serce odwyknie
I pamięć zapomni.
Patrz, koń już opuszcza
Pastwisko i żłób,
A w polu czerwonem
Niechybny twój grób.

Jak wielki jest Bóg,
Ja w oręż mój wierzę,
Gdzie tylko nim zmierzę,
Tam padnie zły wróg.
Jeśli już twa wola
Iść walczyć na wroga,
Ach biednaż, ja biedna,
Jakaż we mnie trwoga.
Niechże cię Bóg mocny
Przed wrogiem ukrywa,
Ach, smutna ma dola,
Ach, ja nieszczęśliwa!

Across the Niemen

He
Come, O Sword of Pain, of Pain!
Over the Niemen armed horses are champing,
Love, kiss me once again!
She
Ah, what is it calling you over the Niemen?
Why, why haste away there; are the fields more gay there?
Ah, who is it luring you over the Niemen?
Are flowers rich and rare there, are the girls more fair there?

He
Red the honey's glow! red glow!
Guests at the wedding will shout as I offer
The blood-wine of my foe!
She
Ah, if my beloved, you long for a wedding,
I pray thee abide here; take, oh take your bride here –
For see how my soul is alive for our wedding.
I'll give through the years, dear, heart and soul and tears, dear.

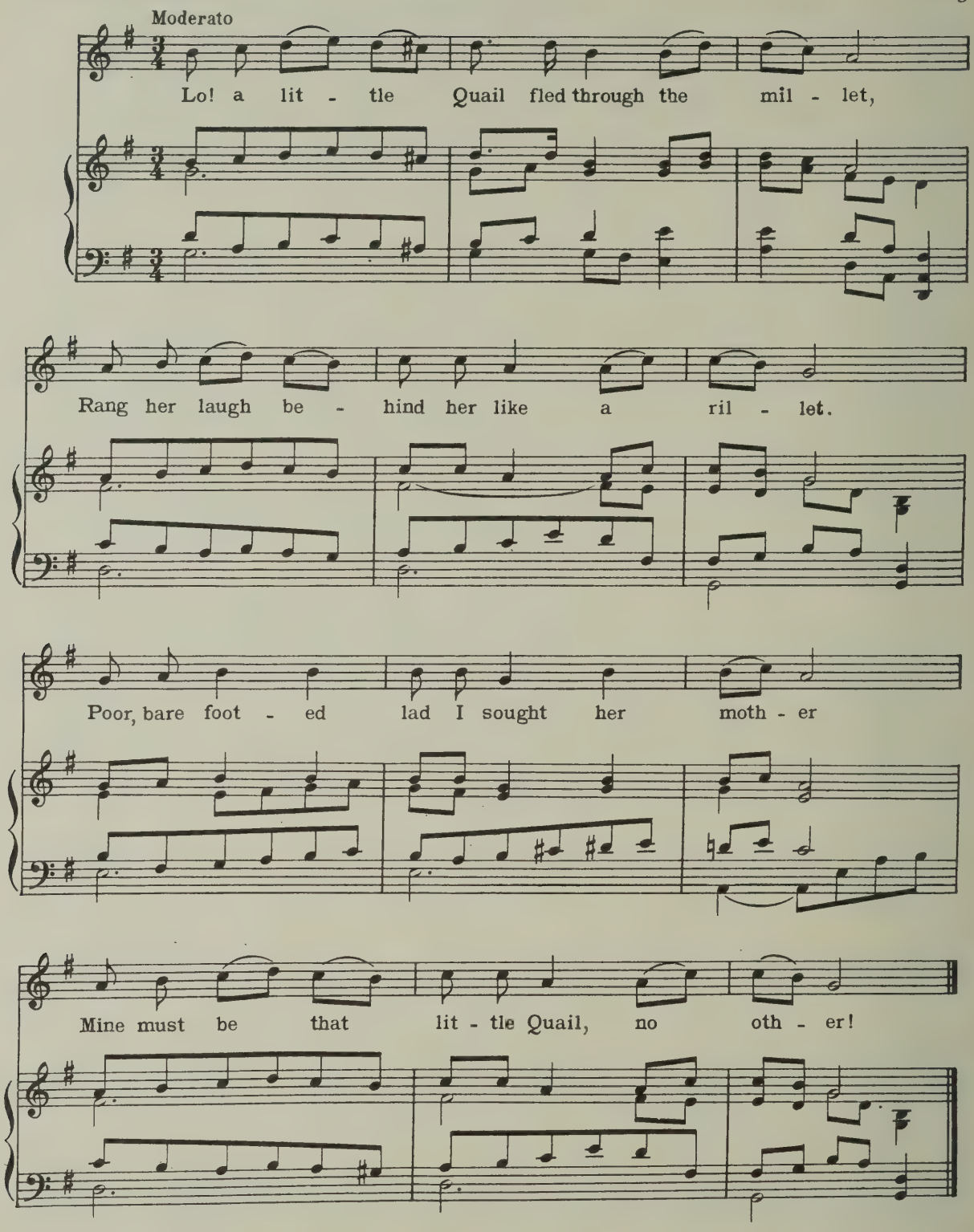
He
How your swift words burn! swift, burn!
I shall come riding again from the battle –
To you I shall return!
She
Ah, never again will you come, my beloved,
Your old love will flee, there; you'll not think of me, there.
Red horses of battle are coming, beloved!
Go forth to be brave, there! Go find your grave there!

Paraphrase by
John Chipman Farrar

THE LITTLE QUAIL

English version by
Samuel Minturn Peck

Folk-Song



Przepióreczka

Uciekła mi przepióreczka w proso
A ja za nią nieboraczek boso
Muszę ja się pani matki spytać
Czy pozwoli przepióreczkę schwytać.

A chwytajże, mój synaczku, chwytaj
Jeno jej się pióreczek nie tykaj
Nie chwytaj jej za te złote piórka
Bo to moja ukochana córka.

A jakże ją pani matko chwytać
Żeby się jej pióreczek nie tykać
Trza zastawić mój syneczku sieci
To ci sama przepióreczka wleci.

The Little Quail

Lo! a little Quail fled through the millet,
Rang her laugh behind her like a rillet.
Poor, barefooted lad I sought her mother:
Mine must be that little Quail, no other!

"Listen, little Son, since you so love her,
You may catch her; but, oh, do not touch her.
Dear to me is every golden feather,
Shining fair her wings as summer weather."

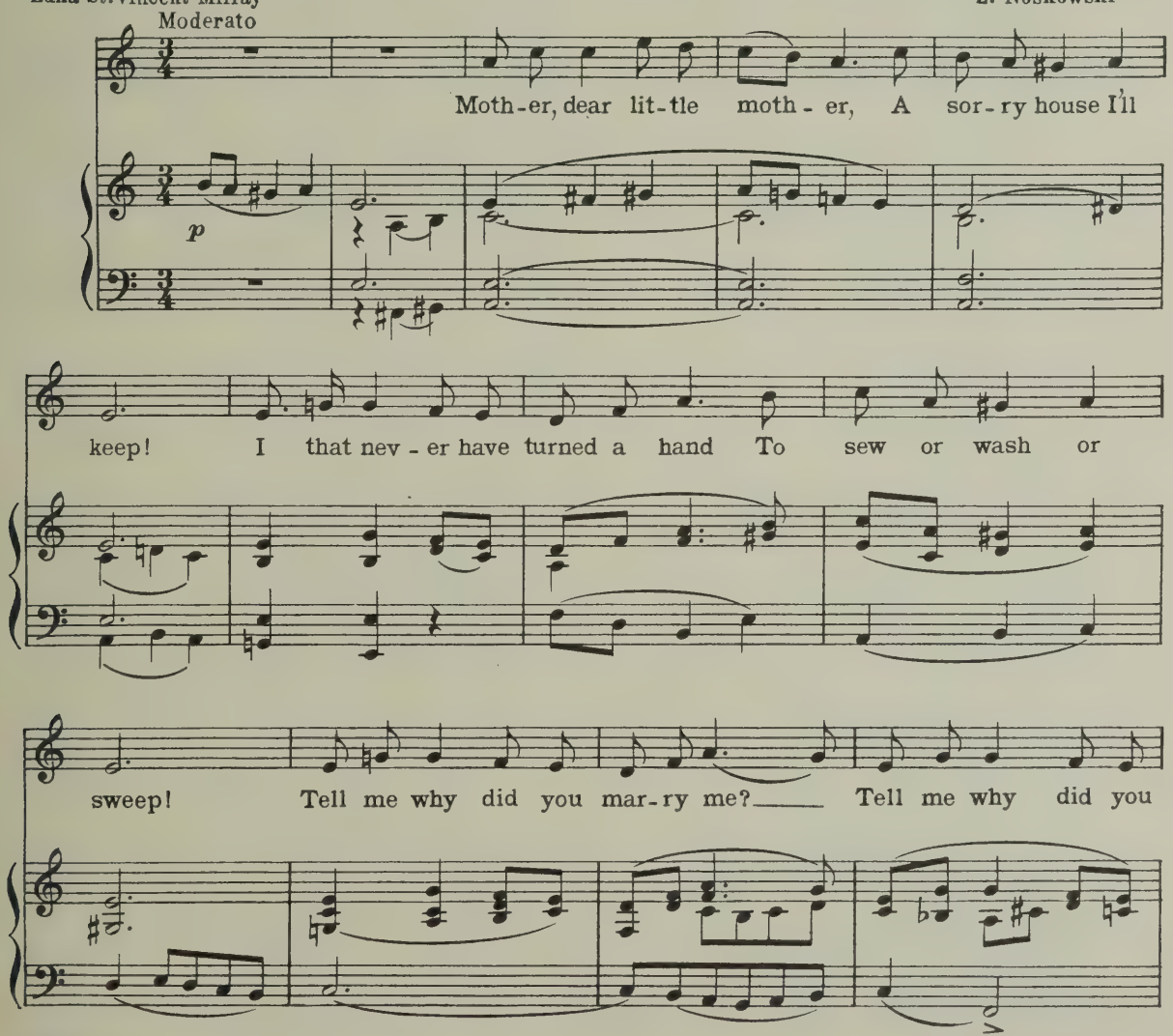
"Touch her not! O Mother, sooth you mock me;
Do not by such nonsense, prithee, block me!"
"Make a net, O Son, of love thread spin it,
And the Quail, herself, will fly within it."

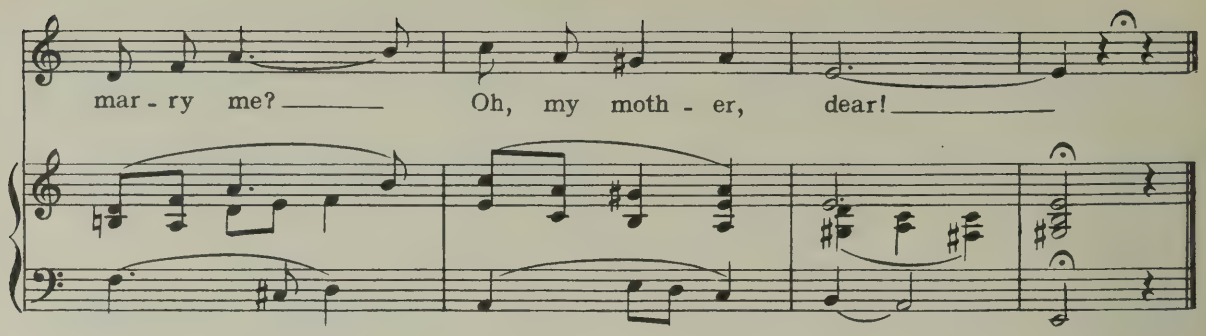
Paraphrase by
Samuel Minturn Peck

WHY, OH MOTHER?

Paraphrase by
Edna St. Vincent Millay

From the collection of
Z. Noskowski





Na cóżeś mnie pani matko

Na cóżeś mnie pani matko
Za mąż wydała?
Kiedym ja się w gospodarstwie
Nie rozumiała,
Teraz ci się muszę uczyć,
Umieść, ugnieść, uprać, uszyć,
Matulu moja!

Lepiej było u matuli
Słuchać muzyki,
Kiedy grali i śpiewali
Jako słowiki.
Teraz ci ja muszę robić
I do taneczka nie chodzić,
Matulu moja!

Kiedym u swej matuleńki
W domu bawiła,
W każde święto i niedzielę
W kościelem była,
A teraz mi nic nie miło,
Nie dawać mnie zamąż było,
Matulu moja!

Wszakżeście wy, matuleńku,
Męża świadoma,
Nie użyje nic dobrego
Za mężem żona,
Jeno smutku i niedoli,
Od kłopotu głowa boli,
Matulu moja!

Już wyjeżdżam, matuleńku,
Z domu twojego,
Nóżki ściskam i łzy leję
Z serca prawego,
Dajże mi błogosławieństwo
I nad pokusą zwycięztwo,
Matulu moja!

Dziękuję ci, matuleńku,
Za wychowanie,
I tobie też, panie ojcze,
Za wykaranie,
Nie karałeś bez przyczyny;
Już mnie bierze Jasio miły,
Przyjaciel wieczny!

Jasieńkowi przed ołtarzem
Rączkę oddałam,
Szanować go i miłować
Przyobiecałam,
Być mu wierną, aż do śmierci,
Dopomóżcie wszyscy święci
I ty sam Boże!

Why, Oh Mother?

Mother, dear little mother,
A sorry house I'll keep!
I that never have turned a hand
To sew or wash or sweep!
Tell me why did you marry me?
Tell me why did you marry me?
Oh, my mother, dear.

Sick am I for the happy tunes,
The dance that shook the floor!
Few enough are the songs I'll sing
About my husband's door!
Tell me why did you marry me?
Tell me why did you marry me?
Oh, my mother, dear.

Fare you well, little mother,
I kiss your feet and cry;
Let your blessing watch over me
When far from home am I.
Tell me why did you marry me?
Tell me why did you marry me?
Oh, my mother, dear.

Well I know, little father,
My wilful ways and blind;
Take my love for your patient heart,
So stern and yet so kind.
Tell me why did you marry me?
Tell me why did you marry me?
Oh, my mother, dear.

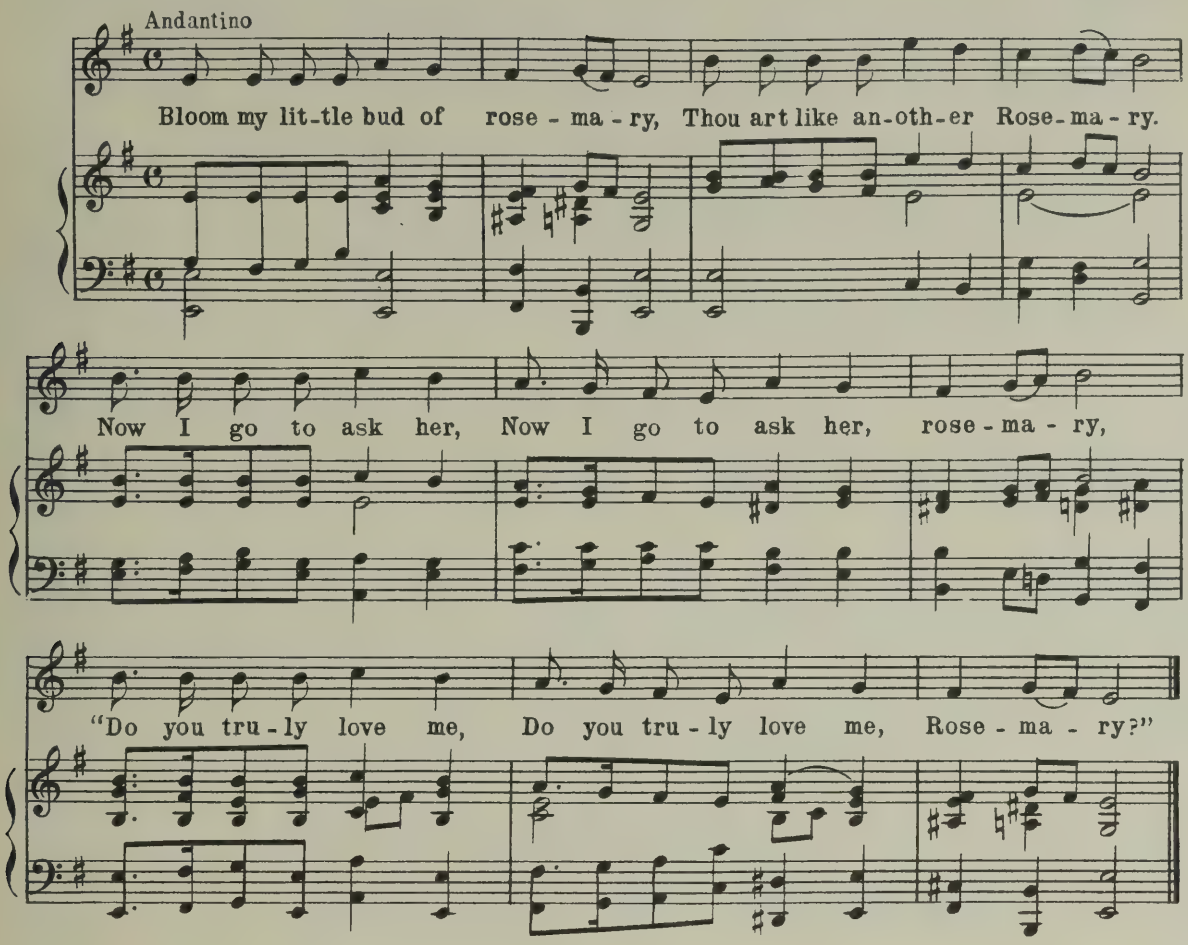
I must go to my husband's house,
And love him till I die;
Help and guide me, ye blessed saints
And angels in the sky!
Tell me why did you marry me?
Tell me why did you marry me?
Oh, my mother, dear.

Paraphrase by
Edna St. Vincent Millay

ROSEMARY

English version by
F. C.

Folk-Song



O mój rozmarynie

O mój rozmarynie rozwijaj się,] bis
Pójdę do dziewczyny,
Pójdę do jedynej,] bis
Zapytam się.

A jak mi odpowie: nie kocham cię] bis
Ułani werbują,
Strzelcy maszerują,] bis
Zaciągnę się.

Dadzą mi konika cisawego,] bis
I ostrą szabelkę
I ostrą szabelkę,] bis
Do boku mego.

Powiodą z okopów na bagnety,] bis
Bagnet mnię ukłuje,
Śmierć mnię ucałuje] bis
Ale nie ty.

Rosemary

Bloom my little bud of rosemary,
Thou art like another Rosemary.
Now I go to ask her,
Now I go to ask her, rosemary,
"Do you truly love me,
Do you truly love me, Rosemary?"

Droop my little bud of rosemary,
She may answer no, my rosemary.
"No, I do not love you;"
Then I'm off to battle, rosemary,
Riding with the gunners,
With the Uhlan gunners, rosemary.

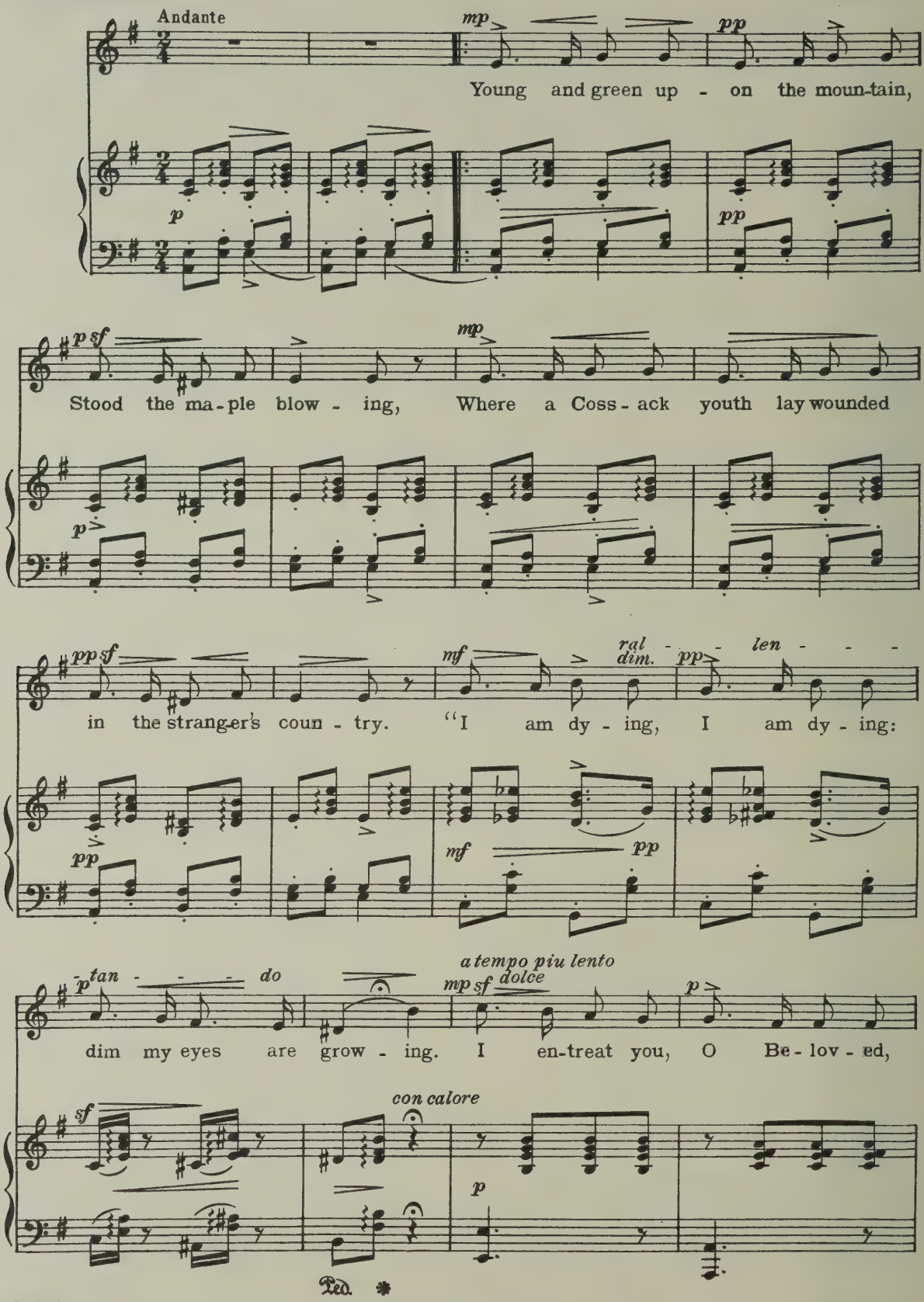
Fade my little bud of rosemary,
Fade my little bud of rosemary.
A fleet horse they'll give me
With bright sword beside me, rosemary,
Riding 'gainst the foeman
Death shall kiss me- but not thou.

English version by
F.C.

THE COSSACK

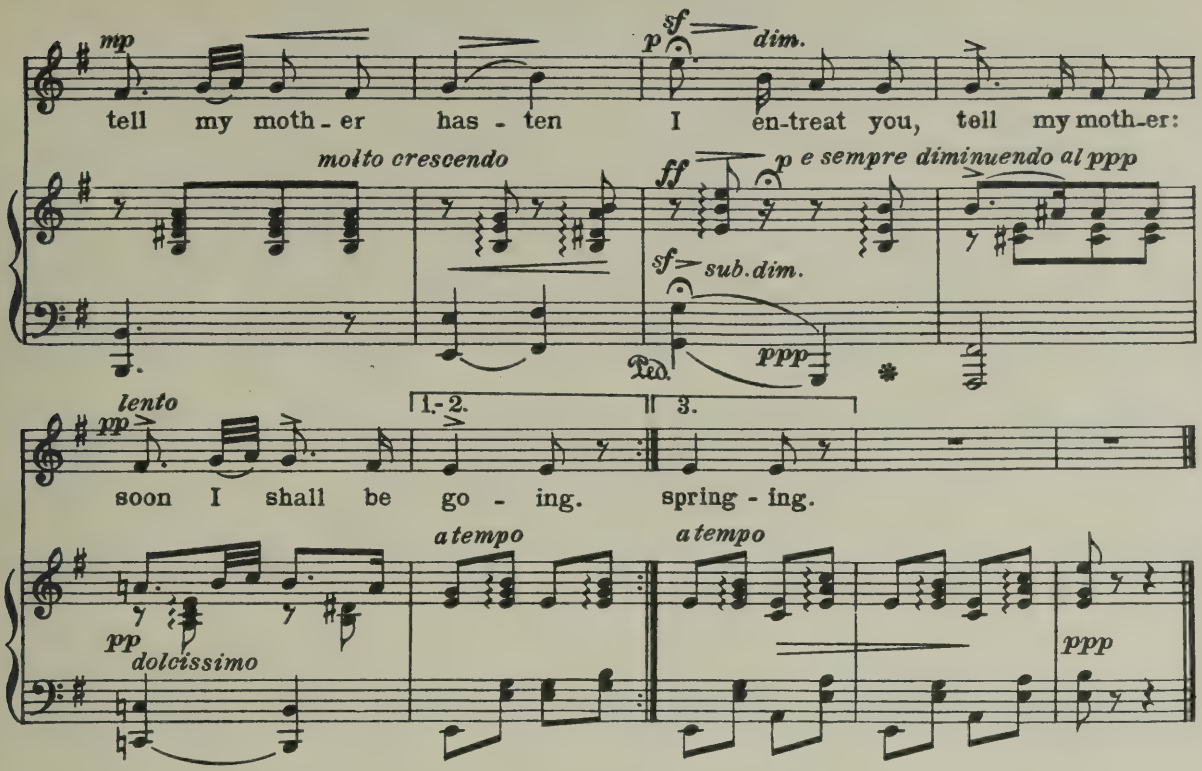
English version by
Edwin Markham

St. Moniuszko



34888

This arrangement, taken from "Echos de Pologne," is reprinted by permission of A. Durand & Fils.



Kozak

Tam na górze jawor stoi, jawor zielonieńki,
Ginie kozak w cudzej stronie, kozak młodziusieńki.
„Ginę, ginę w cudzej stronie, śmierć mi oczy tuli,
proszę ciebie, moja miła, donieś to matuli,
proszę ciebie, moja miła, donieś to matuli!"

Przyszła matka, przyszła matka, przyszła matuleńka,
Obróciła blade lica przeciw synaleńka:
„Otóż widzisz mój syneczku, moje drogie dziecię!
nie słuchałeś ojca, matki, takież twoje życie,
nie słuchałeś ojca, matki, takież twoje życie!"

„Proszę matko, proszę matko, pięknie pochowajcie,
Niech we wszystkie biją dzwony, w organ mi zagrajcie.
Niechaj tylko nie chowają cmentarniane diaki,
jeno same Ukraińskie grzebią mnie Kozaki,
jeno same Ukraińskie grzebią mnie Kozaki!"

The Cossack

Young and green upon the mountain stood the maple blowing,
Where a Cossack youth lay wounded in the stranger's country.
"I am dying, I am dying: dim my eyes are growing,
I entreat you, O Beloved, tell my mother hasten.
I entreat you tell my mother: soon I shall be going."

Swift she came, that loving mother, to that son long straying,
Bent above the hard bed lonely where the youth lay dying.
Low she bent and softly kist him, knelt with grief and praying.
"Son, dear son, you did not heed your parents' tears and warning:
Far you wandered; now a sorrow comes to make repaying."

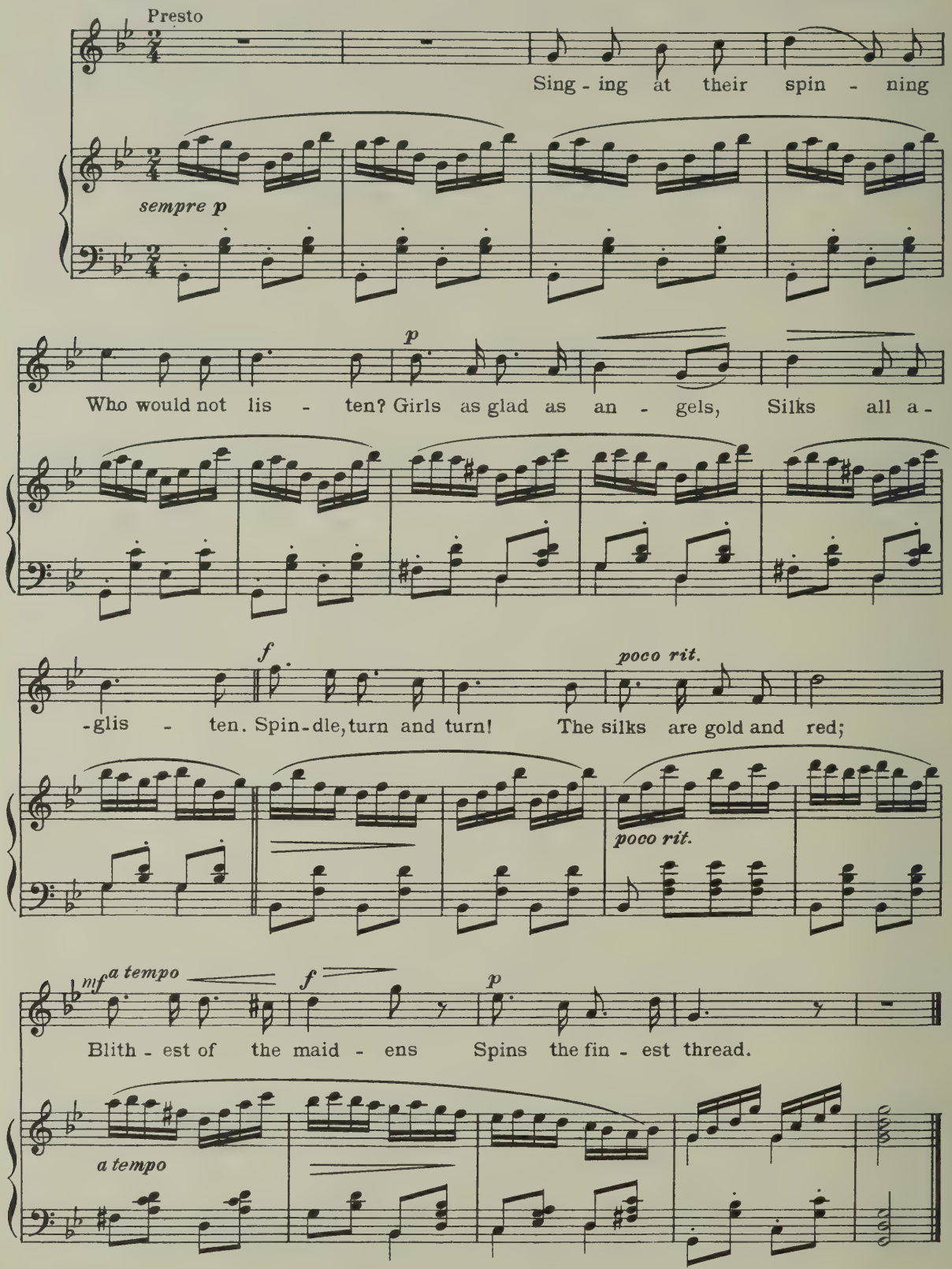
"O forgive me, mother, mother, for the grief I'm bringing,
Bury me with beauty, mother; set our bells a-tolling.
Have no priests with dirges mournful: bid my friends come singing.
My own Cossacks, let them dig my grave and leave me sleeping:
Let them only lay me where the Ukraine grass is springing."

English version by
Edwin Markham

AT THE SPINNING WHEEL

English version by
Katharine Lee Bates

Stanislau Moniuszko



Prząśniczka

U prząśniczki siedzą
Jak anioł dzieweczki
Przędzą sobie, przędzą
Jedwabne niteczki.

Kręć się, kręć wrzeciono!
Prysła wątła nić
Wstydem dziewczę płonie,
Wstydź się dziewczę, wstydź.

Poszedł do Królewca
Młodzieniec z wiciną,
Łzami się zalewał,
Żegnając z dziewczyną.

Gładko idzie przędza,
Wesoło dziewczynie;
Pamiętała trzy dni
O wiernym chłopczynie.

Inny się młodzieniec
Podsuwa z ubocza
I innemu rada
Dziewczyna ochocza.

At the Spinning Wheel

Singing at their spinning
Who would not listen?
Girls as glad as angels,
Silks all a-glisten.

Refrain
Spindle, turn and turn!
The silks are gold and red;
Blithest of the maidens
Spins the finest thread.

Far away her lover
Sailed down the river.
Tearfully he kissed her,
Lips all a-quiver.
Refrain

Singing at her spinning,
Thread, be not broken!
Three whole days she missed him,
Cherished his token.
Refrain

Came another lover;
Absence is danger.
Merrily her welcome
Went to the stranger.
Refrain

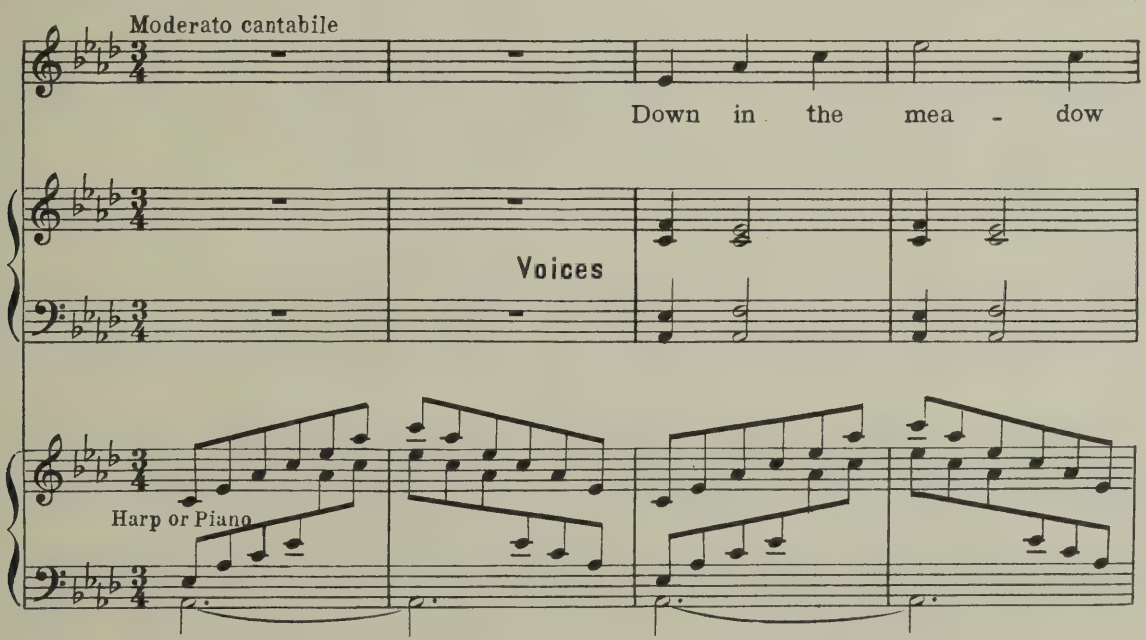
Spindle, turning, turning!
Frail thread that parted.
Now the maid remembers
One loyal-hearted.
Refrain

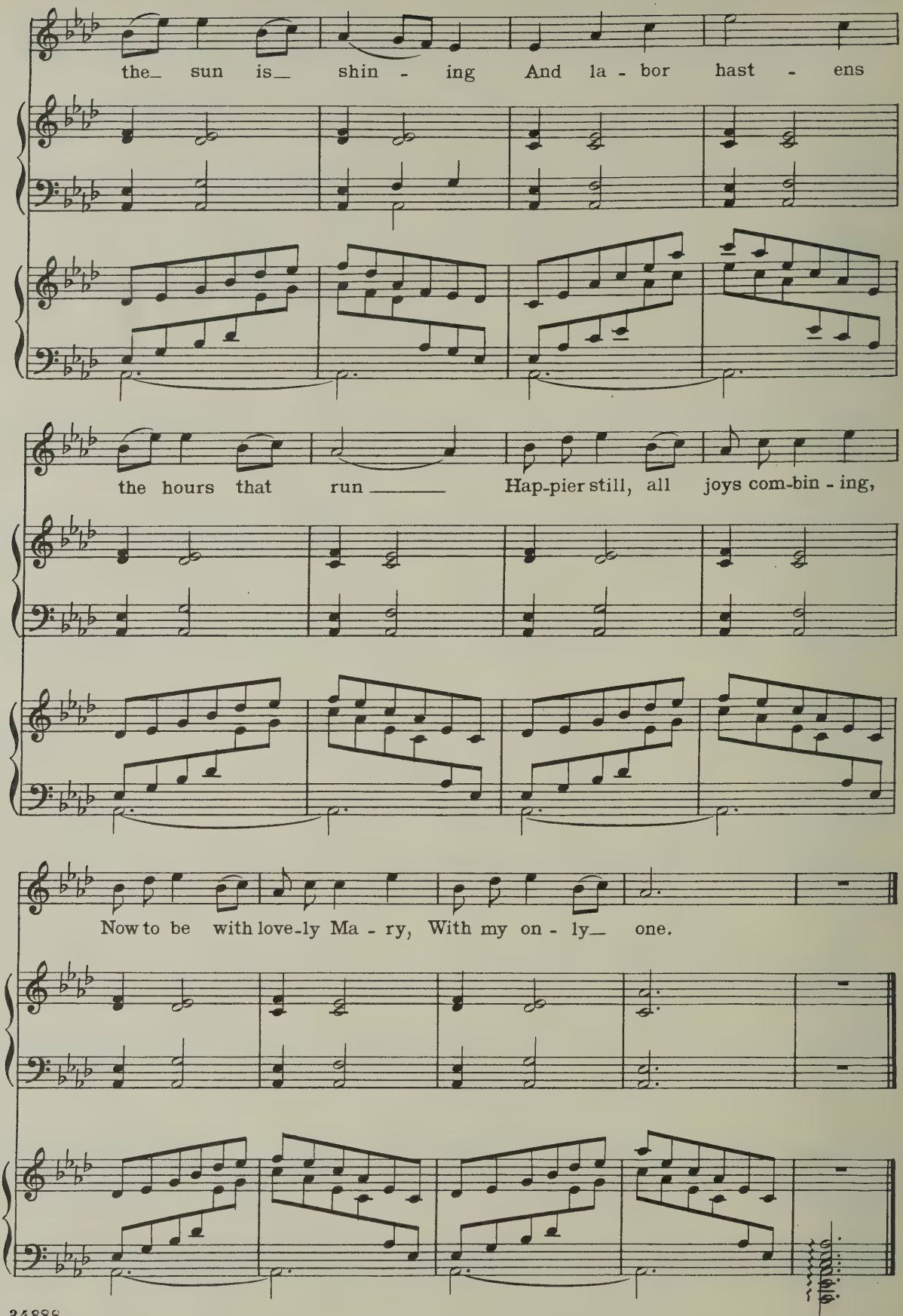
English version by
Katharine Lee Bates

WHEN THE SUN SHINES

English version by
Christopher Morley

Folk-Song




the sun is shin - ing And la - bor hast - ens
the hours that run Hap-pier still, all joys com-bin - ing,
Now to be with love-ly Ma - ry, With my on - ly one.

„Gdy w czystem polu słoneczko świeci"

– Gdy w czystem polu słoneczko świeci,
Dzionek przy pracy prędzej uleci,
I mnie chwile milej płyna
Z moją Marysią jedyną,
Z moją jedyną.

– Krówka powraca do swej zagrody,
Szukając cienia i czystej wody,
A mnie tęskno bez mojego,
Jasineczka najmilszego,
Kochanka mego.

– Pójdę ja wiązać pszeniczkę w snopki,
Albo układać w polu półkopki,
A jak mi się kwiat nawinie,
To go zaniosę w danine
Mojej dziewczynie.

– Wdzięcznie pod wieczór, w wiosennej chwili,
W zielonym gaju słowiczek kwili,
Ale dla serca mojego
Milszy głos ulubionego,
Jasieńka mego.

When the Sun Shines

Down in the meadow the sun is shining
And labor hastens the hours that run—
Happier still, all joys combining,
Now to be with lovely Mary,
With my only one.

My little heifer comes back from grazing
To look for water and shady tree—
Lonelier I, to wait here gazing
For my Jack, my handsome lover,
He's the man for me!

I will go gather the wheat and barley
And pile their sheaves in the golden sun;
Finding a blossom, or late or early,
I will bring it as a present
To my only one.

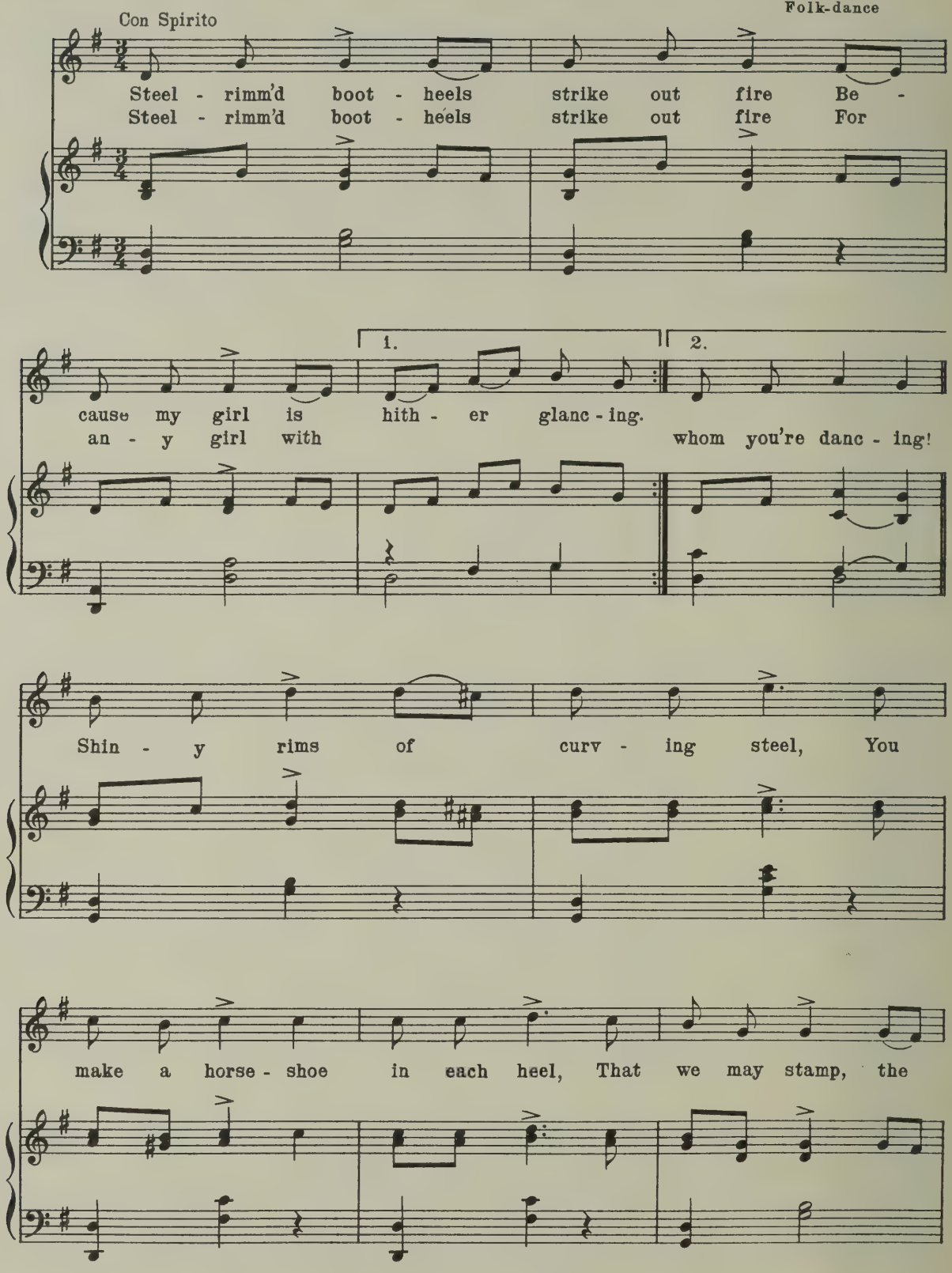
Delicate music and lovely singing
Of nightingales in the greenwood grove
Merrier still is the echo, bringing
Words of Jack, my handsome sweetheart,
He's the one I love!

English version by
Christopher Morley

OBEREK

English version by
Arthur Guiterman

Melody recorded by
Elizabeth Burchenal
Folk-dance





Podkóweczki dajcie ognia

Podkóweczki dajcie ognia,
Bo dziewczyna tego godna,
A czy godna, czy nie godna,
Podkóweczki dajcie ognia!

Nuże żywo, nuże dalej,
Bo podkówki są ze stali,
Byśmy ognia wykrzesali,
Nuże żywo, nuże dalej!

Hejże dalej do mazura,
Podajżeż mi rękę która,
Podajżeż mi obie ręce,
Niech się wkoło raz wykręcę.

Hoc, hoc, hoc, hoc naokoło,
I obróćwa się wesoło,
Kiedyśwa się rozhukali,
Hopa, hopa, dalej, dalej.

Kiej chłopek tupnie nóżkami,
I zakrzesze podkówkami,
Kiej ma dziewczę jak anioła
Otóż mu chwila wesoła.

Kiedy obiema rękami,
Trzymam takie dwie figury,
To mi taniec nad tańcami,
To mi mazur nad mazury.

Podajcież mi obie ręce,
Niech się jeszcze raz wykręcę.
Wiwat mazur, krakowiaki,
Wiwat panny i chłopaki.

Oberek

Steel-rimmed boot-heels strike out fire
Because my girl is hither glancing.
Steel-rimmed boot-heels strike out fire
For any girl with whom you're dancing!
Shiny rims of curving steel,
You make a horse-shoe in each heel,
That we may stamp, the sparks a-flinging,
When our tramp sets the earth a-ringing.

Come, my partner, lend a hand,
Or lend me two hands, lightly clinging.
Come, my partner, lend a hand;
Around the ring we'll go a-swinging!
Hey, hey, hey! and 'round we go,
With stamping heel and springy toe!
For when a lad is lively jumping,
His feet give the ground a thumping.

While you stamp flame from the stone
And when your girl is fair and clever,
When her smiles seem for you alone,
Oh, you'll be happy then or never!
Take her pretty hands in yours
For this mazur of all mazurs.
And there is time for smiles and glances
In this dance of all dances.

Give me both hands white and pure!
And may they live till this world passes,–
All who dance Krakow's mazur,
The merry lads and lovely lasses!
Since the horse-shoes are of steel
We make a flame flash from every heel;
And 'round and 'round we go a-swinging
While we set the ground a-ringing!

English version by
Arthur Guiterman

LULLABY CAROL

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson



Lulajże Jezuniu

Lulajże Jezuniu moja peretko,
Lulaj ulubione me pieścidetko.
Lulajże Jezuniu lulajże lulaj,
A ty go matulu w płaczu utulaj.

Zamknijże zmrużone płaczem powieczki,
Utulże zemdlone tkaniem warżeczki.
Lulajże, Jezuniu, lulajże, lulaj, i t.d.

Dam ja Jezusowi słodkich jagódek,
Pójdę z nim w Matuli serca ogródek.
Lulajże itd.

Dam ja Jezusowi z chlebem maseŧka,
Włożę ja kukiełkę w jego jaseŧka.
Lulajże, Jezuniu, i t.d.

Lulajże piękniuchny mój Anioteczku,
Lulajże wdzięczniuchny świata kwiateczku.
Lulajże, Jezuniu, i t.d.

Lulajże Różyczko najozdobniejsza,
Lulajże, Lilijko najprzyjemniejsza.
Lulajże itd.

Dam ja Ci słodkiego, Jezu, cukierku,
Rodzenków, migdałów co mam w pudełku.
Lulajże itd.

Lulajże przyjemna oczom Gwiazdeczko,
Lulaj najśliczniejsze świata słoneczko.
Lulajże, Jezuniu, i t.d.

Dam ja maleńkiemu piękne jabłuszko,
Mateńki kochanej dam Mu serduszko.
Lulajże, Jezuniu, i t.d.

Cyt, cyt, cyt, niech zaśnie małe Dzieciątko,
Patrz, jak ono śpi to niemowlątko,
Lulajże, Jezuniu, i t.d.

Cyt, cyt, cyt, wszyscy się spać zabierajcie,
Mojego dzieciątka nie przebudzajcie.
Lulajże, Jezuniu, i t.d.

Lullaby Carol

Lullaby, little pearl,
Dear baby Jesu,
Lullaby, little pearl,
Dear baby sleeping;
Lullaby, little one,
Dear baby Jesu,
Mary is holding you,
Guarding and keeping.

Close your eyes, little one,
Your tears to cover;
Close your eyes, little one,
Heavy with crying;
Calm your lips, little one,
Where joy should hover;
Resting in Mary's arms,
Hush all your sighing.

Bring for the little man
Good things and pleasant;
Bring for the little man
Every sweet berry;
Into the garden go
Where all is pleasant;
Mary will comfort Him
Keeping Him merry.

Bread for His little mouth
With golden butter –
Bread for His little mouth,
A loaf to feed Him –
Put in His cradle now
Good bread and butter.
If he should wake from rest
Mary will heed Him.

Lullaby, lovely flower,
Beautiful angel;
Lullaby, lovely flower,
Lily, the fairest!
Lullaby, little one,
Beautiful angel,
Mary is holding you,
Rosebud, the rarest!

Give to the little man,
Raisins delicious;
Give to the little man
Almonds to please Him;
Sweets from the little box,
Raisins delicious,
When Mary hears Him wake,
She will appease Him.

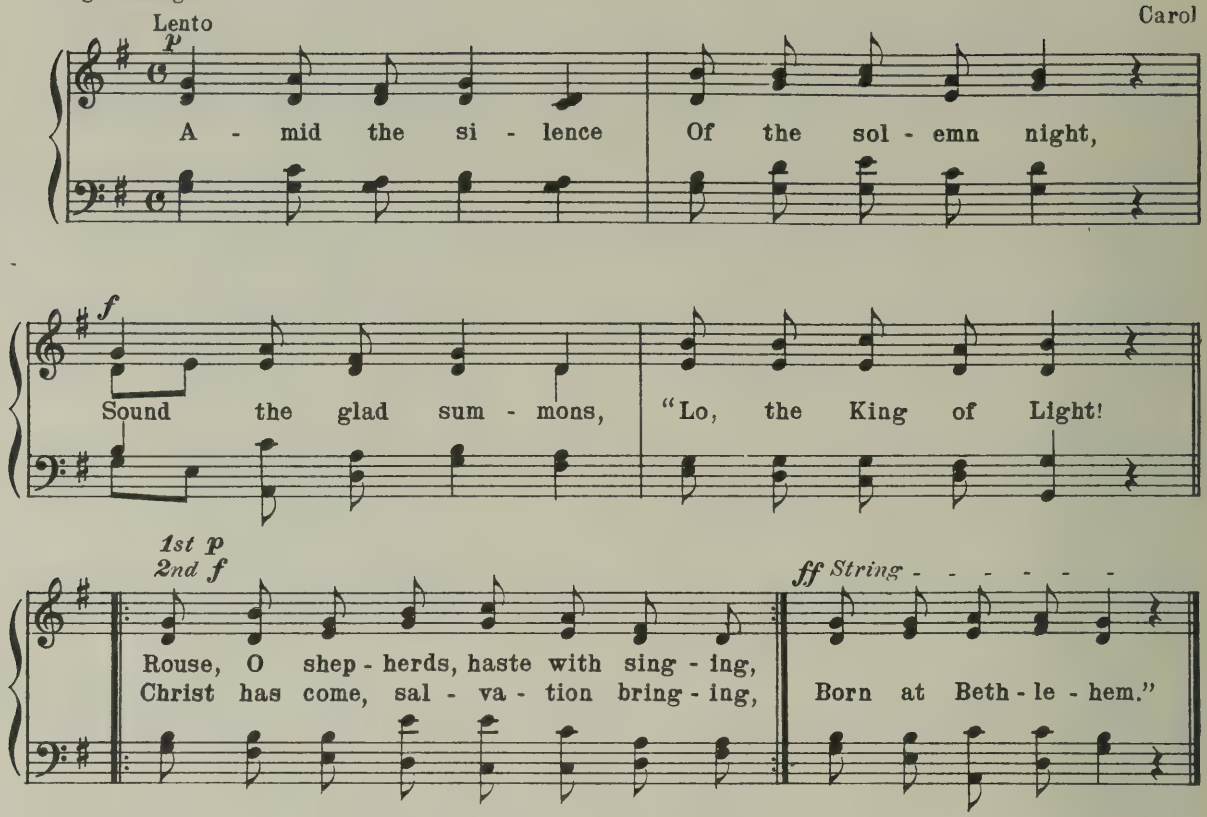
Lullaby, little love,
Star kindly twinkling;
Lullaby, little love,
Sun shining brightly;
Lullaby, little one,
Star kindly twinkling,
Mary is watching you,
O, Sweet and Sprightly!

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

AMID THE SILENCE

English version by
Angela Morgan

Carol



Wśród nocnej ciszy

Wśród nocnej ciszy głos się rozchodzi,
Wstańcie pasterze Bóg się nam rodzi,
Czem prędzej się wybierajcie,
Do Betlejem pośpieszajcie, Przywitać Pana.

Poszli, znaleźli Dzieciątko w żłobie
Z wszystkiemi znaki danemi sobie;
Jako Bogu cześć mu dali,
A witając, zawołali... Z wielkiéj radości:

Ach witaj, Zbawco zdawna żądany!
Cztery tysiące lat wyglądany:
Na Ciebie króle, prorocy
Czekali, a Tyś tej nocy... Nam się objawił.

I My czekamy na Ciebie, Pana;
A skoro przyjdziesz na głos kapłana,
Padniemy na twarz przed Tobą,
Wierząc, żeś jest pod osobą... Chleba i wina.

Amid the Silence

Amid the silence
Of the solemn night,
Sound the glad summons,
"Lo, the King of Light!
Rouse, O shepherds, haste with singing,
Christ has come, salvation bringing,
Born at Bethlehem."

Gladly the herdsmen
Sought the Holy Son,
Found in a manger
Christ, the sinless one,
Worshipped Him with exultation,
"God has brought us full salvation!
Him we shall adore!"

Lord, we have hailed Thee,
Many thousand years.
Now through our darkness
Lo, Thy star appears.
Kings and prophets long have named Thee,
Priests and martyrs all proclaimed Thee,
Savior of mankind.

English version by
Angela Morgan

V.

SONGS OF RUSSIA AND THE UKRAINE

PAGE

Glory to the Lord in Zion 174

Down the Volga 176

The Birchen Brand 177

Stenka Razin 179

The Birch-Tree 181

Hej Onward! 182

In the Orchard 184

The Peddler 185

Mother, Do Not Scold Me 187

Night 188

By the Fireside 190

The Troika 192

The Little Cudgel 193

Petrus 195

The Bending Branch 196

The Sun is Low 198

The Winds Blow 199

Do Not Go, Gregory 200

Cossack's Lament 202

The Red-Headed Family 203

Is This the Same Brook? 205

A High Mountain Stands 207

Rushes and Roars the Wide Dnieper 208

Reapers on the Mountain 210

The Christ is Coming 212

Christmas Greeting 213

Yuletide 214

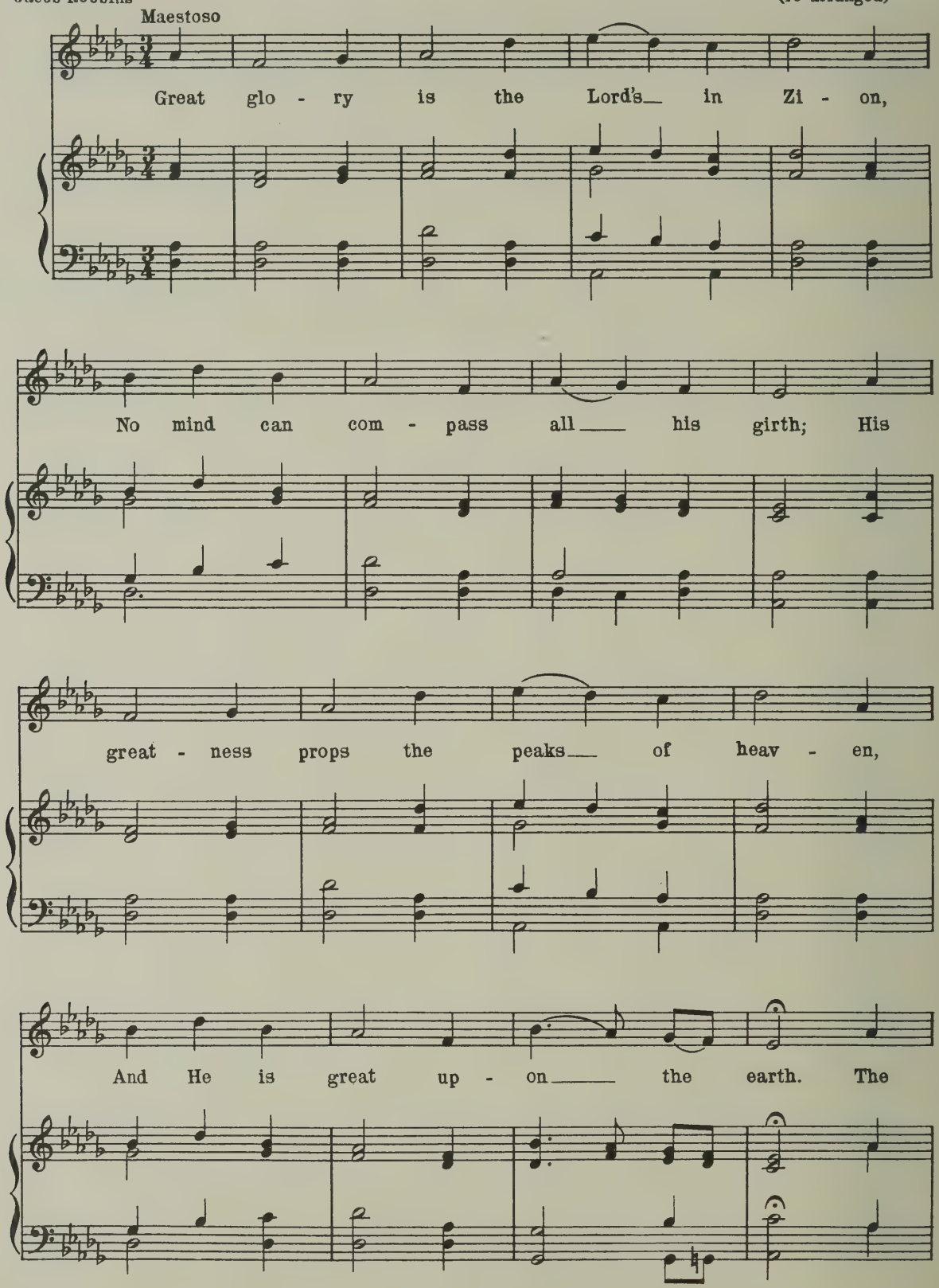
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GLORY TO THE LORD IN ZION

Kol Slaven

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Dmitri S. Bortniansky
(re-arranged)





КОЛЬ СЛАВЕНЪ.

Коль славенъ нашъ Господь въ Сіонѣ
Не можетъ изъяснить языкъ:
Великъ Онъ въ небесахъ на тронѣ,
Въ былинкахъ на земли великъ.
Вездѣ Господь великъ и славенъ
Въ ночи, во дни сіяніемъ равенъ.

Тебя Твой агнецъ златорунный
Всегда изображаетъ намъ;
Мы на псалтири сладкострунной
Тебѣ приносимъ фиміамъ.
Прими отъ насъ благодаренье
Какъ благовонное куренье.

Ты солнцемъ смертныхъ освѣщаешь,
Ты любишь, Боже, насъ какъ чадъ.
Ты насъ трапезой насыщаешь
И воздвигаешь вышній градъ,
Ты смертныхъ, Боже, посѣщаешь
И благодатію питаешь.

Господь, да во Твои селенія,
Воспрянутъ наши голоса,
И наше предъ Тобою пѣнье,
Да будетъ чистымъ какъ роса!
Тебѣ въ сердцахъ алтарь поставимъ,
Тебя, Господь, поемъ и славимъ!

Glory to the Lord in Zion

Great glory is the Lord's in Zion,
No mind can compass all His girth;
His greatness props the peaks of heaven,
And He is great upon the earth.
The night and day sing in elation:
The Lord is glorious in creation.

His golden Lamb to us forever
His unimagined image brings,
And on the soft, sweet-stringèd psalter
The incense of His glory sings.
Accept our praise, while in our singing
Thy music and Thy words are ringing.

Thy sun brings light to humble mortals;
We are the children of Thy love,
We dread Thy holy visitations
When in the sky Thy lightnings move.
Thou feedest us on Thy sweet pity,
And buildest Thine immortal city.

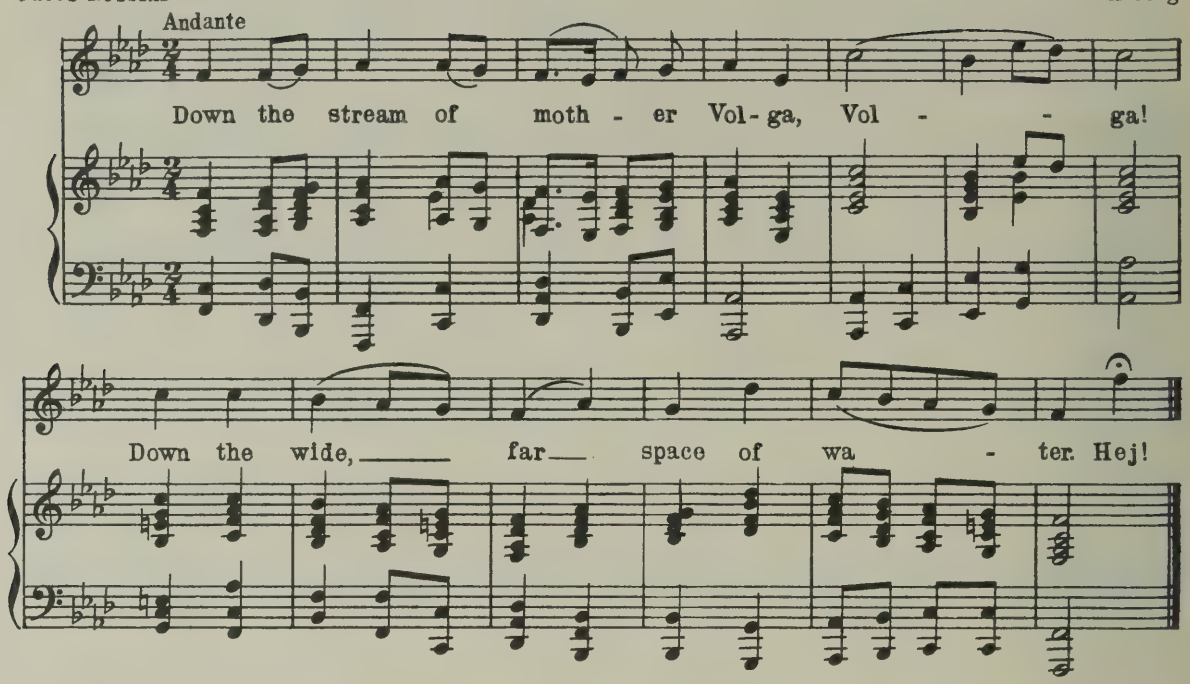
Within our hearts we build an altar
To Thee who reignest in the blue;
And may our voices, upward rising,
Be in Thine ears like honey-dew.
Thy children sing in their elation:
The Lord is glorious in creation.

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

DOWN THE VOLGA!

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Folk-Song



ВНИЗЪ ПО МАТУШКѢ ПО ВОЛГѢ.

Внизъ по матушкѣ по Волгѣ,
По широкому раздолью,
Разыгралася погода,
Погодушка верьховая,
Верьховая волновая.
Ничего въ волнахъ не видно,
Одна лодочка чернѣетъ;
Никого въ лодкѣ не видно,
Только парусы бѣлѣютъ,
На гребцахъ шляны чернѣютъ,
Кушаки на нихъ алѣютъ.
На кормѣ сидитъ хозяинъ;
Самъ хозяинъ во нарядѣ,
Въ коричневомъ кафтанѣ,
Въ пирюсеневомъ камзолѣ,
Въ аломъ шелковомъ платочкѣ.
Въ черномъ бархатномъ картузѣ;
На картузѣ козыречикъ,
Самъ отецкой онъ сыночикъ.
Ужъ какъ взговоритъ хозяинъ:
„И мы грянемте ребята,
Внизъ по матушкѣ по Волгѣ,
Ко Еленину подворью,
Ко Ивановнѣ здоровью,
Аленушка выходила,
Свою дочку выводила,
Таки рѣчи говорила:
„Не прогнѣвайся, пожалуй,
Въ чемъ ходила, въ томъ и вышла,
Въ одной тоненькой рубашкѣ,
И въ кумачной душегрѣйкѣ".

Down the Volga!

Down the stream of mother Volga, Volga!
Down the wide, far space of waters. Hej!

Ran a mighty wind to southward, Volga!
Black with storm the waves were threatening. Hej!

On the tide so wild and darkening, Volga!
Only one small sail is whitening. Hej!

Black hats crown the lusty rowers, Volga!
With their belts of russet leather. Hej!

At the rudder stands the captain, Volga!
Dressed in rich brocaded velvet. Hej!

In a coat of rich brown velvet, Volga!
In a black hat made of velvet. Hej!

Cries the captain to the rowers, Volga!
"Row ye with a will, my children. Hej!

Down the stream of mother Volga, Volga!
To my long beloved Helen. Hej!

To old Ivan's lovely daughter, Volga!"
Helen came a way to meet him. Hej.

Came to meet him with her mother, Volga!
Came to tell him words of welcome. Hej!

"Be not angry that we greet you, Volga!
Wearing simple homely dresses. Hej!

For we feared that mother Volga, Volga,
To herself had torn you from us!" Hej!

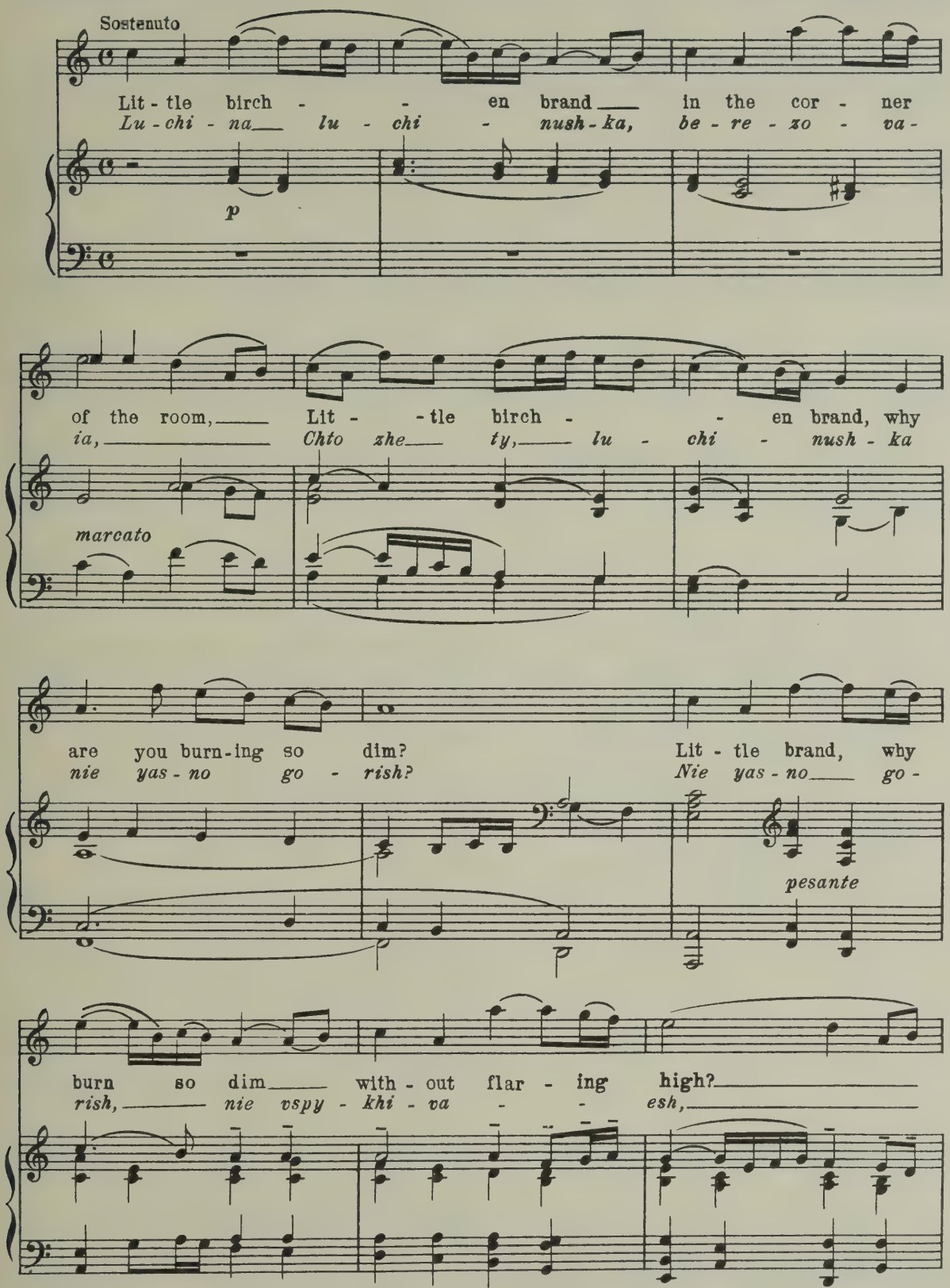
Translation by
Jacob Robbins

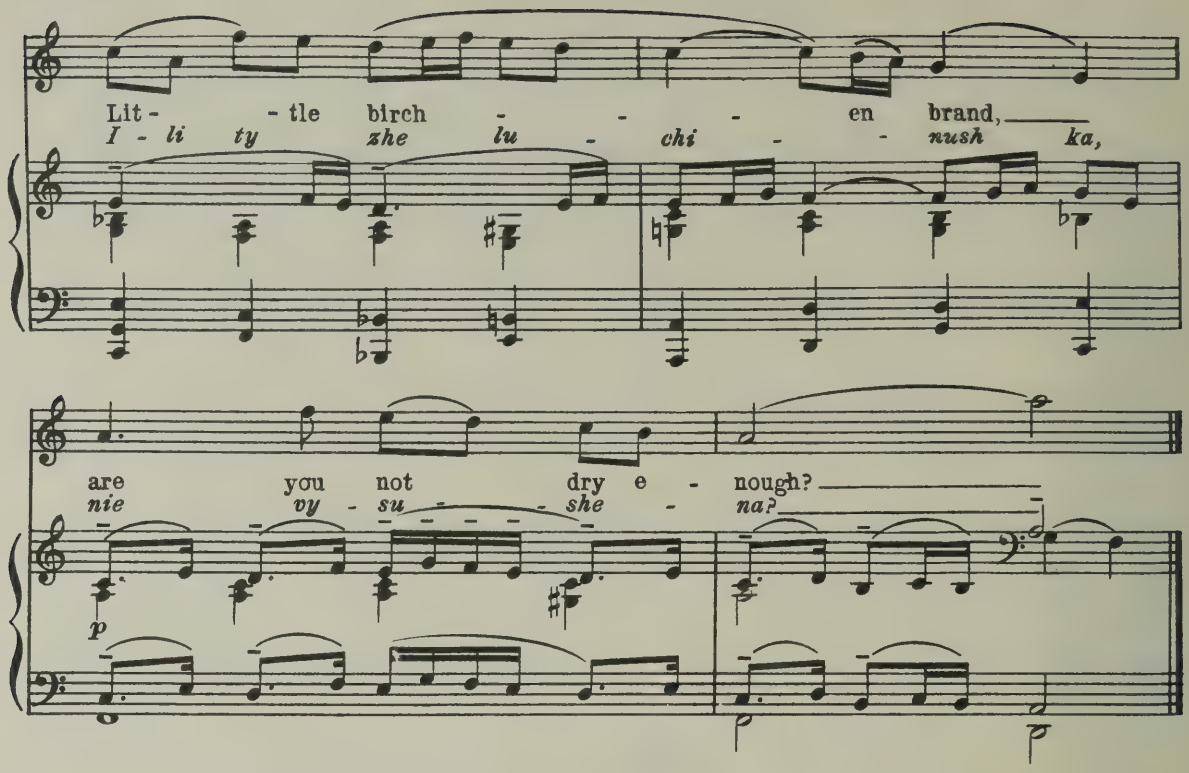
THE BIRCHEN BRAND

Folk-Song

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Arranged by
Sergei Rachmaninoff





ЛУЧИНУШКА.

Лучина, лучинушка березевая,
Что же ты, лучинушка, не ясно горишь?
Не ясно горишь, не вспыхиваешь?
Или ты лучинушка, не высушена?
Или свекровь лютая водой подлила?
„Подружки, голубушки, ложитеся спать,
Ложитесь, подруженьки, вамъ некого ждать,
А мнѣ, младешенькѣ, всю ночку не спать,
Всю ночку не спать, мила друга мнѣ ждать.
Первый сонъ заснула я: мила друга нѣтъ,
Другой сонъ заснула я: желаннаго нѣтъ
Третій сонъ заснула я: заря, бѣлый свѣтъ,
По бѣлой, по зорюшкѣ, мой милый идетъ...

The Birchen Brand

Little birchen brand in the corner of the room,
Little birchen brand, why are you burning so dim?
Little brand, why burn so dim without flaring high?
Little birchen brand, are you not dry enough?

Little birchen brand in the corner of the room,
Little birchen brand, why are you burning so dim?
Or has my mother-in-law poured cold water on you?
Little birchen brand, are you not dry enough?

O my little friends, my doves, why don't you go to sleep?
Why don't you go to sleep, you have no one to await.
But for me, my little doves, there can be no sleep.
Little birchen brand, are you not dry enough?

All the night I will not sleep, I will await my love.
In the first sleep of night, my true love did not come.
In the second sleep of night, my heart's desire came not.
In the third sleep of night, came dawn white and fair.

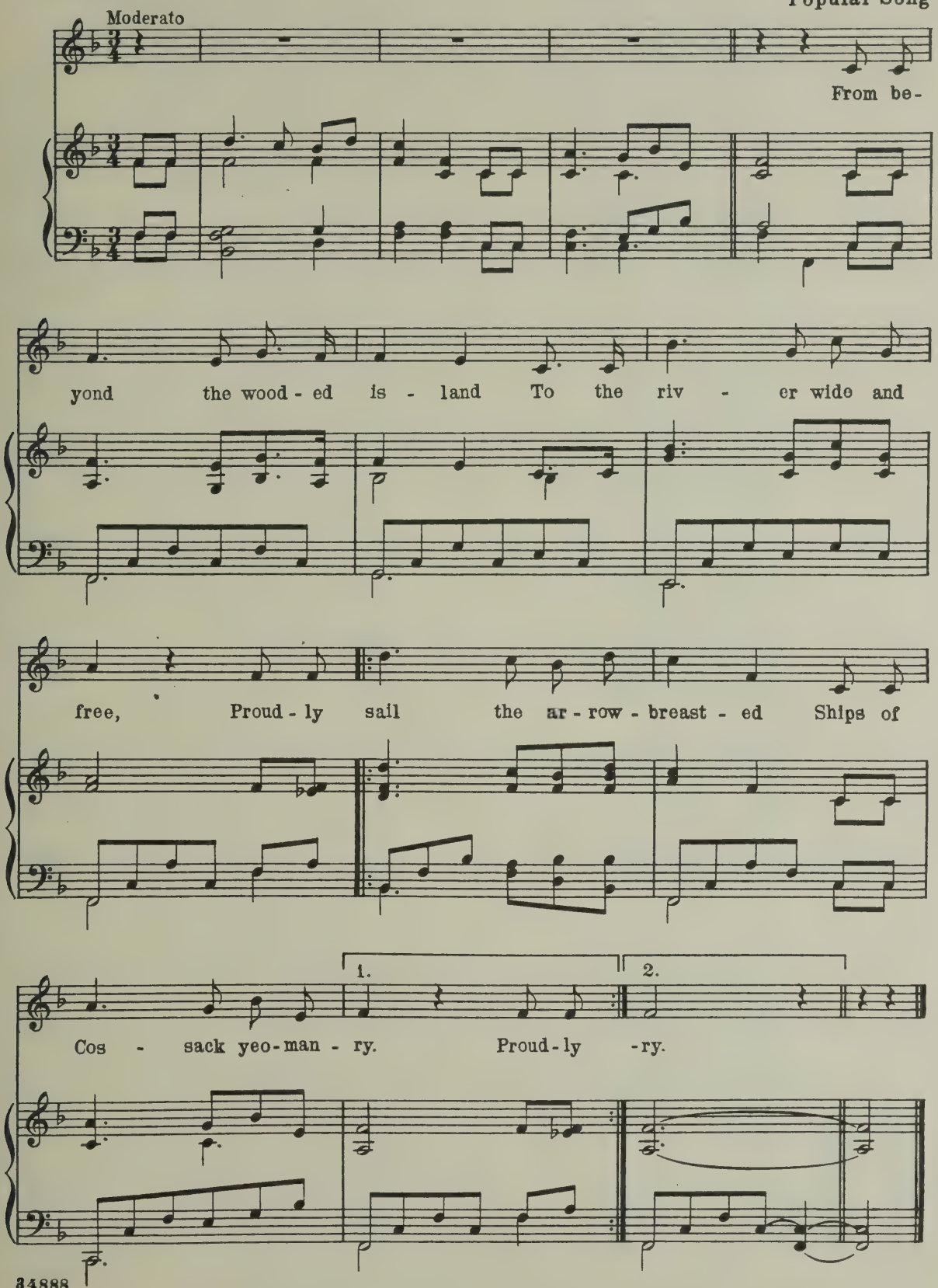
And my true love came to me in the white light of dawn,
And my true love came to me in the white light of dawn.
Little birchen brand in the corner of the room,
Little birchen brand, why are you burning so dim?

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

STENKA RAZIN

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Popular Song



СТЕНЬКА РАЗИНЪ.

Изъ за острова, на стряжень,
На просторъ рѣчной волны,
Выплывали росписные
Острогрудые челны.
На переднемъ Стенька Равинъ,
Обнявшись силитъ съ княжной,
Свадьбу новую справляетъ
Онъ веселый и хмѣльной.

Позади нихъ слышенъ ропотъ:
„Насъ на бабу промѣнялъ,
Только ночь съ ней провожался
Самъ на утро бабой сталъ".
Этотъ ропотъ и насмѣшки
Слышитъ грозный атаманъ.
И онъ мощною рукой
Обнялъ персіянки станъ.

Брови черныя сошлися
Надвигается гроза;
Буйной кровью налилися
Атамановы глаза.
„Все отдамъ, не пожалѣю,
Буйну голову отдамъ"
Громкій голосъ раздается
По окрестнымъ берегамъ.

А она потупивъ очи,
Не жива и не мертва,
Молча слушаетъ хмѣльныя
Атамановы слова.
„Волга, Волга, мать родная,
Волга русская рѣка,
Не видала ты подарка
Отъ донского казака.

И чтобъ не было раздора,
Между вольными людьми,
Волга, Волга, мать родная,
На, красавицу прими".
Мощнымъ взмахомъ подымаетъ
Онъ красавицу княжну,
И за бортъ ее бросаетъ
Въ набѣжавшую волну.

Что вы, черти, пріуныли,
Эй ты Филька, шутъ пляши,
Грянемъ братцы удалую
За поминъ ея души.
Изъ за острова, на стряжень,
На просторъ рѣчной волны,
Выплываютъ росписные
Стеньки Разина челны.

Stenka Razin

From beyond the wooded island
To the river wide and free,
Proudly sail the arrow-breasted
Ships of Cossack yeomanry.

In the first one Stenka Razin
With a princess at his side,
Drunken, holds a marriage revel
With his beautiful young bride.

But behind them rose a whisper,
"He has left his sword to woo,
One short night, and Stenka Razin
Has become a woman too."

Stenka Razin hears the jeering
Of his discontented band,
And the lovely Persian princess
He has circled with his hand.

His black brows have come together
As the waves of anger rise,
And the blood has mounted swiftly
To his piercing, jet-black eyes.

"I will give you all you wanted,
Life and heart, and head and hand,"
Echo rolls the pealing thunder
Of his voice across the land.

"Volga, Volga, mother Volga,
Deep and wide beneath the sun,
You have never seen a present
From the Cossack of the Don.

And that peace may rule as always
All my free-born men and brave,
Volga, Volga, mother Volga,
Volga, make this girl a grave."

With a sudden, mighty movement,
Razin lifts the beauty high,
And he casts her where the waters
Of the Volga move and sigh.

"Dance, you fool, and men, make merry,
What has got into your eyes?
Let us thunder out a chanty
Of a place where beauty lies."

From beyond the wooded island
To the river wide and free,
Proudly sail the arrow-breasted
Ships of Cossack yeomanry.

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

THE BIRCH-TREE

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Folk-Song



ВО ПОЛѢ БЕРЕЗА СТОЯЛА.

Во полѣ береза стояла,
Во полѣ кудрявая стояла,
Люли, люли стояла. 2.
Не кому березу заломати,
Не кому кудряву заломати,
Люли, люли, заломати, 2.
Бѣлую березу заломаю, 2.
Люли, люли погуляю, 2.
Я къ пойду погуляю, 2.
Люли, люли заломаю, 2.
Срѣжу съ березы три пруточка, 2.
Люли, люли три пруточка, 2.
Сдѣлаю три гудочка, 2.
Люли, люди три гудочка, 2.
Четвертую балалайку, 2.
Люли, люли балалайку, 2.
Пойду на новые на сѣни, 2.
Люли, люли на сѣни, 2.
Стану въ балалаечку играти, 2.
Люли, люли играти, 2.
Стану я милаго будити, 2.
Люли, люли будити, 2.
Встань ты мой милой проснися, 2.
Люли, люли проснися, 2.
Ты душа моя пробудися,2.
Люли, люли пробудися, 2.
Вотъ тебѣ икона помолися, 2.
Люли, люли помолися, 2.
Вотъ гребешекъ расчешися, 2.
Люли, люли расчешися, 2.
Вотъ тебѣ башмачки обуйся, 2.
Люли, люли обуйся, 2.
Вотъ тебѣ кафтанчикъ одѣнься, 2.
Люли, люли одѣнься. 2.

The Birch-Tree

Little birch-tree growing in the meadow,

Curly-leaved and growing *in the meadow.*

Chorus – Liulee, liulee, in the meadow. *Note**

Who will break your *fresh white branches?* 2. Chorus.2.

I'll go out a-walking *in the meadow.* 2. Chorus. 2.

I will break your branches *in the meadow.* 2. Chorus. 2.

I will cut three branches *in the meadow.* 2. Chorus. 2.

I will make three whistles *in the meadow.* 2. Chorus. 2.

I will take my singing *balalaika.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Play a song upon my *balalaika.* 2. Chorus. 2.

I will go right up *to his doorway.* 2. Chorus. 2.

To the door of *my beloved.* 2. Chorus. 2.

With my singing him *to awaken.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Rise my beloved *from thy slumber.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Rise my beloved *and awaken.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Rise and pray before the *holy ikon.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Rise and don thy shoes of *russet leather.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Don the coat my hands *have embroidered.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Take my hand and come *to the meadow.* 2. Chorus. 2.

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

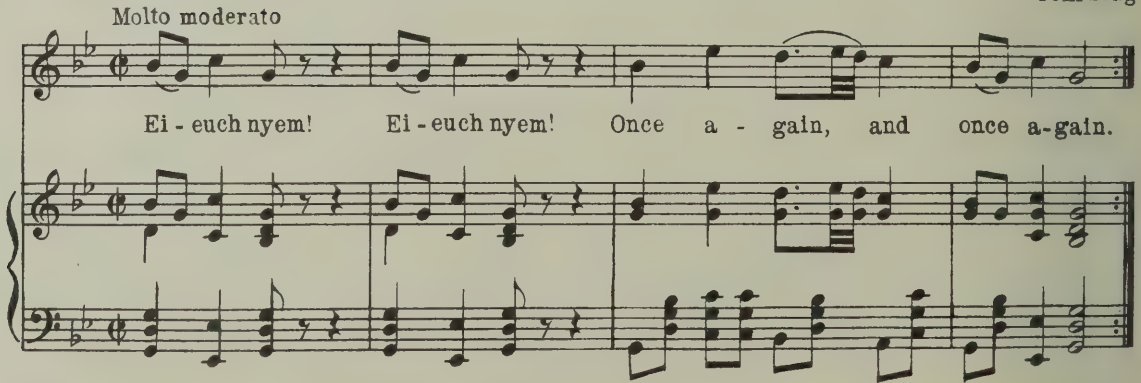
**Note: The final phrase of the chorus is always the last part of the verse. (i. e., in Italics)*

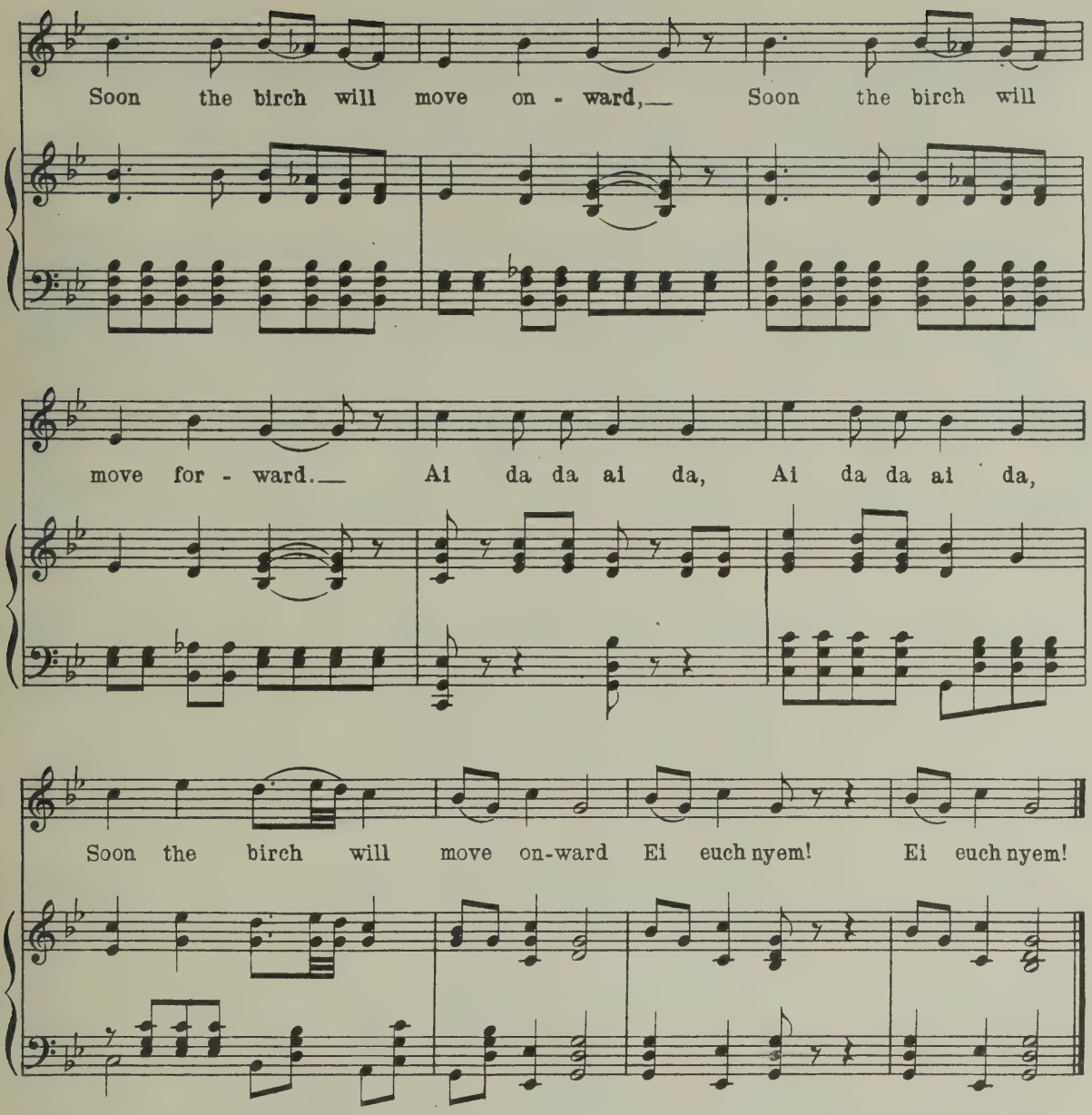
THE VOLGA BOAT SONG

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Folk-Song

Molto moderato





ЭЙ УХНЕМЪ.

Эй ухнемъ, эй ухнемъ
Еще разикъ, еще разикъ.
Разовьемъ мы березу,
Разовьемъ мы кудряву.
Ай да да ай,
Разовьемъ кудрявую,
Разовьемъ кудрявую.

The Volga Boat Song

Ei euch nyem!
Ei euch nyem!
Once again, and once again.
Soon the birch will move onward,
Soon the birch will move forward.
Ai da da ai da, Ai da da ai da,
Soon the birch will move onward,
Ei euch nyem!
Ei euch nyem!

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

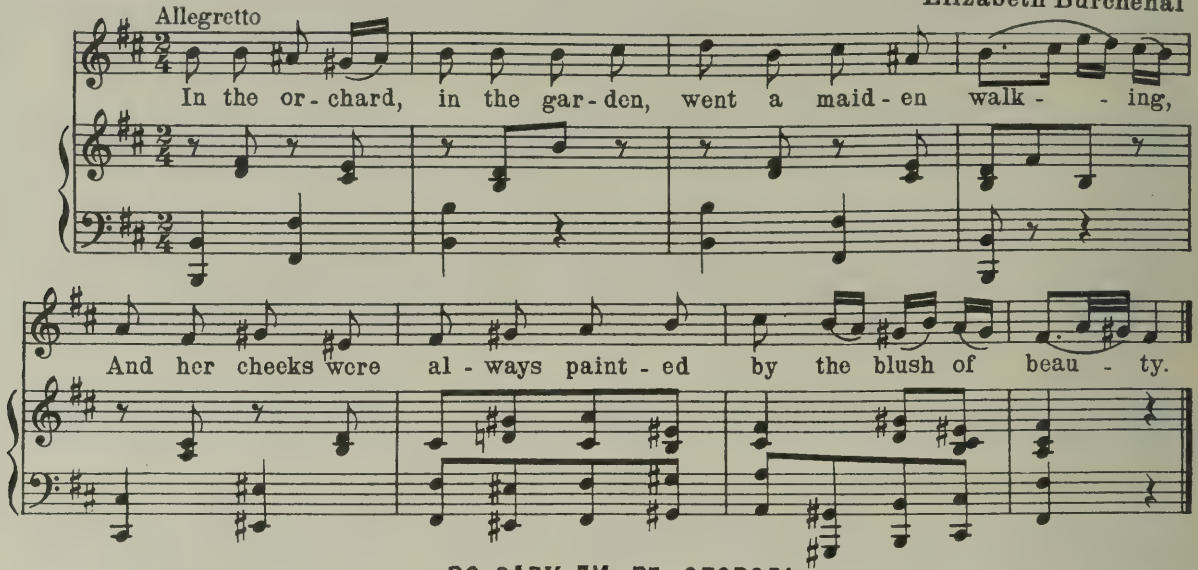
RUSSIA

IN THE ORCHARD, IN THE GARDEN

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Folk-Dance

Melody recorded by
Elizabeth Burchenal



ВО САДУ ЛИ, ВЪ ОГОРОДѢ.

Во саду ли, въ огородѣ, дѣвица гуляла,
Невеличка, кругololичка, румяное личко,
За ней ходитъ, за ней бродитъ удалой молодчикъ
За ней носитъ, за ней носитъ дороги подарки;
Дорогіе тѣ подарки, кумачъ да китайки:
Кумачу я не хочу, китайки не надо,
Принеси, моя надежда, алова грязету,
На двѣ юбки, на двѣ шубки, на двѣ тѣплогреи,
Перешей, моя надежда, въ нѣмецкое платье:
Спасибо тебѣ молодчикъ! снабдилъ дѣвицу;
Я пойду же младешенька во торгъ торговати,
Что во торгъ ли торговати, на рынокъ гуляти,
Я куплю млада младенька пахучія мяты,
Посажу я эту мяту подлѣ своей хаты;
Не топчи, бѣлъ кудреватой! пахучія мяты,
Я не для тебя сажала, водой поливала,
Для кого я поливала, того обнимала.

In the Orchard, in the Garden

In the orchard, in the garden, went a maiden walking,
And her cheeks were always painted by the blush of beauty.

She was followed, always followed, by a gallant lover,
And he carried, always carried, rich and costly presents;

Carried combs, and carried tunics, fit for queen or princess.
Neither comb nor tunic want I, neither comb nor tunic.

Bring, my hope, O bring unto me silks and satins crimson
For two skirts, two winter fur coats, and two comforters.

Make of it, my hope, my sweetest, many foreign dresses.
Thank you, young man, for your granting all my foolish wishes.

I will go this early morning to the village nearest,
I will go to buy some sweetmeats, and to buy some flowers.

I will come back in the evening with a snowy mint-flower,
I will plant the snowy mint-flower near my father's cottage.

Don't you tread upon my mint-flower, don't you tread upon it,
Not for you the mint I planted, watered it and weeded,

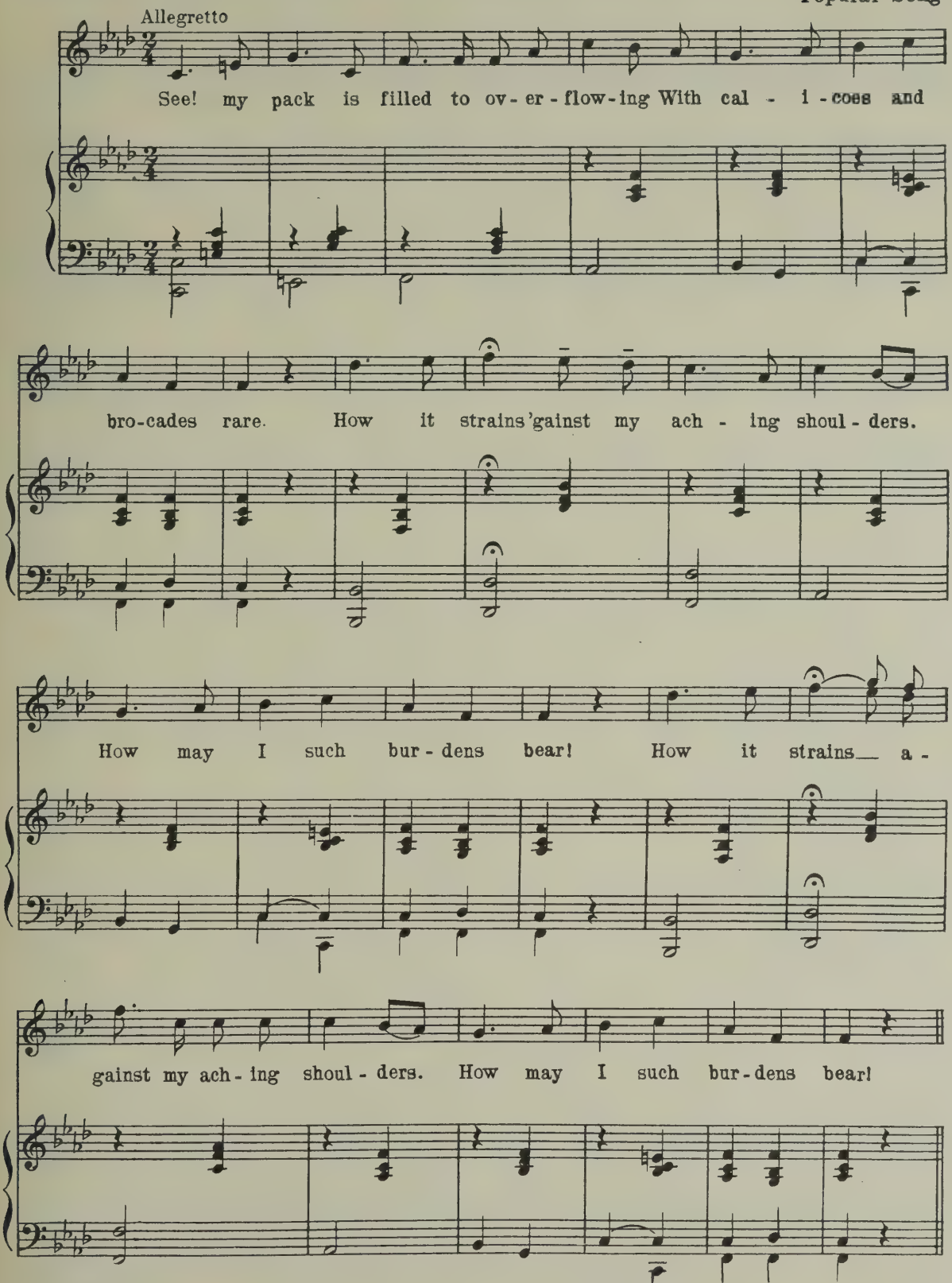
But for him who is my lover was the mint-flower planted,
But for him who is my lover was the mint-flower planted.

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

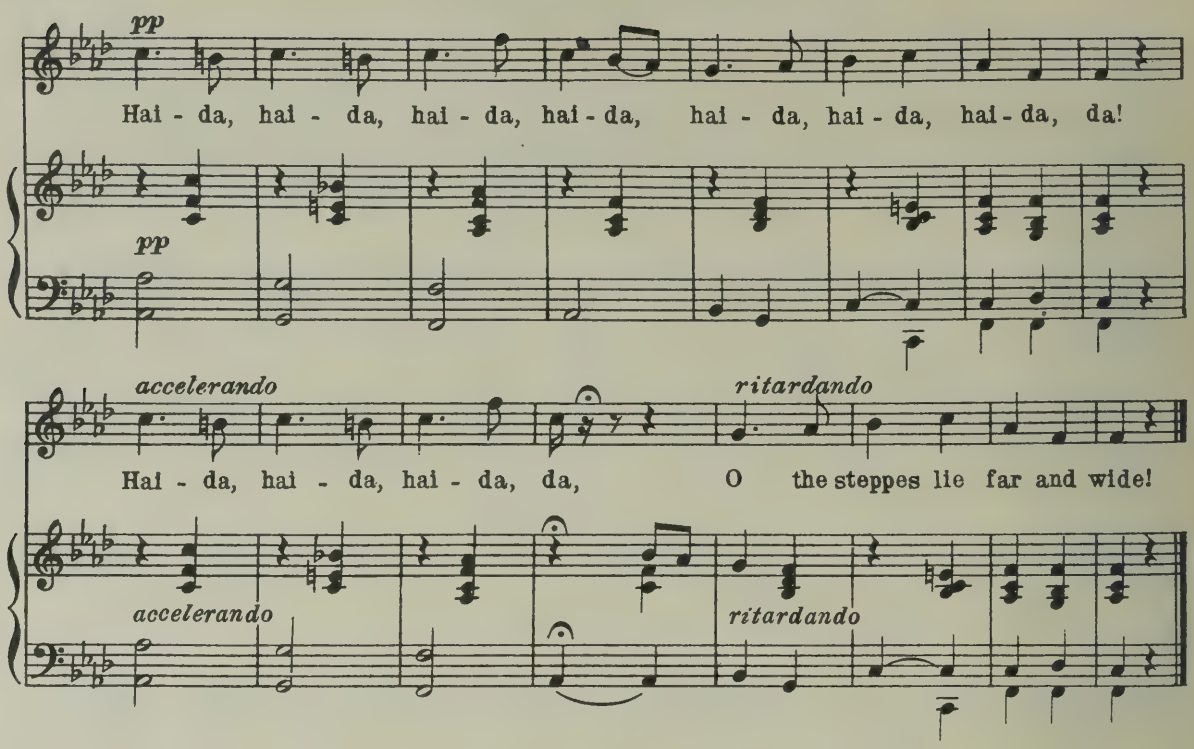
THE PEDDLER

Translated by
Jacob Robbins

Popular Song



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КОРОБЕЙНИКЪ.

Эхъ полнымъ полна коробушка,
Есть и ситецъ и парча,
Пожалѣй, душа зазнобушка,
Молодецкаго плеча.
Гайда, гайда, гайда, гайда, гайда, гайда, гайда,
Гайда, гайда, гайда, гайда,
Степь широкая моя.
Цѣны самъ платилъ немалыя,
Не торгуйся не скупись.
Подставляй ка губки алыя,
Ближе къ молодцу садись.
Гайда, гайда и т. д.
Выйди, выйди въ рожь высокую,
Тамъ до ночки подожду,
А завижу черноокую
Всѣ товары разложу.
Гайда, гайда и т. д.

The Peddler

See! my pack is filled to overflowing
With calicoes and brocades rare.
How it strains 'gainst my aching shoulders.
How may I such burdens bear!
How it strains against my aching shoulders.
How may I such burdens bear!

Refrain:

Haida, haida, haida, haida, haida, haida, haida, da!
Haida, haida, haida, da,
O the steppes lie far and wide!

I have gladly paid high prices,
Do not bargain stingily.
Just sit close when evening comes
Give your sweet, red rose-bud lips to me.
Just sit close and when the evening comes
Give your sweet, red, rose-bud lips to me.

Refrain:

I will wait 'till night comes darkening
In wide fields of dreaming wheat,
'Till your own dark eyes shine on me
While I lay my riches at your feet,
'Till your own dark eyes then shine on me
While I lay my riches at your feet.

Refrain:

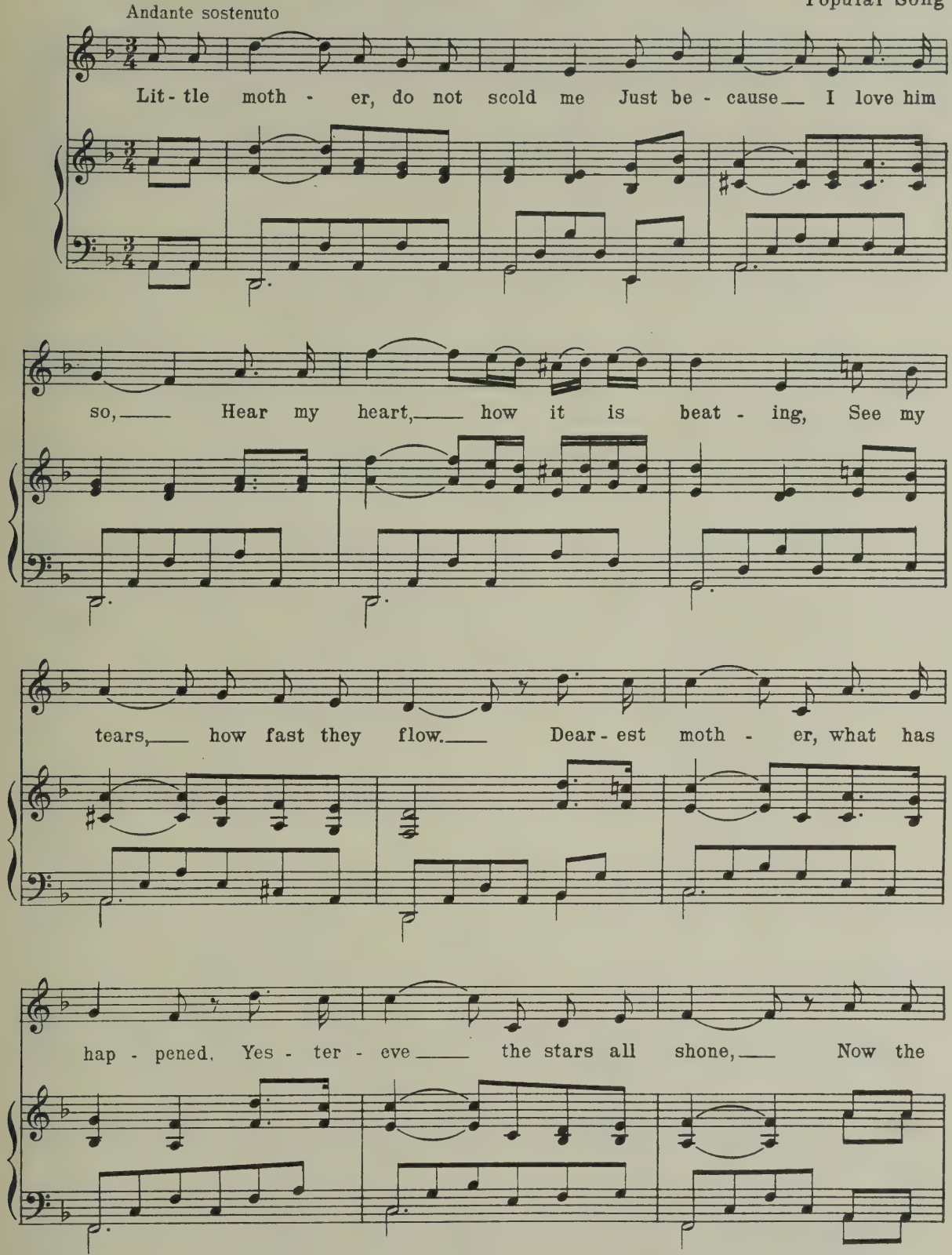
Translation by
Jacob Robbins

MOTHER, DO NOT SCOLD ME

English version by
C. H. B.

Popular Song

Andante sostenuto





НЕ БРАНИ МЕНЯ, РОДНАЯ.

Не брани меня, родная,
Что я такъ его люблю,
Скучно, скучно, дорогая,
Жить одной мнѣ безъ него.

Я не знаю, что такое
Вдругъ случилося со мной,
Такъ и бьется ретивое
И терзаюсь я тоской.

Все оно во мнѣ изныло,
Вся горю я какъ въ огнѣ,
Все не мило, все постыло
И страдаю я по немъ.

Въ ясный день и въ темны ночи,
И во снѣ и на яву,
Слезы мнѣ туманятъ очи,
Все летѣла бы къ нему.

Мнѣ не нужны всѣ наряды,
Ленты, камни и парчи
Кудри молодца и взгляды
Сердце бѣдное зажгли.

Сжалься, сжалься же, родная,
Перестань меня бранить,
Знать судьба моя такая,
Что должна его любить.

Mother, Do Not Scold Me

Little mother, do not scold me
Just because I love him so,
Hear my heart, how it is beating,
See my tears, how fast they flow.
Dearest mother, what has happened,
Yestereve the stars all shone,
Now the forest dim and lonely
Tells me only he is gone.

Little mother, do not scold me
No one told me--yet I know
Love has set a fire within me,
Only death can quench its glow.
In deep sleep one comes and calls me,
Bids me rise and to him go,
Dearest mother, do not scold me,
'Tis because I love him so.

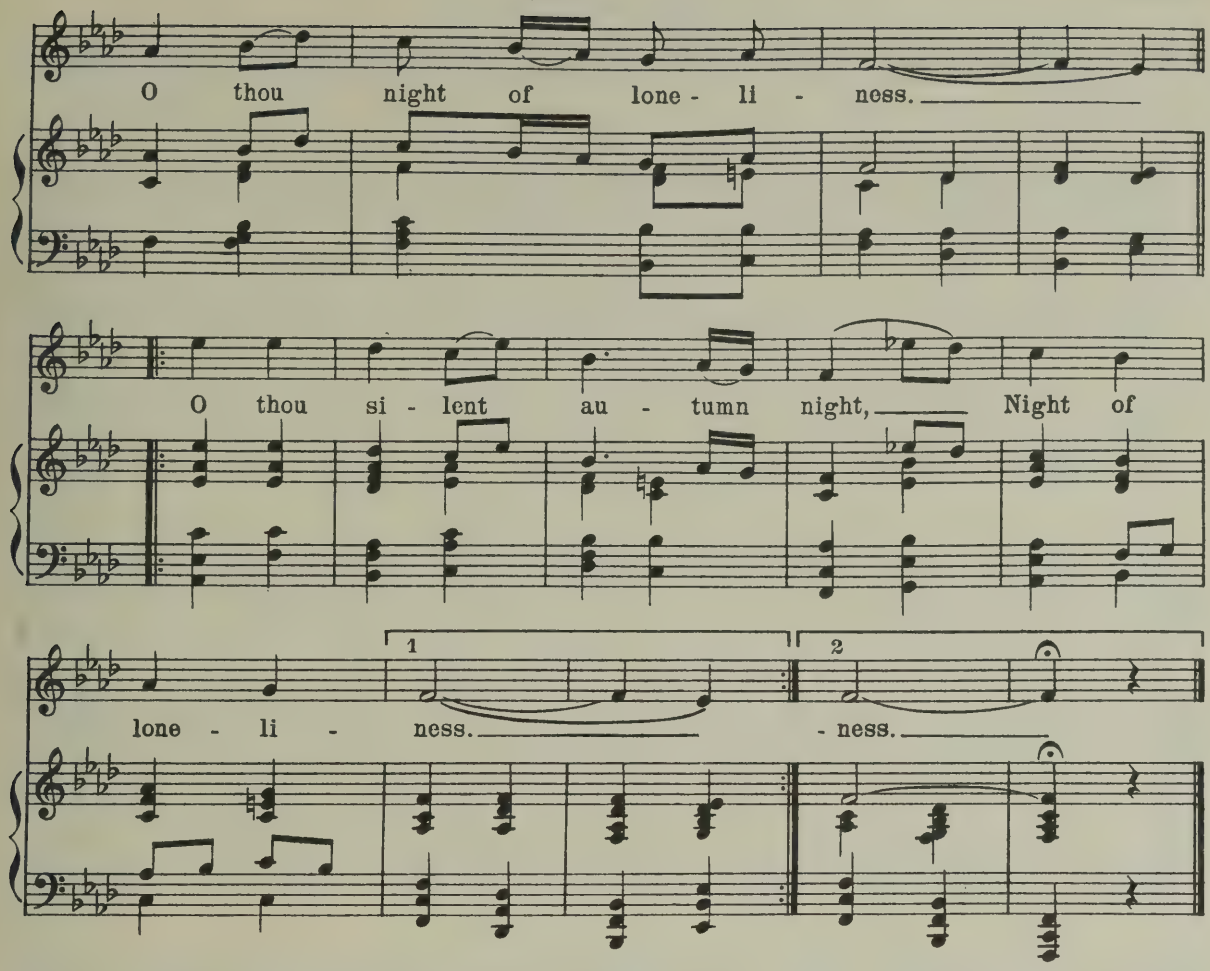
Little mother, do not scold me,
Tempt me not with garments fine,
Gold or gems of sparkling beauty,
Something dearer far is mine;
See, my finger bears a token
He has bound there with a vow,
Never shall our pledge be broken,
'Tis my fate to love him so.

English version by
(Charles H. Botsford)

NIGHT

Translation by
Jacob Robbins





АХЪ ТЫ НОЧКА, НОЧЕНЬКА.

Ахъ ты ноченька,
Ночка темная,
Ночка темная,
Ночь осенняя.
Ни одной нѣту
Въ небѣ звѣздочки,
Съ кѣмъ мнѣ ноченьку
Ночевать будетъ,
Съ кѣмъ осеннюю
Коротать будетъ.
Нѣтъ ни батюшки,
Нѣтъ ни матушки,
Лишь одинъ то есть
Милъ сердечный другъ,
Да и тотъ со мной
Не въ любви живетъ.

Night

O thou silent, autumn night,
O thou night of loneliness.

Refrain
O thou silent, autumn night,
Night of loneliness.

Not a single star is bright
In the autumn sky.
Refrain

Who will help me pass the night,
Pass the silent night?
Refrain

Who befriend me in the night,
In the autumn night?
Refrain

My father is away,
My dear mother, too.
Refrain

Only one can dry my tears,
In the silent night.
Refrain

Only one can dry my tears,
But he loves me not.
Refrain

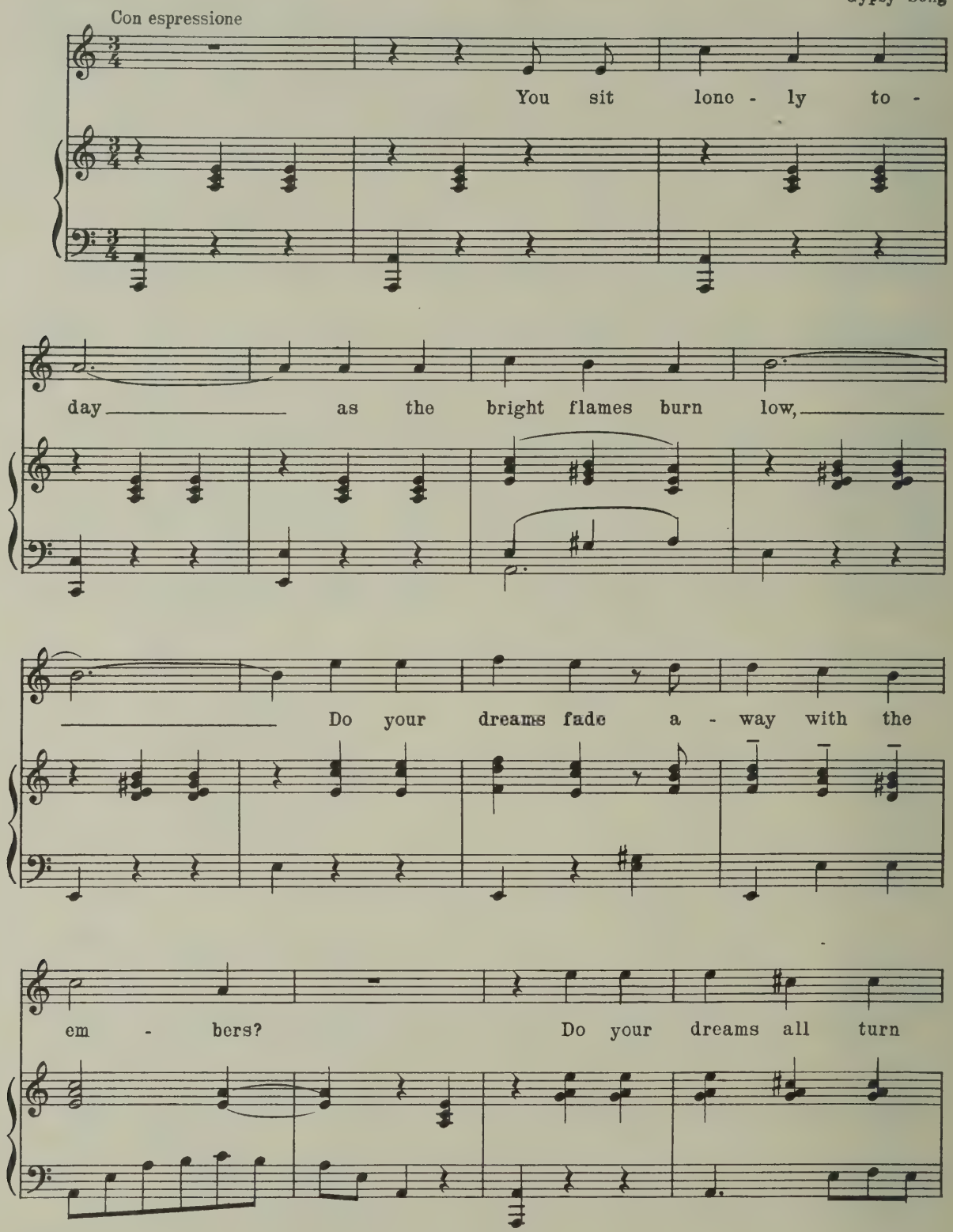
Translation by
Jacob Robbins

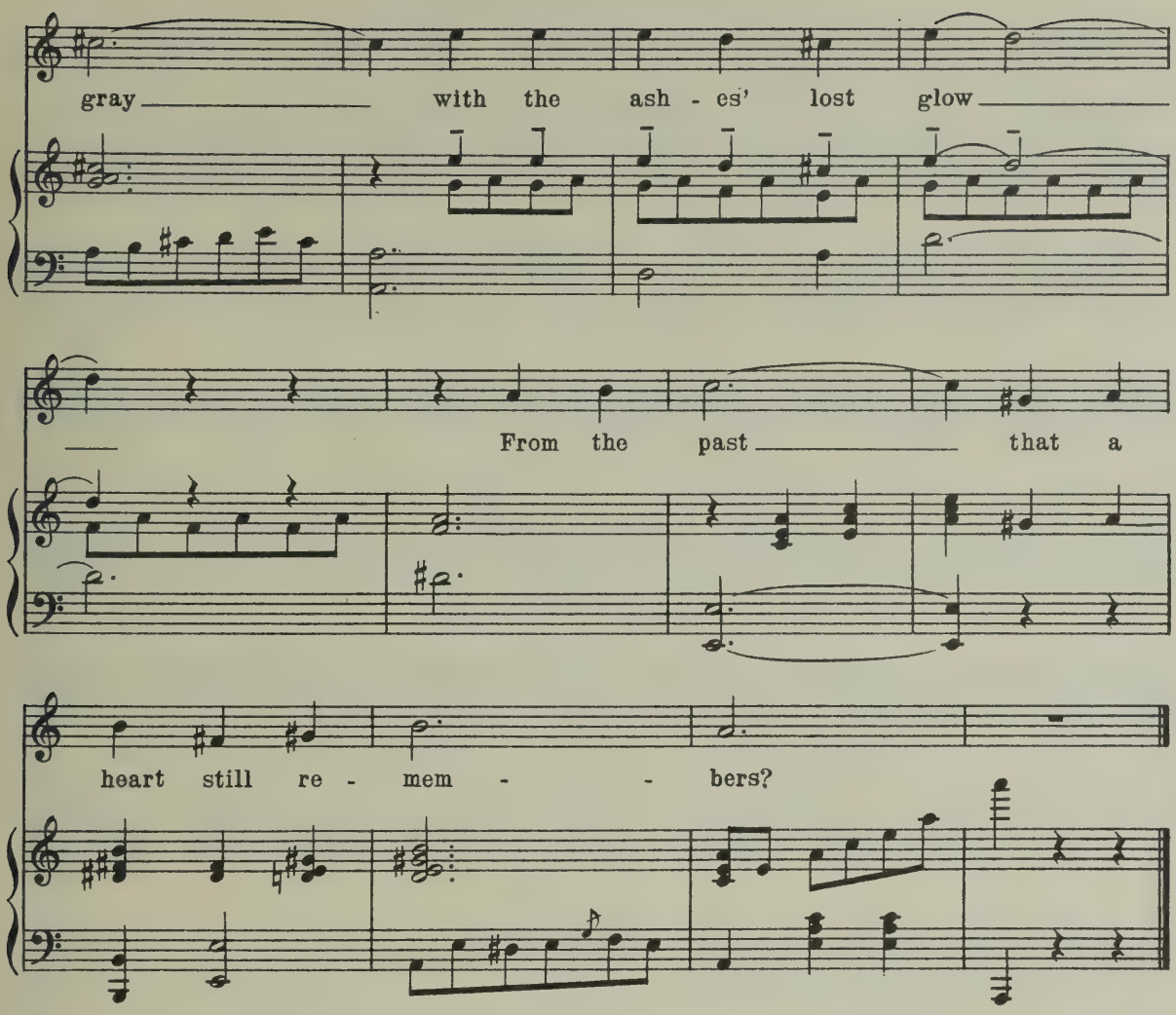
RUSSIA

BY THE FIRESIDE

English version by
Grantland Rice

Modern-Popular
Gypsy Song





У КАМИНА

Ты сидишь одиноко и смотришь съ тоской,
Какъ печально каминъ догораетъ,
И какъ пламя то въ немъ такъ и вспыхнетъ порой,
То безслѣдно опять исчезаетъ.

Ты грустишь все о чемъ то, не о прежнихъ ли дняхъ,
Полныхъ нѣги, любви и привѣта?
Такъ чего же ты ищешь въ сгорѣвшихъ угляхъ,
Вѣдь тебѣ не найти въ нихъ отвѣта.

Подожди еще мигъ, и не будетъ огней,
Что тебя такъ ласкали и грѣли,
И останется лишь только груда углей,
Что еще догорѣть не успѣли.

О повѣрь, и любовь, — это тотъ же каминъ,
Гдѣ сгораютъ всѣ лучшія грезы,
А погаснетъ любовь, въ сердцѣ холодъ одинъ,
Впереди лишь сомнѣнія и слезы.

By the Fireside

You sit lonely to-day as the bright flames burn low,
Do your dreams fade away with the embers?
Do your dreams all turn gray with the ashes' lost glow
From the past that a heart still remembers?

Are you sad for the days that will come nevermore
For the love that is now gone forever?
But the dead coals must wait-- as the bright days of yore
Pass into the dark night called never.

In a brief moment more, ah--there will be no fire
That once warmed you and softly caressed you;
Where the coals are as dead as the old, old desire,
Are as dead as the arms that once pressed you.

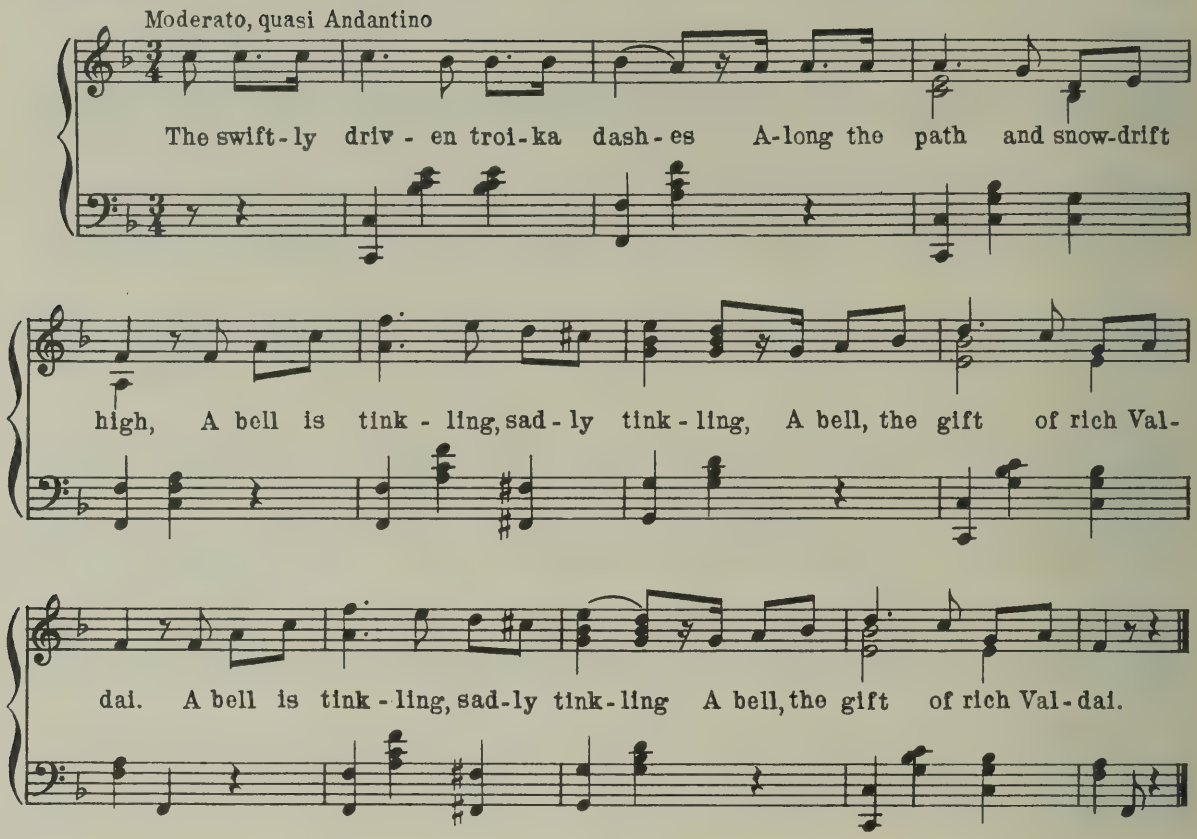
Ah, then what is our love but a fireside of dreams,
But a fireside of dead dreams only;
Where the flame now dies out as the night darkness streams
Through the soul of the dreamer, so lonely.

English version by
Grantland Rice

THE TROIKA

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Popular Song



ВОТЪ МЧИТСЯ ТРОЙКА УДАЛАЯ.

Вотъ мчится тройка удалая,
Вдоль по дорожкѣ столбовой.
И колокольчикъ даръ Валдая,
Гремитъ уныло подъ дугой.
Ямщикъ лихой, онъ всталъ съ полночи,
Ему взгрустнулося въ тиши,
И онъ поетъ про ясны очи,
Про очи дѣвицы души.
Вы очи, очи голубыя,
Вы изсушили молодца.
Зачѣмъ, о люди, люди злые,
Зачѣмъ разрознили сердца?

The Troika

The swiftly driven troika dashes
Along the path and snowdrift high,
A bell is tinkling, sadly tinkling,
A bell, the gift of rich Valdai.
A bell is tinkling, sadly tinkling,
A bell, the gift of rich Valdai.

The lonely driver rose at midnight,
O, he is grieving in the night,
Ah, he is singing of the beauty
Of maidens' eyes, of eyes of light.
Ah, he is singing of the beauty
Of maidens' eyes, of eyes of light.

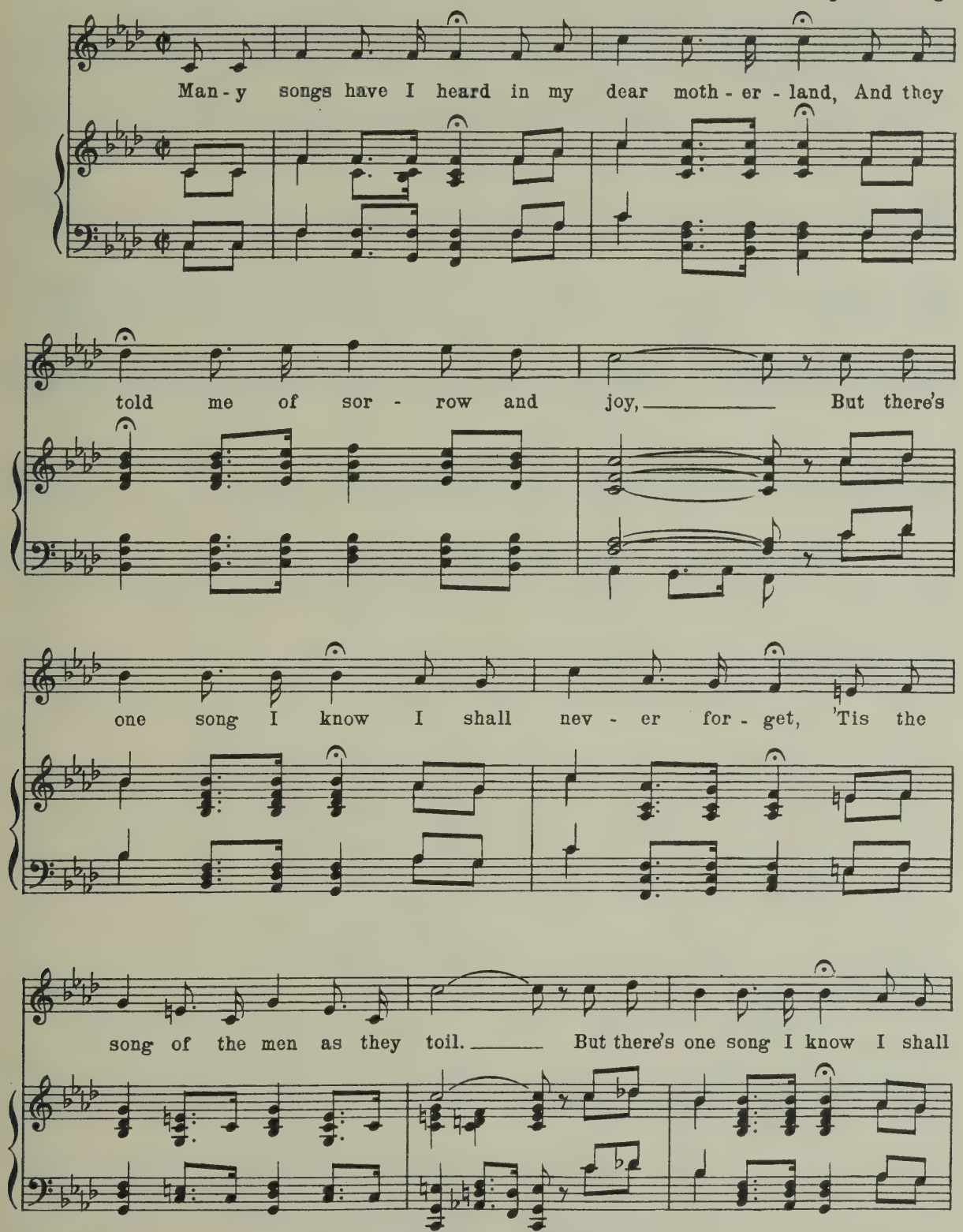
O eyes, dear eyes, blue eyes like heaven,
To you I lost my faithful heart.
O, evil people, evil people,
Why did you drive us far apart?
O, evil people, evil people,
Why did you drive us far apart?

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

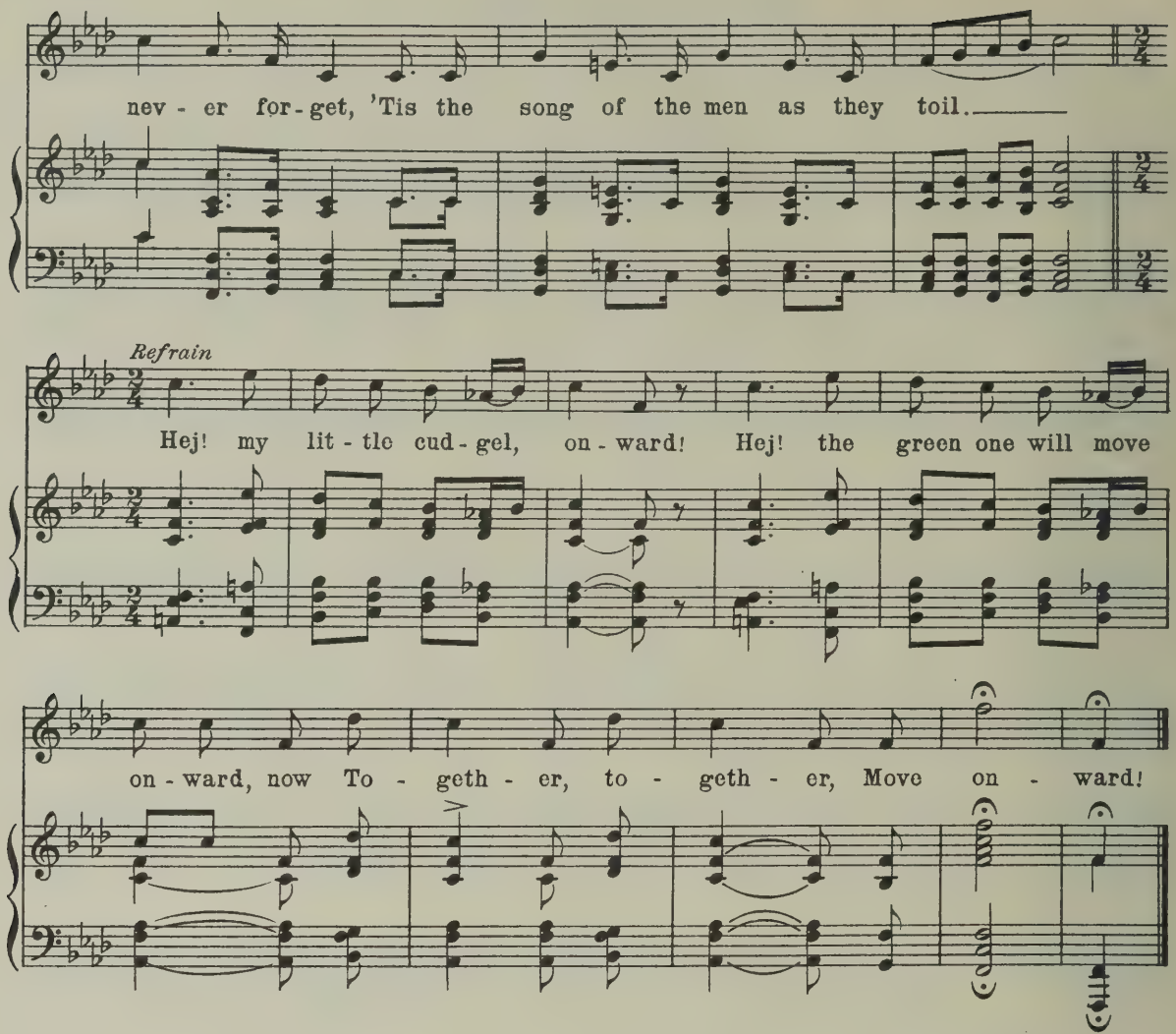
THE LITTLE CUDGEL

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Popular Song



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ДУБИНУШКА.

Много пѣсенъ слыхалъ на родной сторонѣ,
Тамъ про радость и горе въ нихъ пѣли.
Изъ тѣхъ пѣсенъ одна въ память врѣзалась мнѣ,
Это пѣсня рабочей артели.

Эй дубинушка ухнемъ,
Эй зеленая сама пойдетъ.
Эй ухнемъ, эй ухнемъ.

Умираетъ отецъ, и на смертномъ одрѣ
Завѣщаетъ родному онъ сыну
Лишь покорность тупую гнетущей судьбѣ,
И унылую пѣсню, дубину.

Эй дубинушка ухнемъ, и т. д.

Англичанинъ, мудрецъ, чтобъ работѣ помочь,
Изобрѣлъ за машиной машину,
А нашъ русскій мужикъ, коль работа не въ мочь,
Такъ затянетъ родную дубину.

Эй дубинушка ухнемъ, и т. д.

The Little Cudgel

Many songs have I heard in my dear motherland
And they told me of sorrow and joy.
But there's one song I know I shall never forget,
'Tis the song of the men as they toil:

Refrain
Hej! my little cudgel, onward!
Hej! the green one will move onward, now
Together, together,
Move onward!

Oh, the English are wise, to help labor along
From water and fire they borrow.
But our Russian moujik, when his work is too hard
Will intone in his need and his sorrow:
Refrain

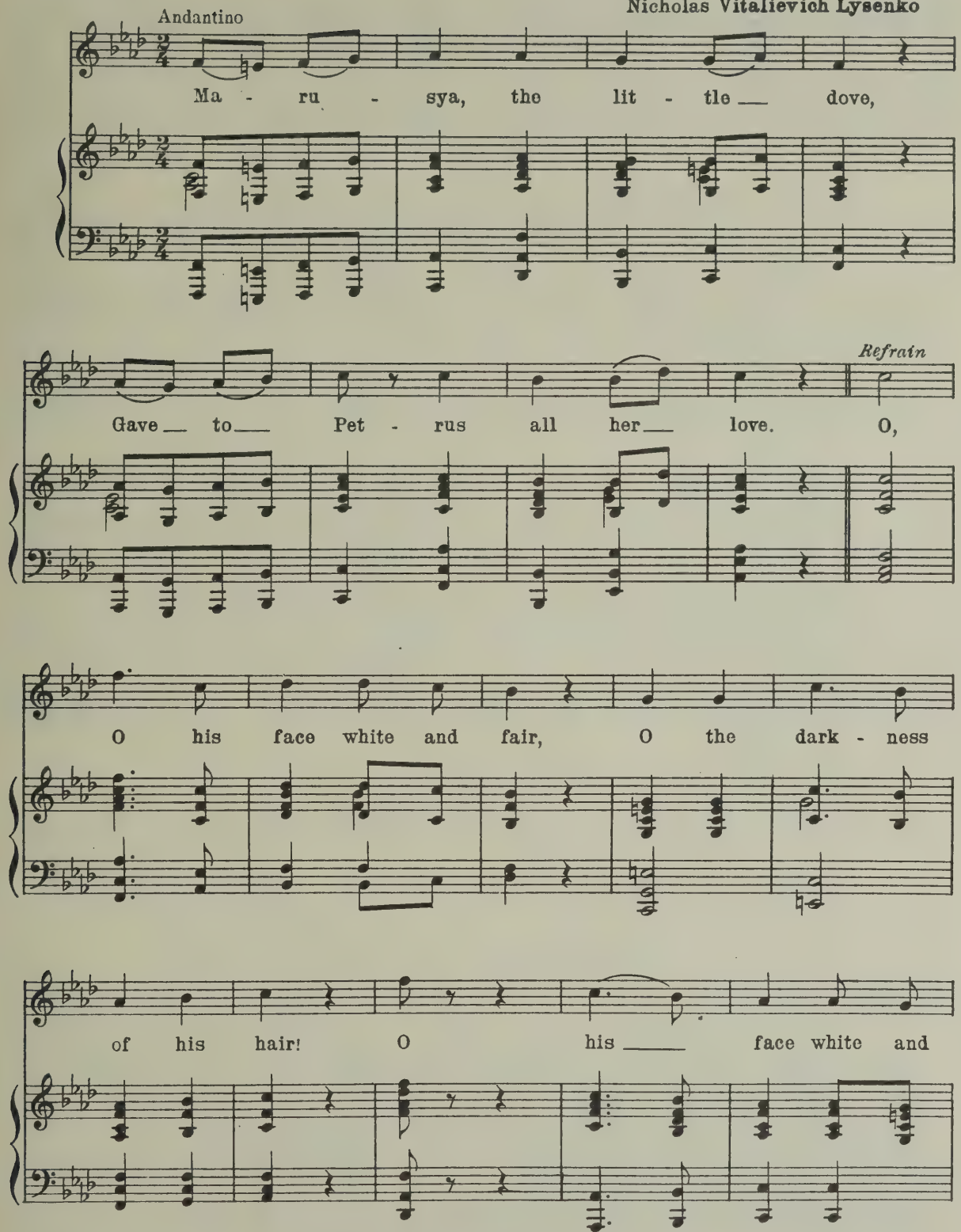
When the old father dies, to his sorrowing son
He leaves, as a blest heritage,
Long forbearance and patience with hard-hearted fate
And this song for his toiling and grieving:
Refrain

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

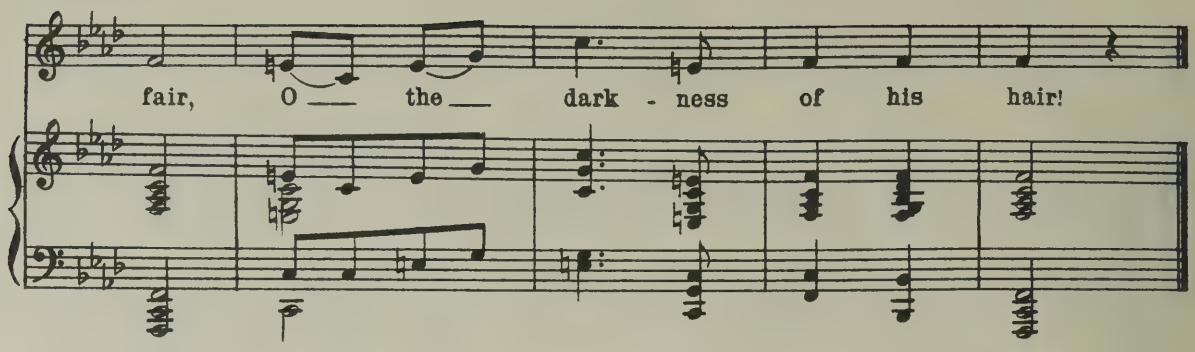
PETRUS

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Air from the opera "Natalka Poltavka," by
Nicholas Vitalievich Lysenko



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БУЛА СОБІ МАРУСЯ.

Була собі Маруся,
Полюбила Петруся —
Ой, лихо не Петрусь,
Біле личко, чорний вус. (2)
Вітер віе горою,
Іде Петрусь зо мною,
Ой, лихо...
Я з Петрусьом стояла,
Прийти к' мені прохала,
Ой, лихо...
Наварю я галушок,
І напечу пампушок,
Ой, лихо...
Наварила, напекла
Не для кого, — для Петра,
Ой, лихо...
Нема Петра, тільки Гриць —
Шкода моїх варениць,
Ой, лихо...
Ой, за того Петруся
Била мене матуся,
Ой, лихо...
Ой, любилаб Петруся,
Поговору боюся,
Ой, лихо...
Хоч ти мене мати бий,
Таки буде Петрусь мій,
Ой, лихо...

Petrus

Marusya, the little dove,
Gave to Petrus all her love.

Refrain
O his face, white and fair,
O the darkness of his hair!

O'er the hills the wind roams free,
Come, dear Petrus, come with me.
Refrain

I will work and make a cake,
Only for my darling's sake.
Refrain

But my Petrus did not come,
Only Gritzo found me home.
Refrain

I don't care what parents say,
If my Petrus will but stay.
Refrain

Faithful to him I will be,
Till death ends this misery.
Refrain

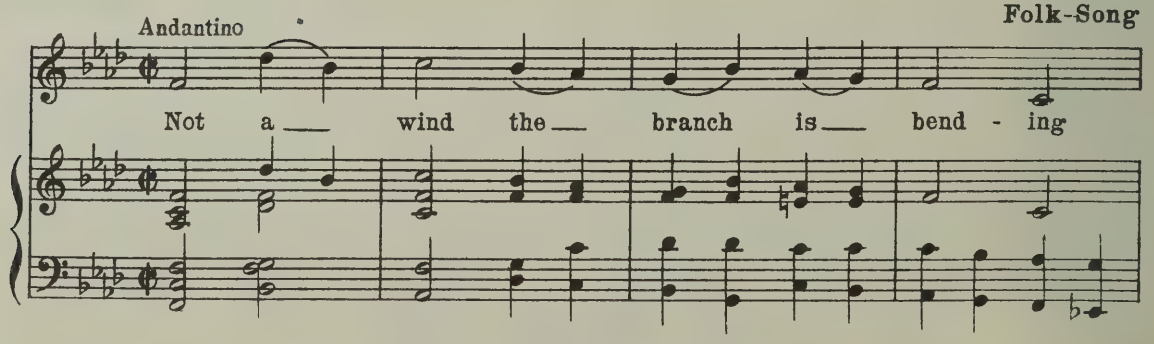
Translation by
Jacob Robbins

RUSSIA

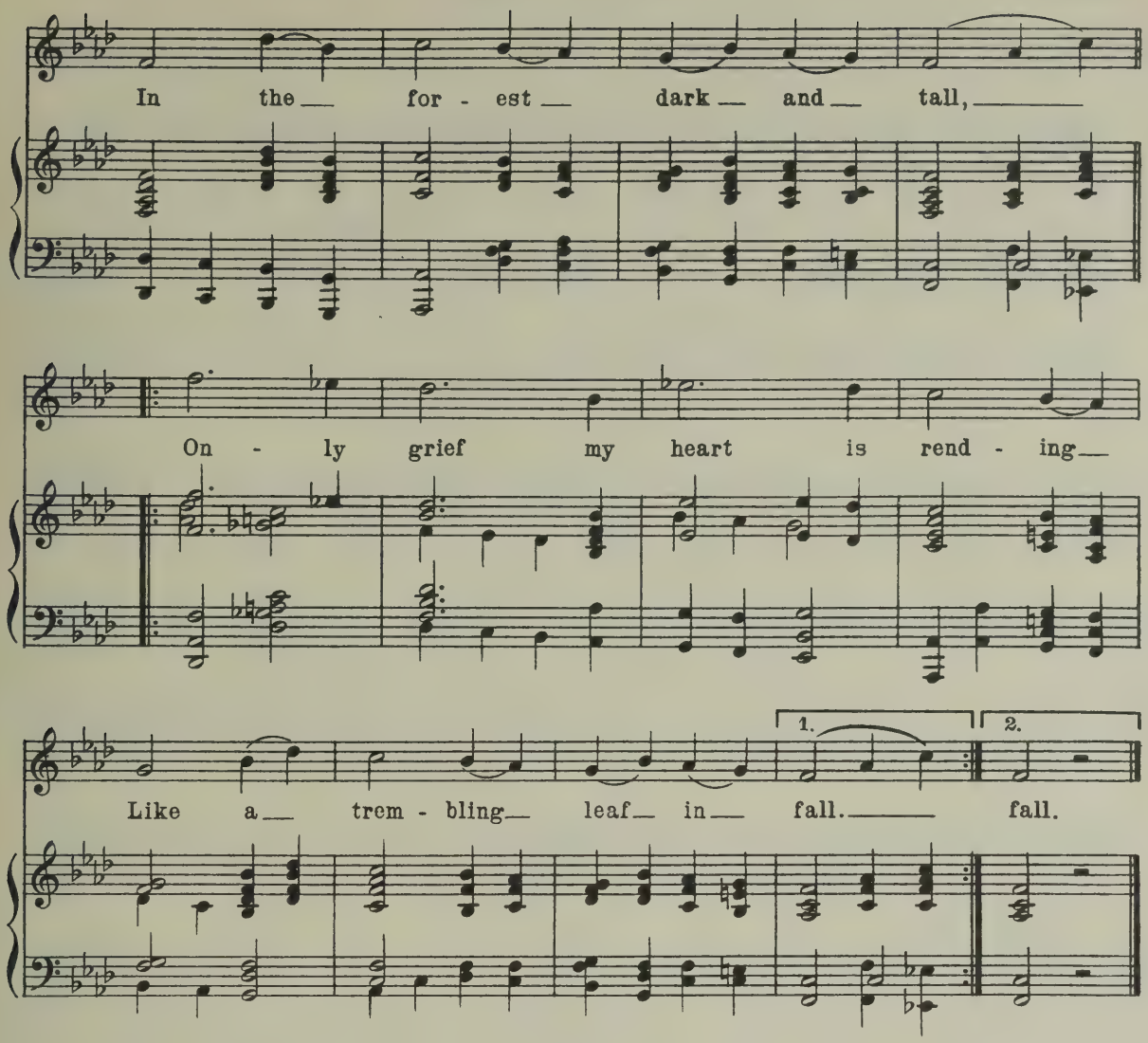
THE BENDING BRANCH

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Folk-Song



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ТО НЕ ВѢТЕРЪ ВѢТКУ КЛОНИТЪ.

То не вѣтеръ вѣтку клонитъ,
Недубравушка шумитъ,
Такъ мое сердечко стонетъ
Какъ осенній листъ дрожитъ.

Извела меня кручина
Подколодная змѣя....
Догорай моя лучина, —
Догорю съ тобой и я.

Не житье мнѣ здѣсь безъ милой,
Съ кѣмъ теперь идти къ вѣнцу?
Знать сулилъ мнѣ рокъ съ могилой
Обвѣнчаться молодцу.

Разступись земля сырая,
Дай мнѣ молодцу покой,
Пріюти меня родная
Въ тихой кельѣ гробовой.

The Bending Branch

Not a wind the branch is bending
In the forest dark and tall,
Only grief my heart is rending
Like a trembling leaf in fall.

Fate has dealt with me unkindly,
Fate has tricked me in the night;
My sad life is slowly dying,
And I die as dies the light.

I have lost my long beloved,
I have lost my shining bride.
To the graveyard in a coffin,
I will take my wedding-ride.

Part, oh part, grey earth, my mother,
Give me long awaited rest;
Fold me in your cold embraces,
Let me sleep within your breast.

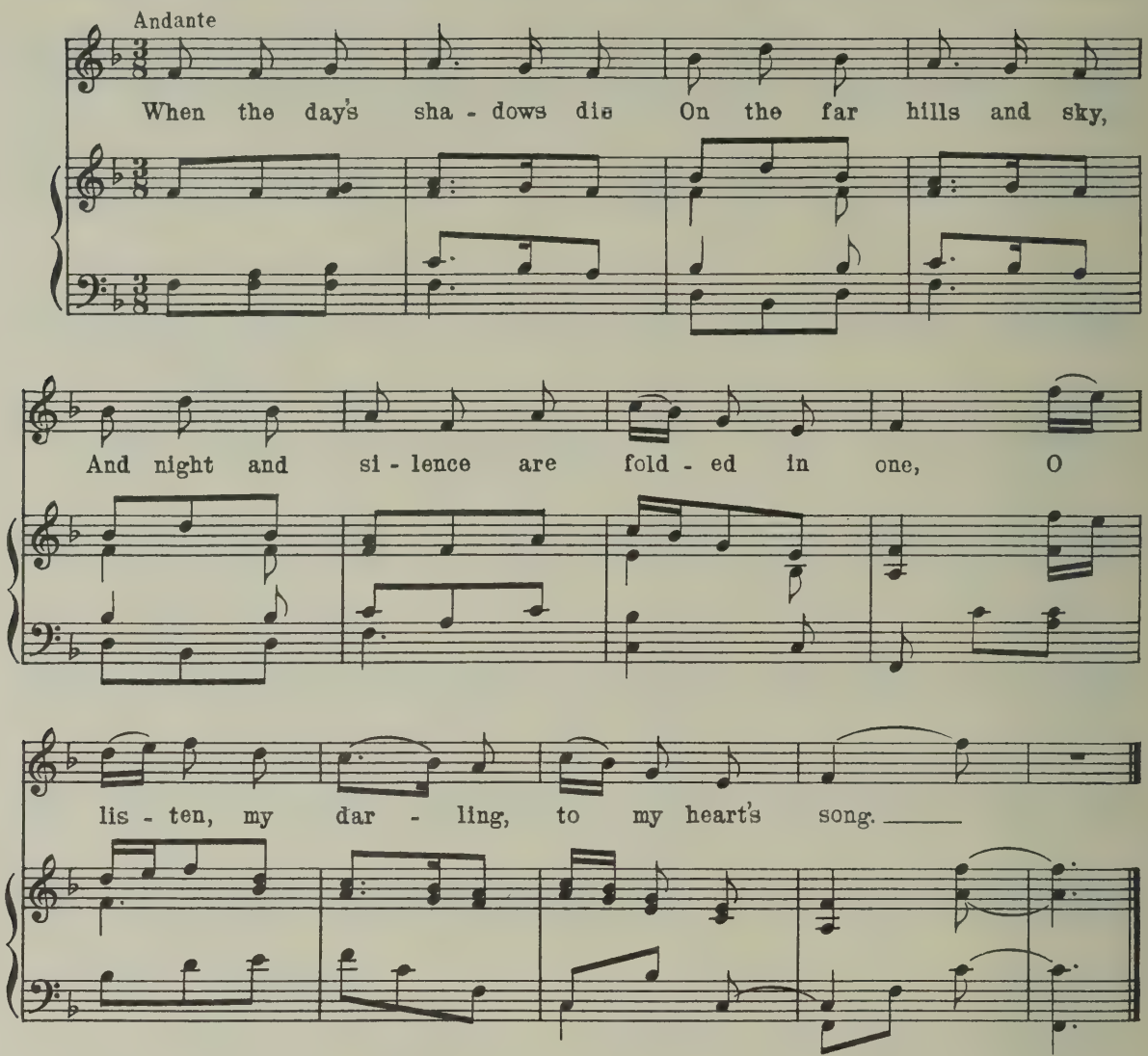
Translation by
Jacob Robbins

UKRAINE

THE SUN IS LOW

English version by
H.B.

Folk-Song



Sonce nyzeńko

Sonce nyzeńko, weczer blyzenko,
Spiszu do tebe, leczu do tebe,
Moje serdeńko!

Ty obiciala mene wik lubyty,
Ni z kym ne znatyś, i wsich curatyś,
A dla mene żyty!

Serdeńko moje! kolyś my oboje
Lubylyś wirno, czesno, prymirno
I zyly w pokoju!

The Sun Is Low

When the day's shadows die
On the far hills and sky,
And night and silence are folded in one,
O listen, my darling, to my heart's song.

How oft you've promised me
Love should eternal be,
Never to hearken though others plead.
My darling, be constant—'tis my heart's song.

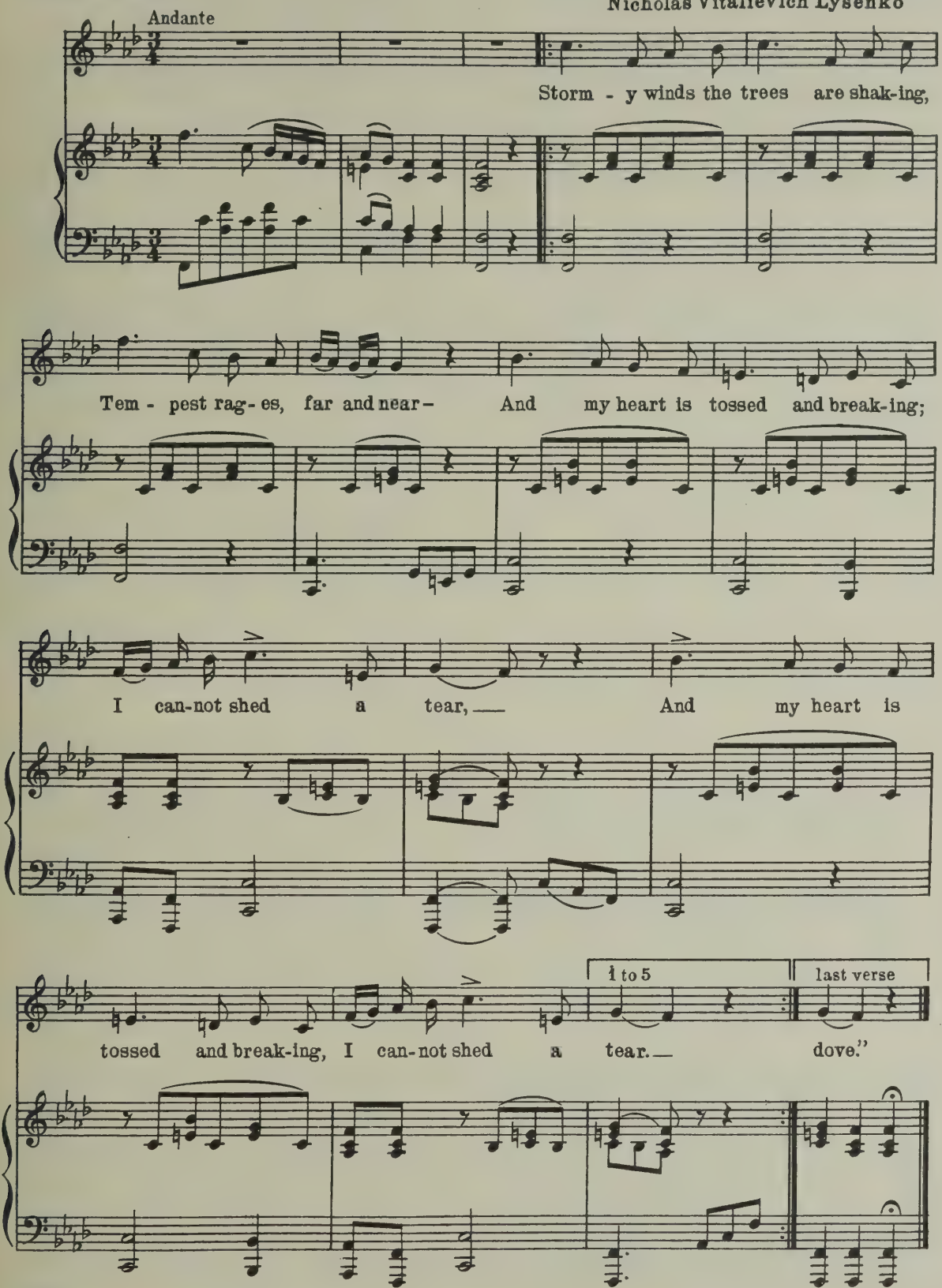
We'll live so happily
The world will envious be,
But, love, remember, if thou'rt untrue
Two hearts will be broken and sing no more.

English version by
H.B.

THE WINDS BLOW

Paraphrase by
Christopher Morley

Air from the opera "Natalka Poltavka," by
Nicholas Vitalievich Lysenko



Wijut witry

Wijut' witry, wijut' bujni, aź derewa hnut' sia,
O, jak bołyt' moje serce, a słezy ne lłut' sia.

Traczu lita w lutim horiu, i kińcia ne baczu,
Tilky tohdi i połeksza, ja nyszkom popłaczu.

Ne poprawlat' słezy szczastia,–seroiu łeksze bude,
Chto szczasły wym buw, czasoczok, po wik ne zabude.

Jest-że lude, szczo i mojij zawydujut' doli,
Czy szczasły waź ta bylynka, szczo roste u poli?

Szczo na poli, szczo na piskach, bez rosy na soney?
Tiażko żyty bez myłoho i w swojej storonci!

De ty myłyj czornobrywyj? de ty? ozowy sia!
Jak ja bidna tut horjuju, pryjdy, podywy sia.

Połetiłab ja do tebe, ta kryłeó ne maju,
Szczob pobaczyw, jak bez tebe z horia usychaju.

Do kohoż ja pryhornu sia, i kto pryhołubyt,
Koły teper ne ma toho, jakyj mene lubyt.

The Winds Blow

Stormy winds the trees are shaking,
Tempest rages, far and near–
And my heart is tossed and breaking,
I cannot shed a tear.

Bitter years are gray behind me,
I can see no end to grief;
If the tears would come and blind me
They'd bring my heart relief.

Even tears have not the power
Vanished blessing to restore;
Happiness known for an hour,
Forgotten nevermore.

Those who say I seem to flourish
Little know my secret pain–
Barren sands no grasses nourish,
They need soil, dew and rain.

Sweetheart, I am yearning, yearning
For my darling, dark of brow,
And I hear no voice returning–
Dear love, where are you now?

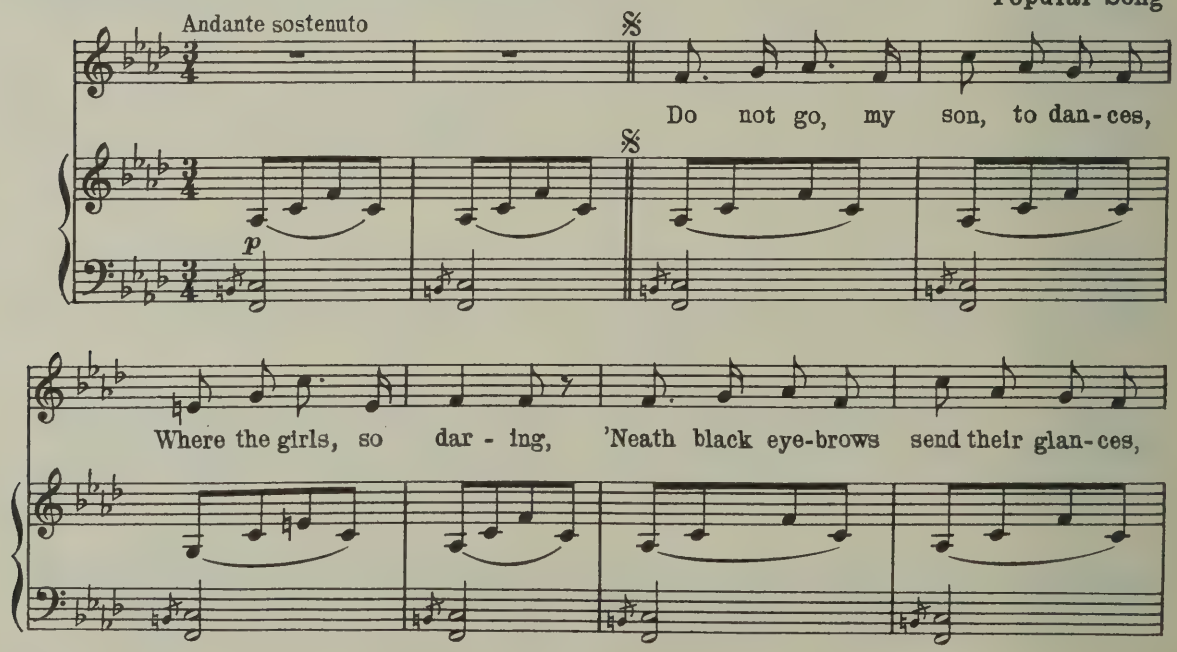
Sweet, if I had wings for flying,
I would come and tell my love;
Hear your whisper, low replying–
Hear you say, "little dove."

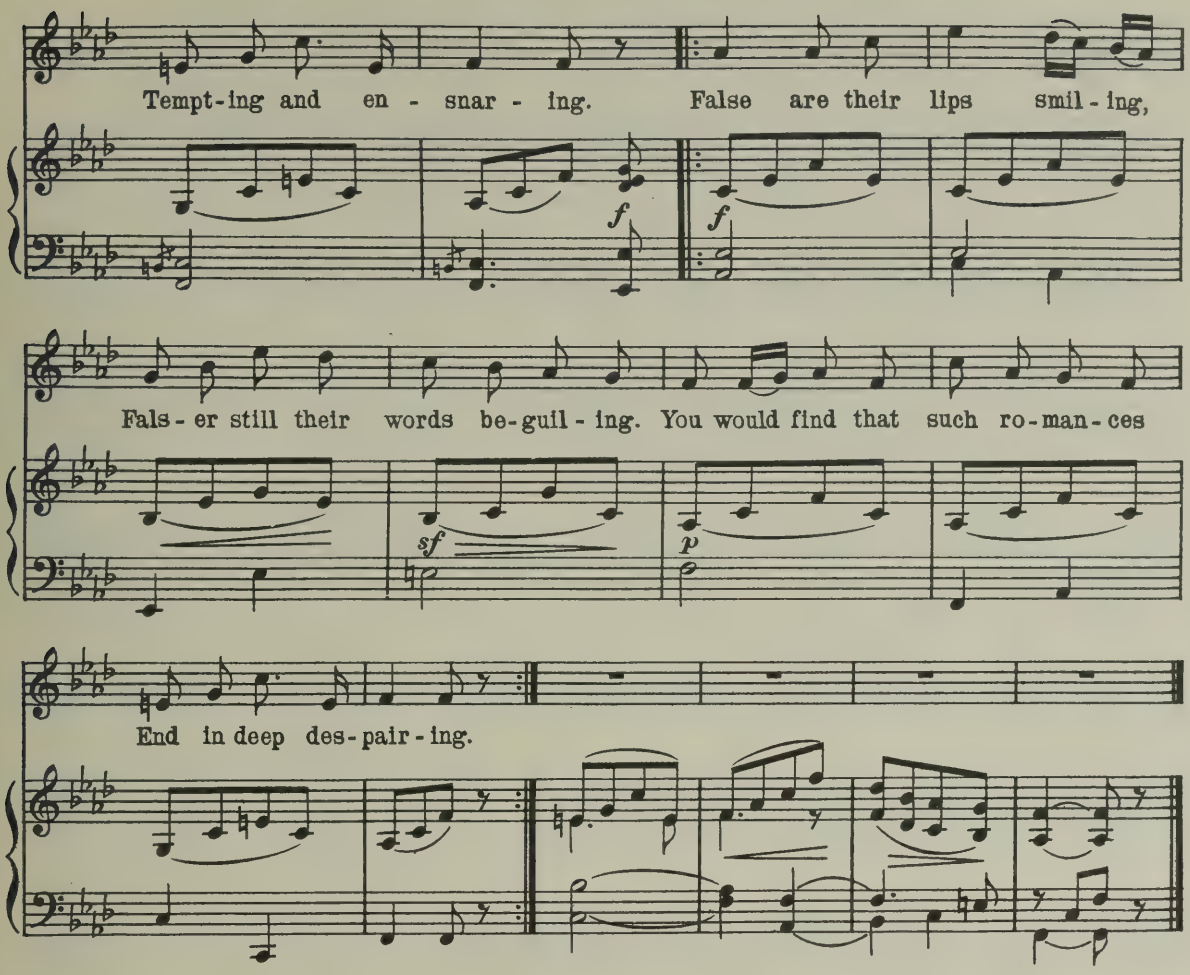
Paraphrase by
Christopher Morley

DO NOT GO, GREGORY

Free translation by
Anna Mathewson

Popular Song





ОЙ НЕ ХОДЫ, ГРЫЦЮ.

Ой не ходы, грыцю, на вечерныци;
Бо на вечерныцяхъ дивки чаривныцы.
Котра дивчына чорнобрывая,
Та чаривныченька справедлывая.
Оженыся, сыну, оженысь небоже,
Та не беры удовы, не дай тоби Боже!
Бо въ удовы сердце, якъ зимнее сонце:
А хоть воно якъ нагріе, та холодный вітеръ віе.
А возьмы жъ ты дивчыну, бидну сиротыну:
Буде тебе шануваты, якъ маты дытыну,
Бо въ дивчыны сердце, якъ литнее сонце:
Хоть воно хмарнесеньке, та таки тенлесеньке.

Do Not Go, Gregory

Do not go, my son,to dances,
Where the girls,so daring,
'Neath black eyebrows send their glances,
Tempting and ensnaring.
False are their lips smiling,
Falser still their words beguiling.
You would find that such romances
End in deep despairing.

Though to wed you must not tarry,
Gregory, remember,
If a widow you should marry,
Life would be December;
Chill as the wind blowing,
E'en when winter's sun is glowing,
To your hearth-stone she would carry
Nothing but an ember.

Wed a maiden young and slender,
One who will endeavor
Always to be kind and tender,
And deceive you never.
Clouds may be dark o'er you,
Warmer will her heart beat for you;
Like the summer sun in splendor,
Love will shine forever.

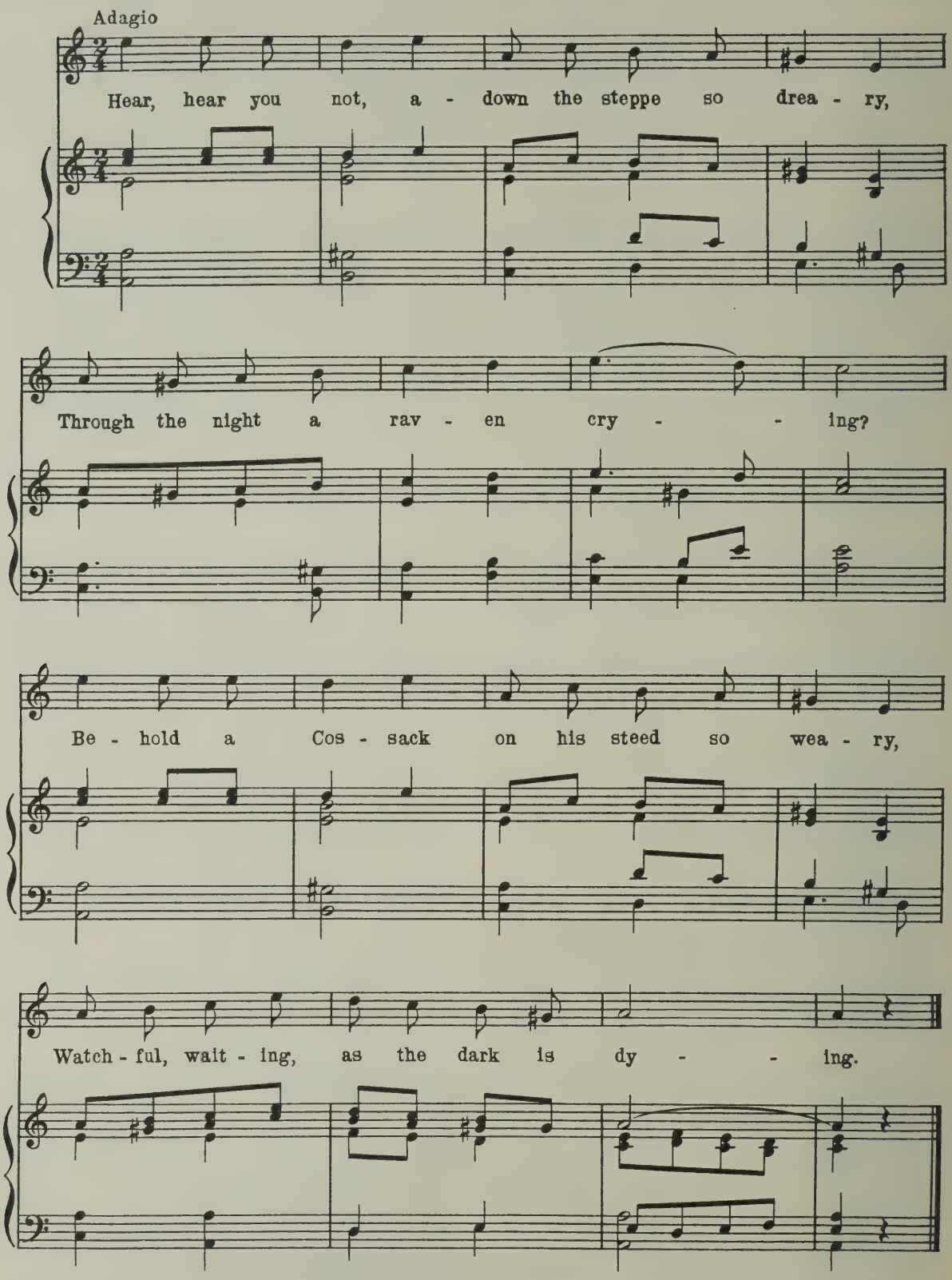
Free translation by
Anna Mathewson

UKRAINE

COSSACK'S LAMENT

English version by
Clinton Scollard

Folk-Song



ОЙ КРЯЧЕ, КРЯЧЕ.

Ой кряче, кряче та ворон чорненький
Та у лузі над водою;
Ой, плаче плаче козак молоденький
На конику вороному.

Вороний коню, грай ти підо мною
Та розбивай тугу мою;
Ой, розбивай тугу по темному лугу
Козакови молодому.

Ой, їде козак та доріженькою,
Сльозоньками вмивається;
Десь моя ненька, десь моя старенька
Та за мною убивається.

Ой, в неділеньку рано-пораненьку,
Як ще сонце не сходило,
Та жалілася вся моя родина
Та мене випроваджувала.

Випроваджаєш, моя родиноньку,
Та чи не жаль тобі буде,
Як я пійду на ту Україну
Та межи чужії люди.

Ой, згадай мене, моя стара нене,
Сідаючи та обідати,
Десь моя дитина на чужій стороні
Та без вітця, та без мати.

Ой, згадай мене, моя стара нене,
Як сядеш у вечері їсти,
Десь моя дитина на чужій стороні,
Та нема від неї і вісти.

Cossack's Lament

Hear, hear you not, adown the steppe so dreary,
Through the night a raven crying?
Behold a Cossack on his steed so weary,
Watchful, waiting, as the dark is dying.

"My little horse," he cries, "be wise, be wary;
Well I know there's naught thou fearest;
Go, faithful friend, haste, haste thee on and carry
My sad thoughts to greet my mother dearest!

Swift, lest my lonely heart should break to-morrow
Without thee, and thine assistance!"
The only voice that's heard is that of sorrow,
Like the raven's wailing in the distance!

Hear, hear you not, adown the steppe so dreary,
Through the night a raven crying?
Behold a Cossack on his steed so weary,
Watchful, waiting, as the dark is dying.

English version by
Clinton Scollard

THE RED-HEADED FAMILY

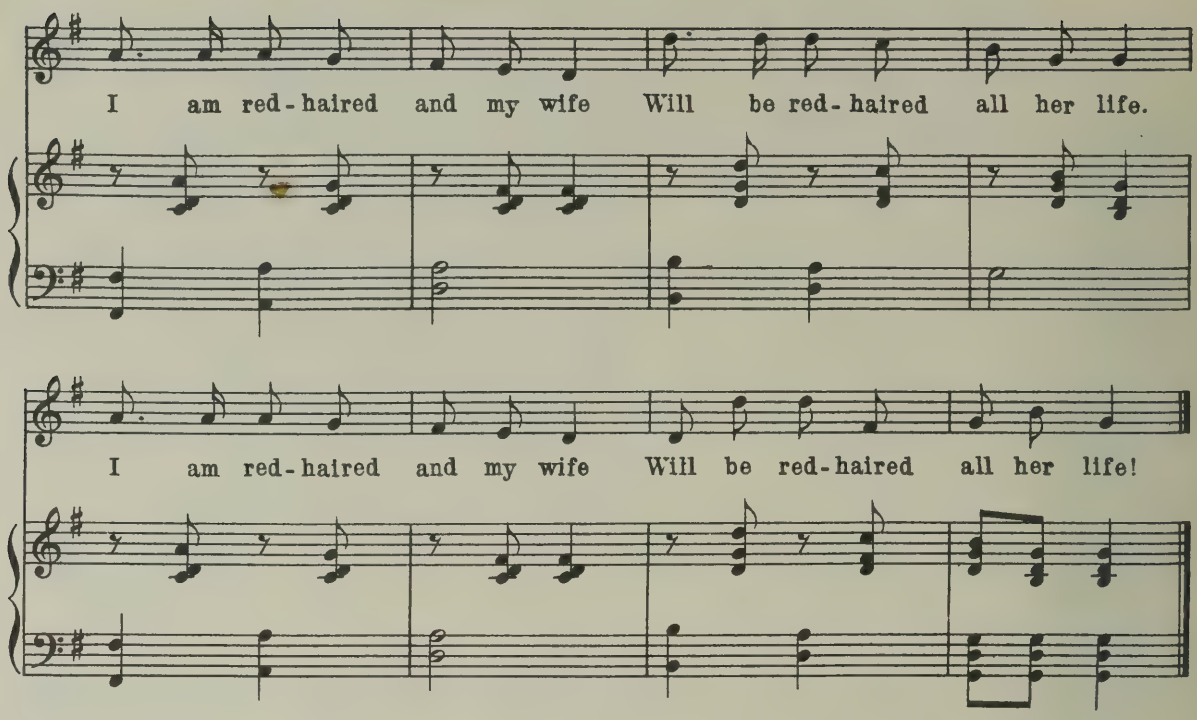
Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Folk-Song



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UKRAINE



ДІД РУДИЙ, БАБА РУДА.

Дид рудий, баба руда,
Батько рудий, мати руда,
Дядько рудий, тітка руда,
Брат рудий, сестра руда —
І я рудий руду взяв,
Бо рудую сподобав.

Ой, по горі, по палянці,
В понеділок дуже вранці
Ішли наші новобранці,
Поклонилися шинкарці,
А шинкарка на них морг:
„Іду, братчики, на торг"...

Ішли Ляхи на три шляхи,
А Татари на чотири,
Шведи враги поле вкрили;
Козак в лузі окликнувся,
Швед, Татарин, Лях здрігнувся,
І в дугу всяк ізогнувся.

The Red-Headed Family

Granny's red-haired, grandad too,
My dad is red-haired, so is mother,
Uncle's red-haired, auntie too,
My sister's red-haired, so is brother,
I am red-haired and my wife
Will be red-haired all her life.
I am red-haired and my wife
Will be red-haired all her life!

Early on a Monday morn
Past the green hills where I was born,
Marched our Cossacks brave to battle,
Eager-eyed to prove their mettle,
Innkeepers along the way
Sold red wine the livelong day,
I am red-haired and my wife
Will be red-haired all her life!

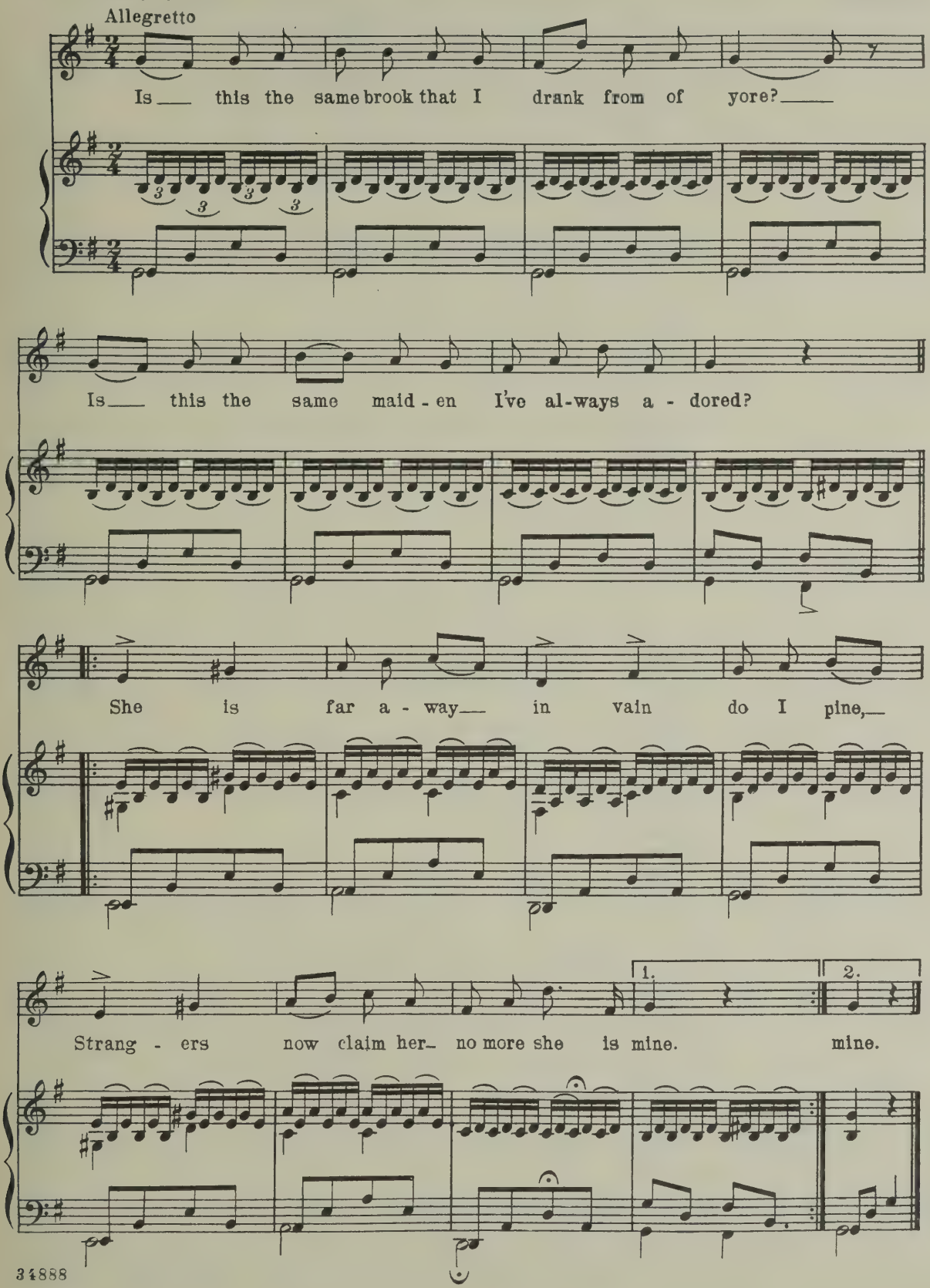
Came the Poles adown the three roads,
And the Tartars came down four roads,
All the fields with Swedes were covered.
But the Cossacks looked and shouted,
Tartar, Pole and Swede he flouted,
With his cry their hosts he routed.
I am red-haired and my wife
Will be red-haired all her life!

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

IS THIS THE SAME BROOK?

Paraphrase by
Harriet Whitney Symonds

Folk-Song



Czy seż taja krynyczeńka?

Czy seż toja krynyczeńka, szczo ja wodu pyw?
Czy seż taja diwczyňńonka, szczo lublu, j'lubyw?
Oj żal meni bude, wozmut jeji lude,
Woźmuť jeji lude, moja ne bude!

Czy seż taja krynyczeńka, szczo ho lub kupaws
Czy sez taja diwczynońka, szczo ja żeny chawá?
Oj żal – –

Oj seż taja krynyczeńka i hlucz i wedro
A wźź mwne diwczynonikaz zabu la dawno!
Oj żal – –

Zasypa laś krynyczeńka zolotym piskom
Zlubyla sia diwzynonka z druhym kókakom!
Oj żal – –

Wzz do jeji krynyczenky srozky zarosly
Da wzez moju diwczyneńku swataty pryjazly!
Oj żal – –

Szumlať werby szczo nad teju krynyce ju rostut
Da wźź moju diwczynońku do ślubu weduť;
Oj żal – –

Odyn wede za ruczeńku druhyj za rukaw
Tretyj stoiť, serce bolyť lubyw to ne wziaw!
Oj żal – –

Is This the Same Brook?

Is this the same brook that I drank from of yore?
Is this the same maiden I've always adored?

Refrain

She is far away – in vain do I pine,
Strangers now claim her – no more she is mine.

Is this the same brook where bathed the white dove –
The same girl I wooed with the fervor of love?
Refrain

Is this the same brook and the water-jug old?
The girl has forgotten – her heart has grown cold.
Refrain

In the brook's golden sand no footprint I see,
To a Cossack she is promised – woe to me.
Refrain

A web of wild grass o'er the brook path is spun;
The girl of my heart they have wooed – they have won.
Refrain

They gather all around her – lead her away,
While my heart in its anguish is breaking to-day.
Refrain

The willows that bend o'er the brook, how they moan!
They have taken my love from me – I am left alone.
Refrain

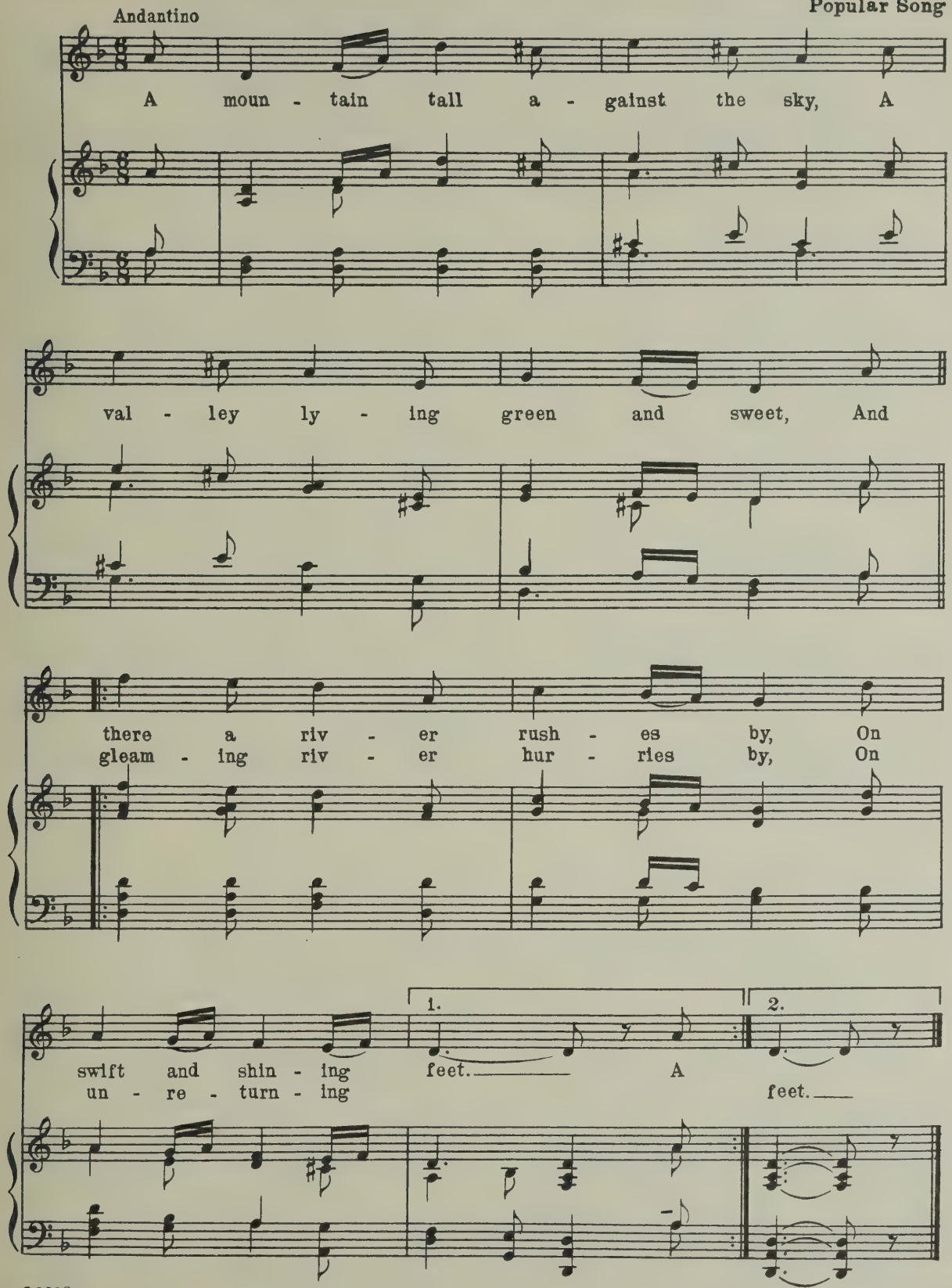
Paraphrase by
Harriet Whitney Symonds

A HIGH MOUNTAIN STANDS

Paraphrase by
David Morton

Andantino

Popular Song



UKRAINE

СТОІТЬ ГОРА ВИСОКАЯ.

Стоіть гора высокая,
По підъ горою гай,
Зеленій гай, густесенькій,
Неначе справді рай.

Підъ гаемъ веть ся річенька,
Якъ скло вода блищить,
Долиною зеленою
Кудись вона біжить.

Край берега у затишку
Привязані човни,
А три верби схилили ся,
Мов журять ся вони,

Що пройде любе літечко,
Повіютъ холода,
Осиплеть ся з них листячко—
І понесе вода.

Журю ся й я надъ річкою...
Біжить вона, шумить,
А в мене чуле серденько
І мліе і болить.

Стоіть гора высокая,
Зеленій гай шумить,
Сьпівають пташки голосно
І річенька блищить...

Якъ хороше, якъ весело
На білім сьвіті жить!
Чого жъ у мене серденько
І мліэ і болить?

Болить воно та журить ся,
Що вернеть ся весна,
А молодость... не вернеть ся,
Не вернеть ся вона.

A High Mountain Stands

A mountain tall against the sky,
A valley lying green and sweet,
And there a river rushes by,
On swift and shining feet–
A gleaming river hurries by
On unreturning feet.

Above the little boats ashore,
Above the river's careless sweep,
Three willows, mournful evermore,
Bend lovely heads and weep–
Above the waters evermore
The mournful willows weep.

Ah, well the saddened willows know
That soon must come a winter's day,
When one by one their leaves will go
The river's restless way–
Ah, well they know the river's flow
Will bear their leaves away.

I too, I too, am sick and sad
For something that comes not again,
Though all the world turns green and glad
For spring's new sun and rain–
Though fields again turn green and glad
In April sun and rain.

The spring brings back each happy thing;
Sweet buds and leaves for every tree,
But never any Aprils bring
My youth, my youth to me–
The spring returns each precious thing,
But not my youth to me.

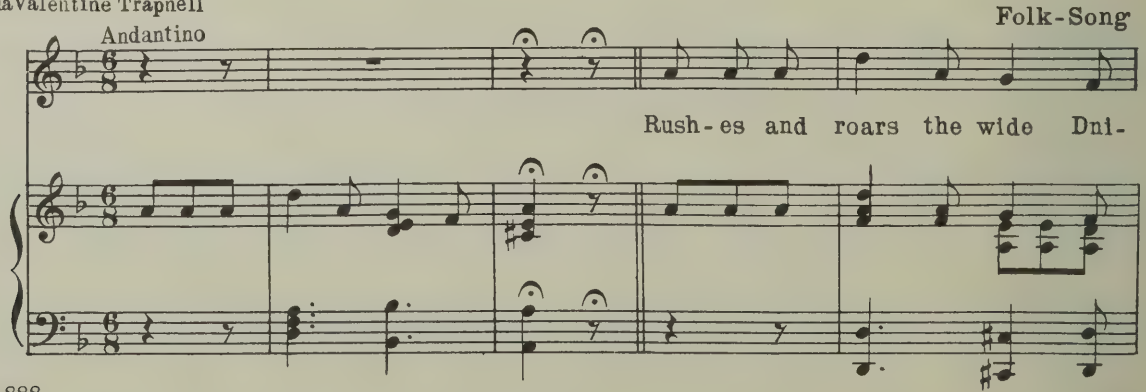
Paraphrase by
David Morton

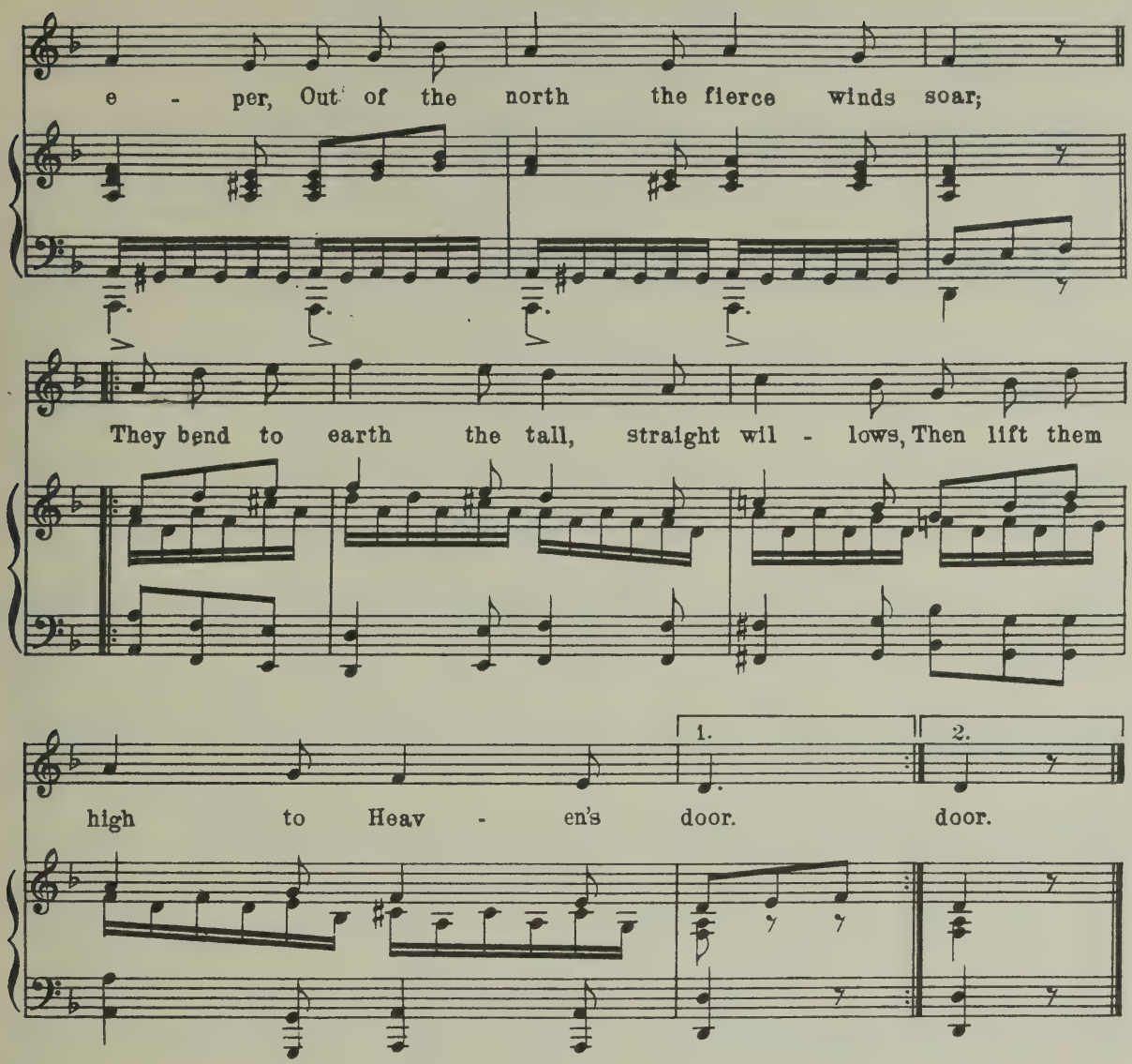
UKRAINE

RUSHES AND ROARS THE WIDE DNIEPER

English version by
EdnaValentine Trapnell

Folk-Song





Rewe ta stohne

Rewe ta stohne Dnipr szyrokyj,
Serdyto witer zawywa,
Do dolu werby hne wysoki,
Horamy chwyli pidojma.

I blidyj misiać u tu poru
Z za chmary de-de wyhladaw,
Nenacze czowen w synim moriu,
To wyrynaw, to potopaw.

Szcze treti piwni ne spiwaly,
Nichto nihde ne homoniw,
Syczi w haju pereklykalyś,
A jaseń raz-u-raz skrypiw.

Rushes and Roars the Wide Dnieper

Rushes and roars the wide Dnieper,
Out of the north the fierce winds soar,
They bend to earth the tall, straight willows,
Then lift them high to Heaven's door.

There is no song beside the river,
No sound but storm-winds rushing on.
Out of the dark an owl is calling,
The ash tree, answering, makes moan.

And the pale moon so swiftly moving
Through the wild clouds that shift and flee,
Is like a boat, wave-rocked and tossing,
Now high, now low on night's dark sea.

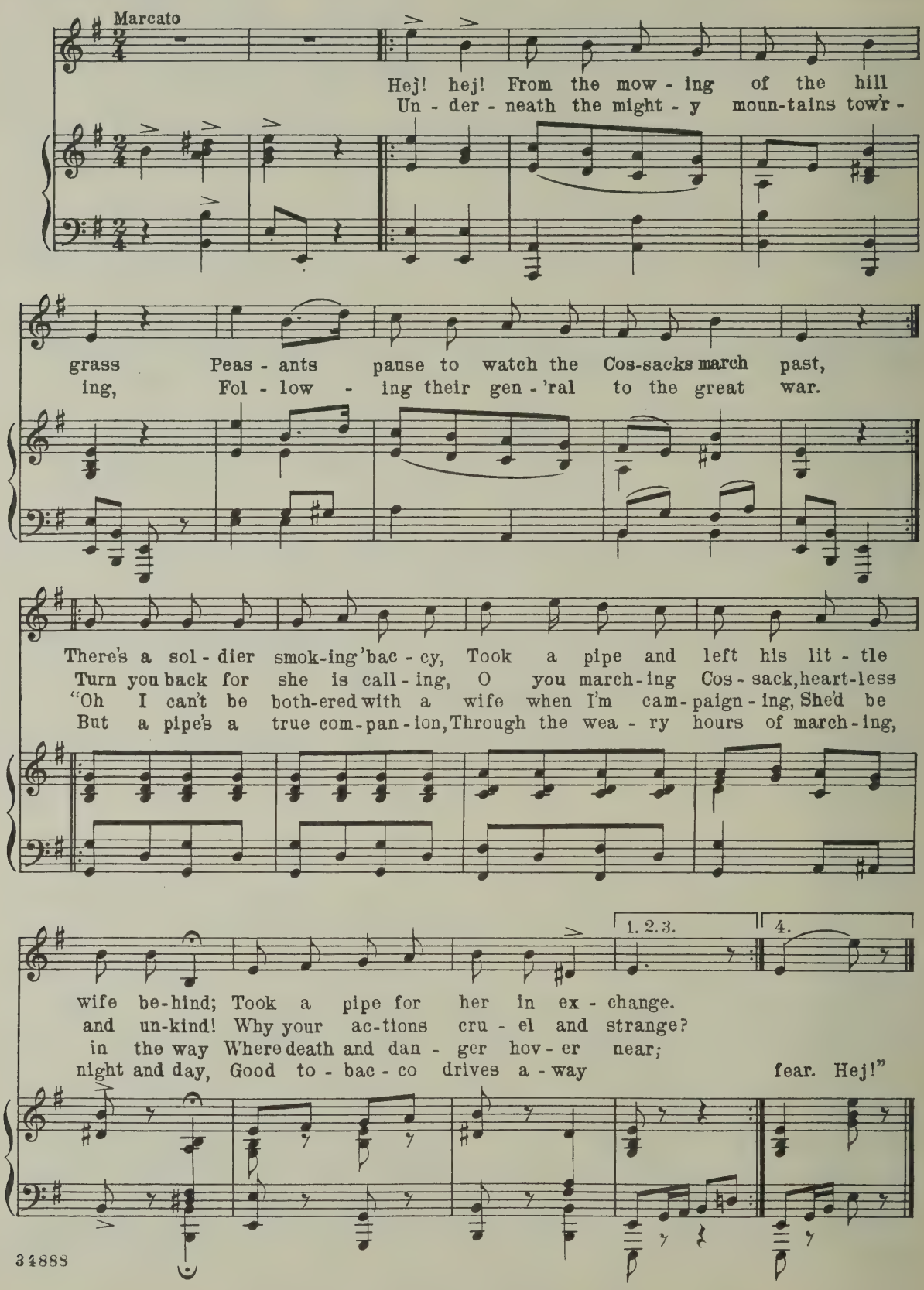
English version by
Edna Valentine Trapnell

UKRAINE

REAPERS ON THE MOUNTAIN

Free translation by
Edmund Leamy

Folk-Song



ГЕЙ НА ГОРІ ТА ЖЕНЦІ ЖНУТЬ.

Гей на горі та женці жнуть! (2)
А попід горою,
А попід крутою
Козаки ідуть. (2)
Попереду Дорошенко, (2)
Веде своє військо,
Військо запорожське
Хорошенько. (2)
А позаду Сагайдачний, (2)
Що проміняв жінку
За тютюн і люльку,
Необачний. (2)
Гей, вернися Сагайдачний, (2)
Возьми собі жінку,
Віддай тютюн й люльку,
Необачний. (2)
Мені з жінков не возиться, (2)
А тютюн та люлька
Козаку в дорозі
Пригодиться. (2)
Гей, хто в лісі озовися, (2)
Та викрешем огню
І закурим люльку,
Не журися. (2)

Reapers on the Mountain

Hej! hej! From the mowing of the hill-grass
Peasants pause to watch the Cossacks march past,
Underneath the mighty mountains towering,
Following their general to the great war.

There's a soldier smoking 'baccy,
Took a pipe and left his little wife behind;
Took a pipe for her in exchange.
Turn you back for she is calling,
O you marching Cossack, heartless and unkind!
Why your action cruel and strange?

"Oh I can't be bothered with a wife when I'm campaigning,
She'd be in the way
Where death and danger hover near;
But a pipe's a true companion,
Through the weary hours of marching, night and day,
Good tobacco drives away fear. Hej!"

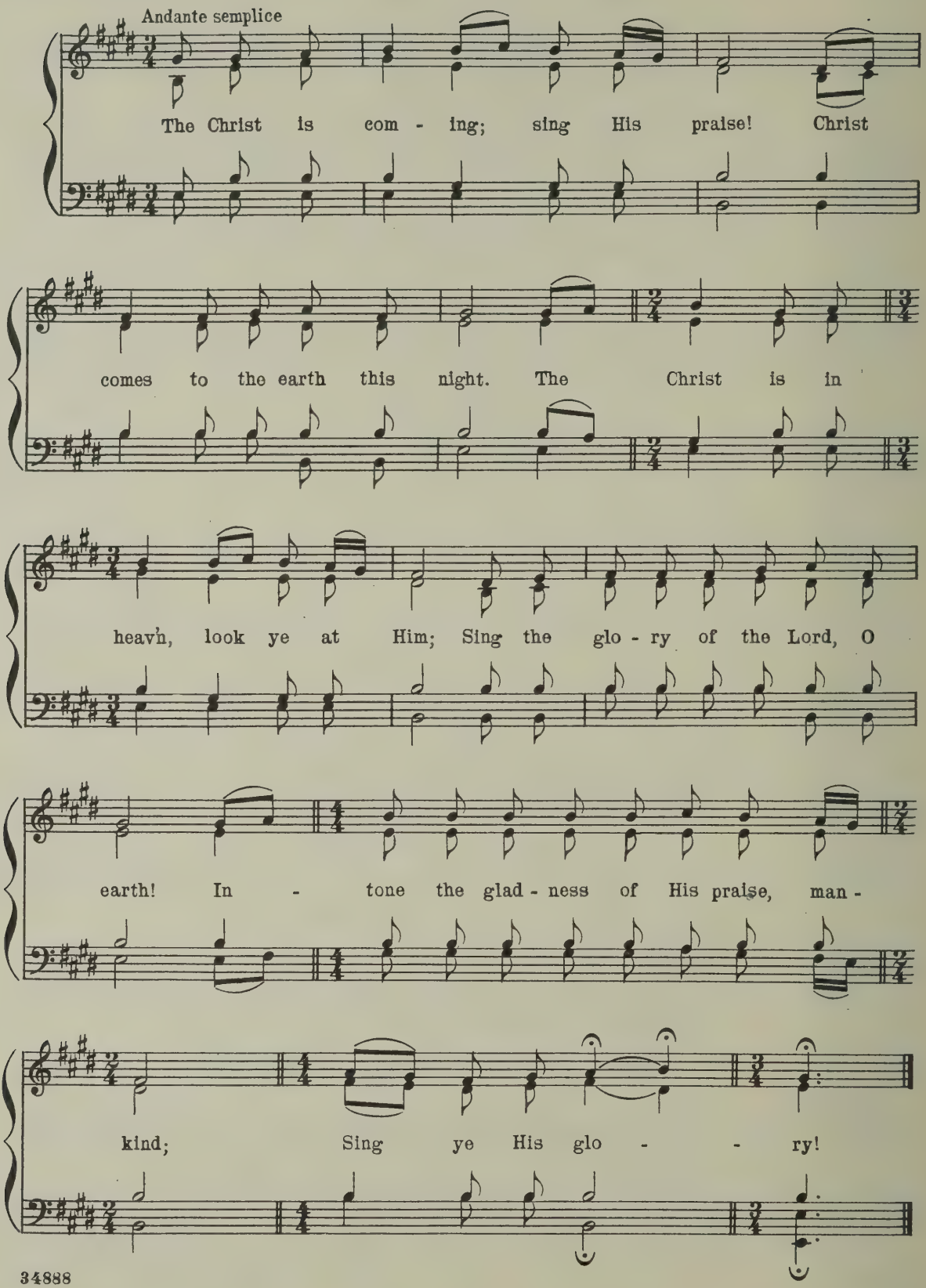
Free translation by
Edmund Leamy

RUSSIA

THE CHRIST IS COMING

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Carol



ХРИСТОСЪ РОЖДАЕТСЯ

Христосъ рождается, славите!
Христосъ въ небѣ, зрящете!
Христосъ на земли воплотитеся.
Пойте Господеви вся земля
И веселіе воспойте людіе,
Яко прославися.

The Christ Is Coming!

The Christ is coming; sing His praise!
Christ comes to the earth this night.
The Christ is in heaven, look ye at Him;
Sing the glory of the Lord, O earth!
Intone the gladness of His praise, mankind;
Sing ye His glory!

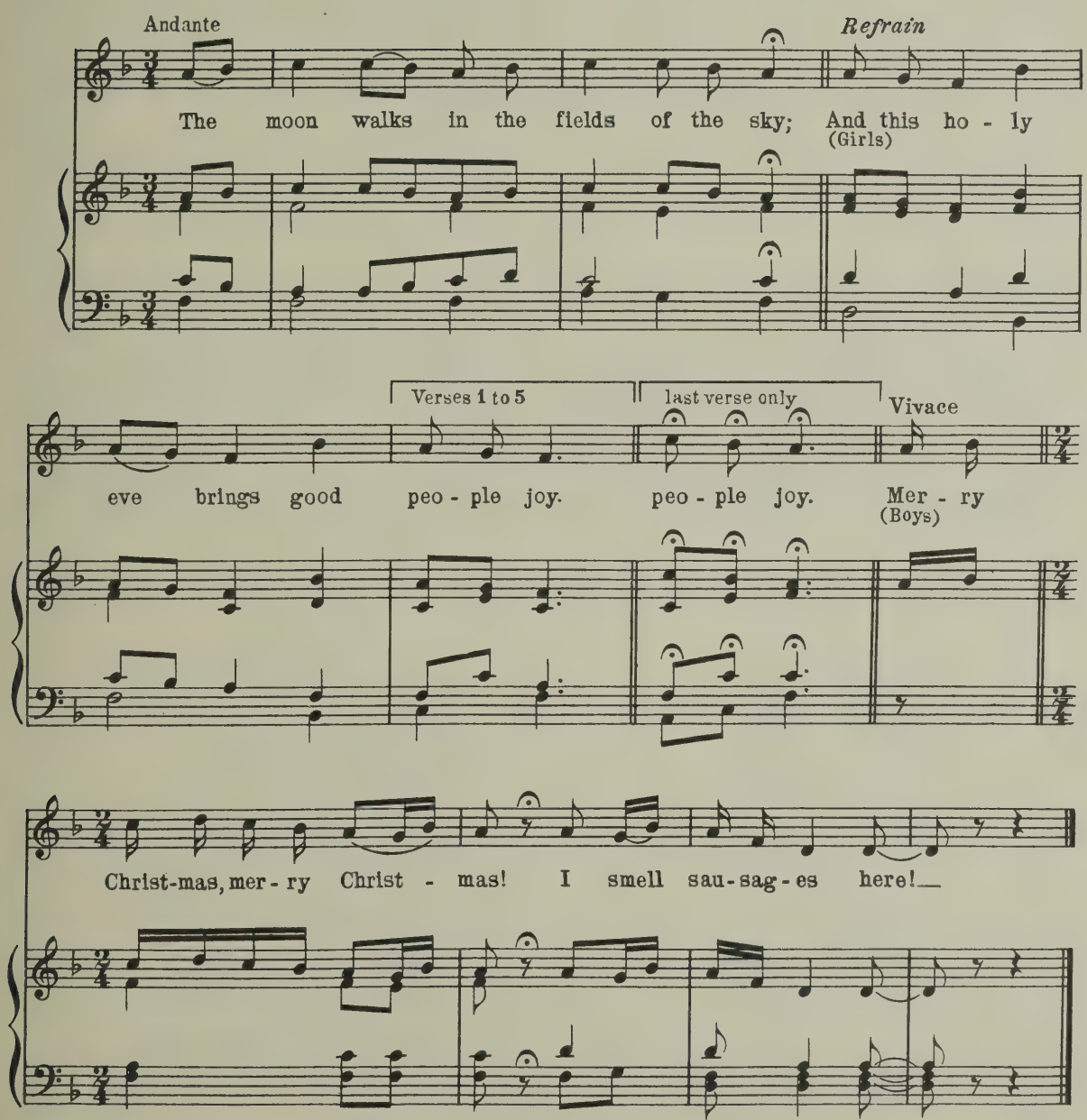
Translation by
Jacob Robbins

CHRISTMAS GREETING

Kolyada

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Great Russia



ХОДИТЪ МѢСЯЦЪ.

Ходитъ мѣсяцъ по небу синему,
Святой вечеръ добрымъ людямъ на здоровъ.
Колядую, колядую,
Колбасу чую.
А за мѣсяцемъ ясно солнышко,
Святой вечеръ и т. д.
А за солнышкомъ ясны звѣздочки,
Святой вечеръ и т. д.
Ясный мѣсяцъ то хозяинушка,
Святой вечеръ и т. д.
Красно солнышко то хозяюшка,
Святой вечеръ и т. д.
Ясны звѣздочки—то ихъ дѣтушки,
Святой вечеръ и т. д.

Christmas Greeting

The moon walks in the fields of the sky;

Refrain:
Girls: And this holy eve brings good people joy.

Boys: Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!
I smell sausages here!

And behind him walks the round, red sun;
Refrain

And behind her walk the lovely stars.
Refrain

Oh, the white, white moon is the goodman strong;
Refrain

And the round, red sun is the goodwife sweet;
Refrain

And the clear, clear stars are their children dear.
Refrain

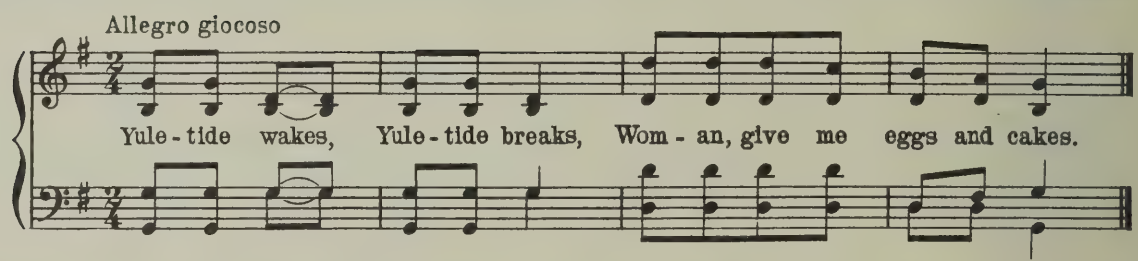
Translation by
Jacob Robbins

YULETIDE

Kolyada

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

Ukraine



КОЛЯДА.

Коляда, Коляда,
Давай бабо пирога,
А не даш пирога —
Возьму вола за рога
Та виведу на поріг
Та викручу правий ріг.

Коляда, коляда,
Давай бабо пирога,
А не даш пирога —
Закидаю ворота,
А не даш пару яець —
Розжену я усіх птиць.
Коляда, коляда,
Давай бабо пирога.

Yuletide

Yuletide wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

If the cakes you do not give,
Your old ox will never live;
I will take him to the wood,
And will twist his horns for good.

Yuletide wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

If you make me stand and wait,
I will take away your gate;
If you will not give me eggs,
I will break your chickens' legs.

Yuletide wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

Translation by
Jacob Robbins

VI.

SONGS OF GERMANY

PAGE

On the Mountain 216

Our Thoughts are Free 218

How Quiet is the Moonrise 219

Three Leaves on the Linden-Tree 221

The Spinner 222

There is a Reaper 224

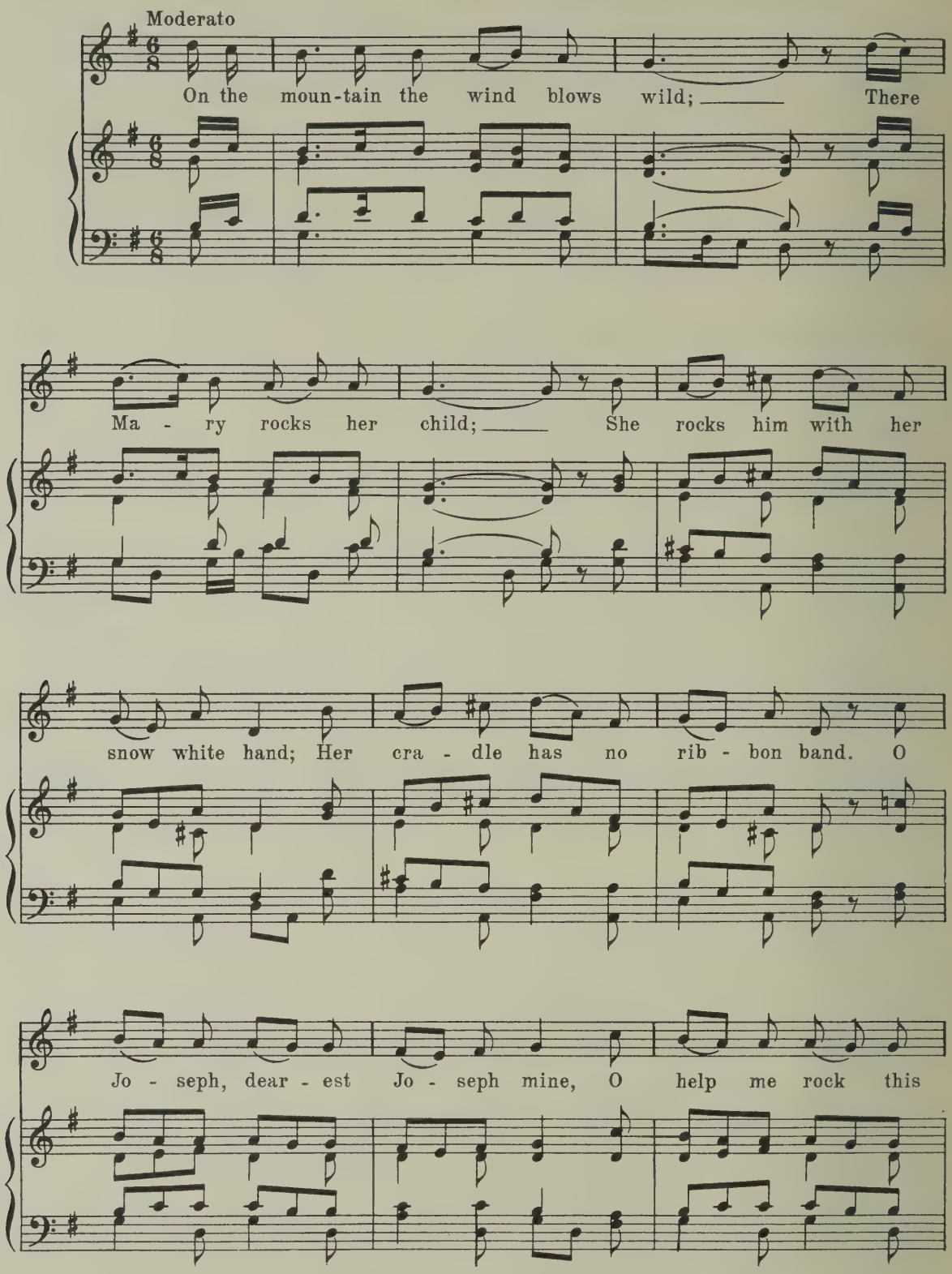
Secret Love 226

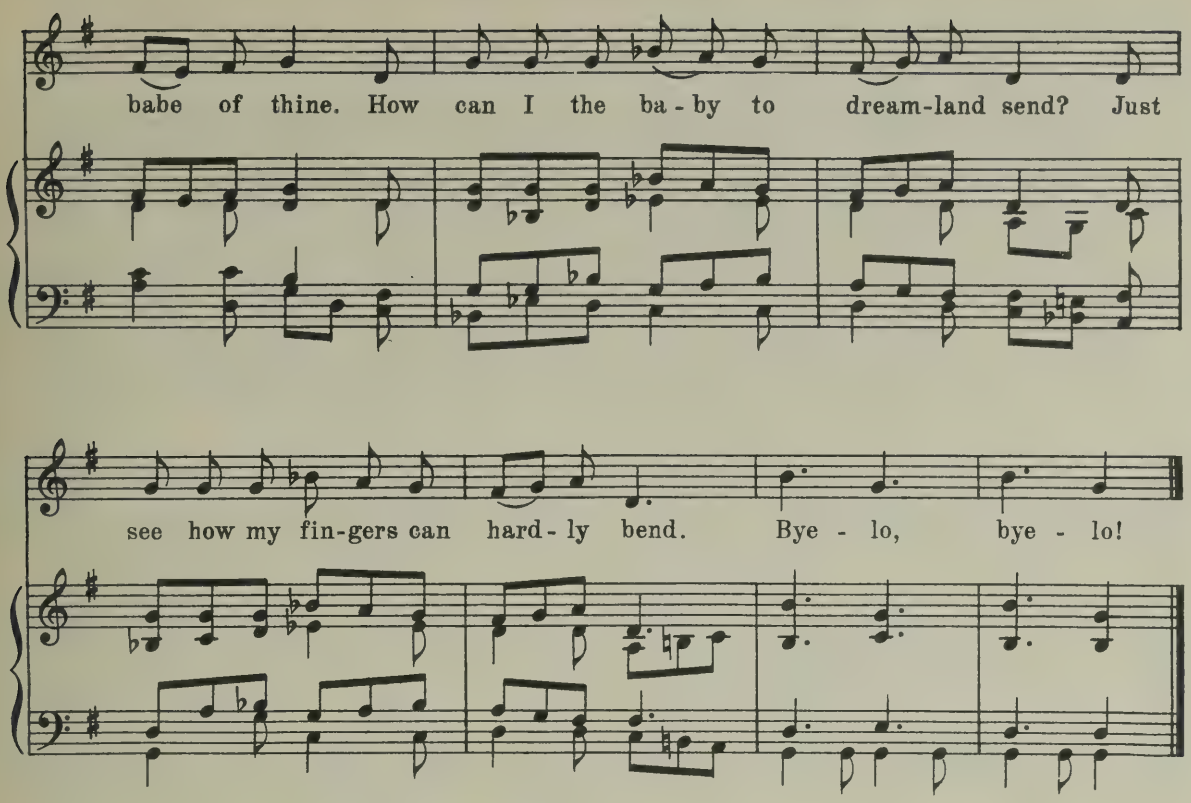
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ON THE MOUNTAIN

English version by
Jessie Lemont

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson





Auf dem Berge

Auf dem Berge da weht der Wind,
Da wiegt Maria ihr Kind;
Sie wiegt es mit ihrer schneeweissen Hand,
Und hat auch dazu kein Wiegenband.
Ach, Joseph, lieber Joseph mein,
Ach hilf mir wiegen mein Knäbelein.
Wie kann ich dir denn dein Knäbelein wieg'n?
Ich kann ja kaum selber die Finger bieg'n!
Schun, schei, schun, schei!

On the Mountain

On the mountain the wind blows wild;
There Mary rocks her child;
She rocks him with her snow-white hand;
Her cradle has no ribbon band.
O Joseph, dearest Joseph mine,
O help me rock this babe of thine.
How can I the baby to dream-land send?
Just see how my fingers can hardly bend.
Bye-lo, bye-lo!

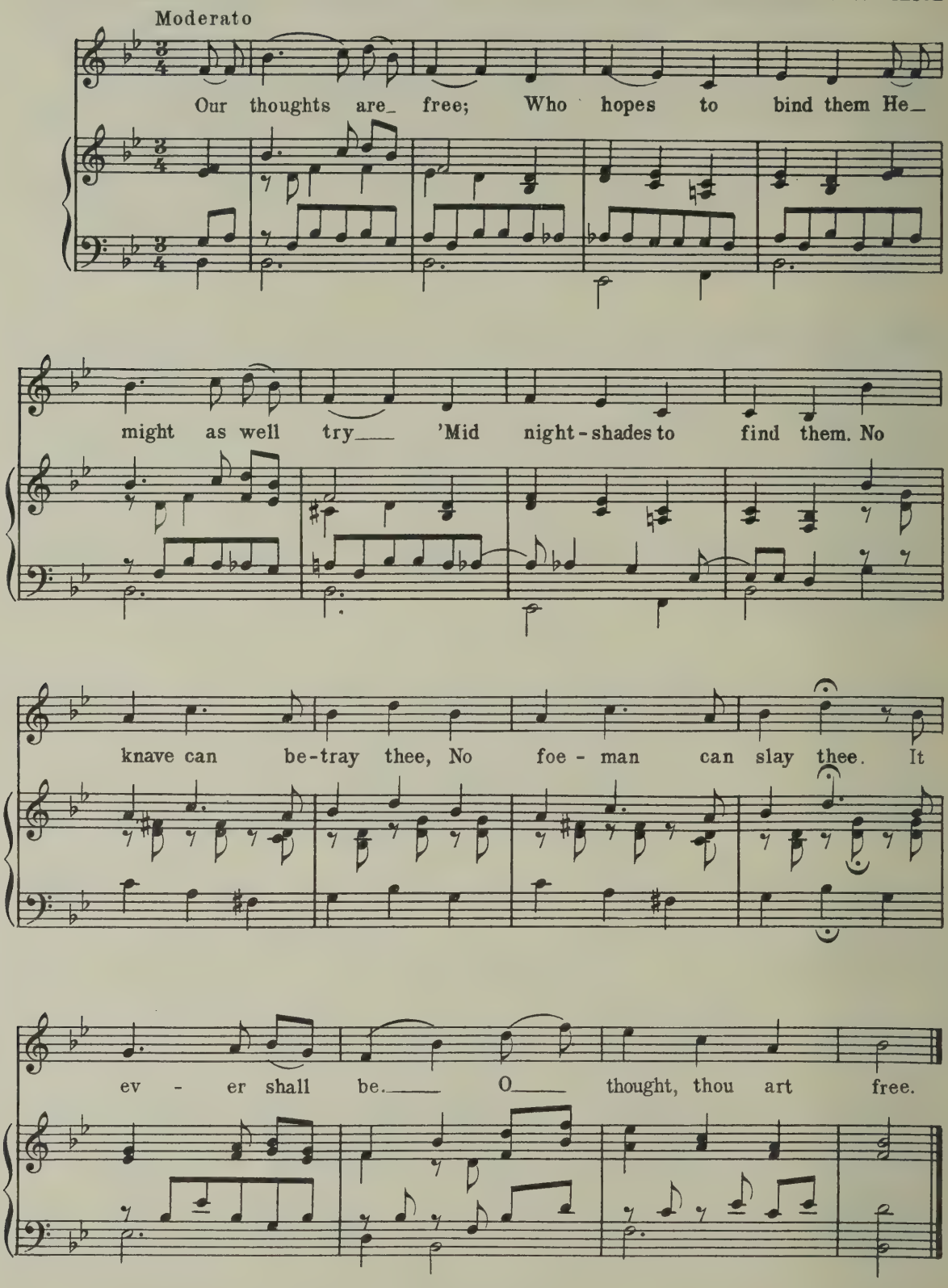
English version by
JESSIE LEMONT

OUR THOUGHTS ARE FREE

English version by
Jessie Lemont

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson

Moderato



Die Gedanken sind frei

Die Gedanken sind frei,
Wer kann sie erraten?
Sie fliehen vorbei
Wie nächtliche Schatten.
Kein Mensch kann sie wissen,
Kein Jäger erschiessen,
Es bleibet dabei,
Die Gedanken sind frei.

Ich denk was ich will
Und was mich beglücket,
Doch alles in der Still,
Und wie es sich schicket.
Mein Wünsch und Begehren
Kann niemand verwehren;
Es bleibet dabei,
Die Gedanken sind frei.

Drum will ich auf immer
Den Sorgen entsagen,
Und will mich auch nimmer,
Mit Grillen mehr plagen.
Man kann ja in Herzen
Stets lachen und scherzen
Und denken dabei:
Die Gedanken sind frei.

Our Thoughts are free

Our thoughts are free;
Who hopes to bind them
He might as well try
'Mid night-shades to find them.
No knave can betray thee,
No foeman can slay thee.
It ever shall be.
O thought, thou art free!

In moments tranquil
It always contents me
To think what I will,
Receive what is sent me.
Desire and deep longing
Unhindered come thronging.
Heart, open and see
Thy thoughts, O how free!

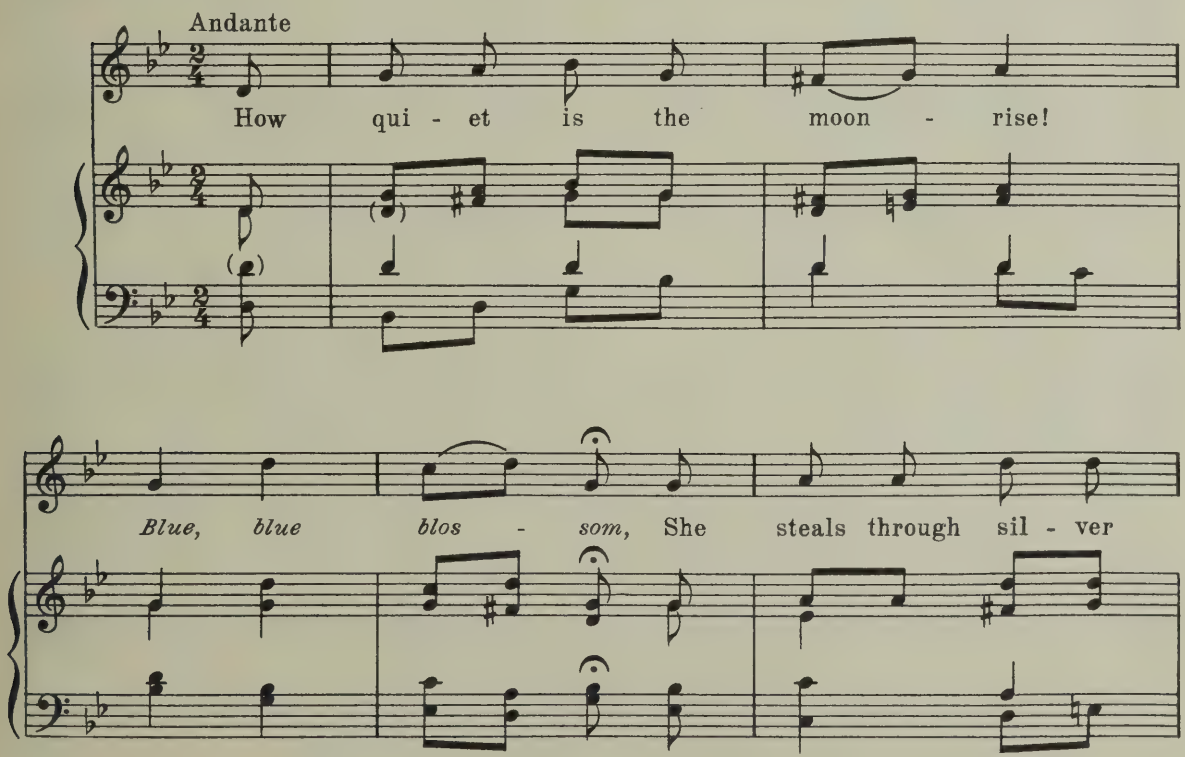
So will I ever,
My troubles denying,
Cease fretting and never
With sorrow go sighing.
With frolic and laughter,
My heart shall hereafter
Cry: "Thought thou art free!"

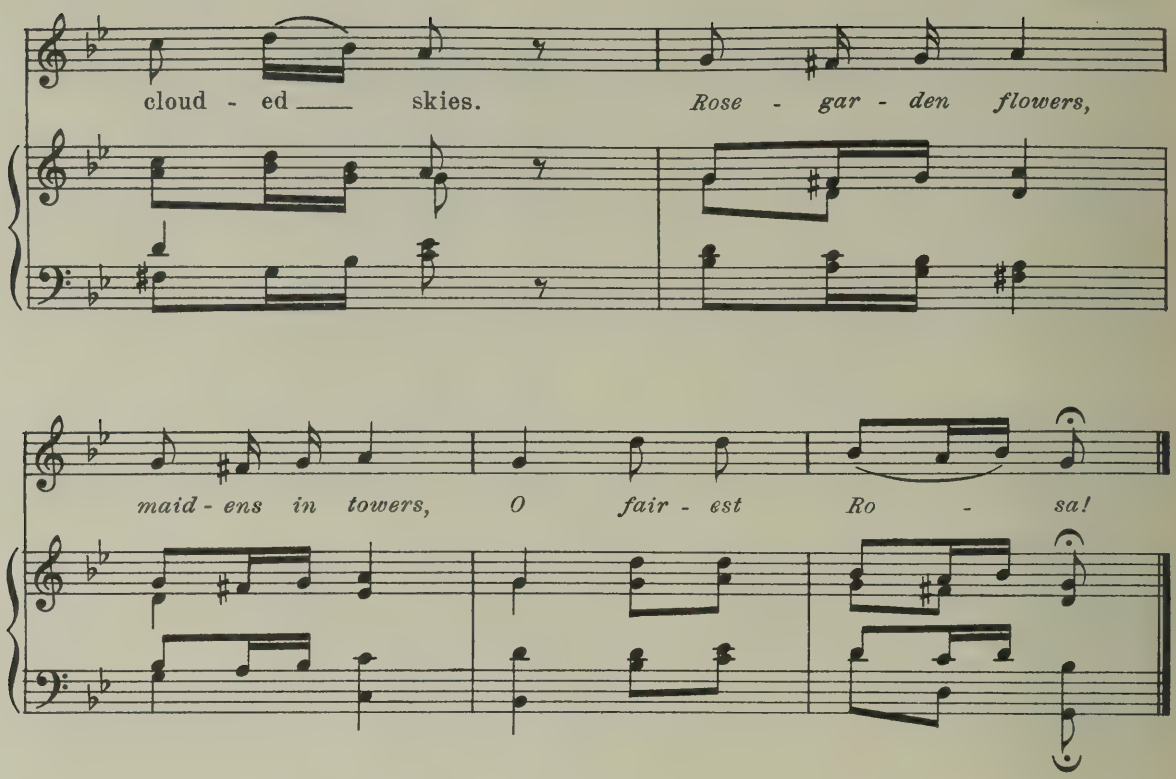
English version by
JESSIE LEMONT

HOW QUIET IS THE MOONRISE

English version by
Jessie Lemont

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson





Verstohlen geht der Mond auf

Verstohlen geht der Mond auf,
Blau, blau, Blümelein,
Durch Silberwölkchen geht sein Lauf.
Rosen im Tal, Mädel im Saal,
O schönste Rosa!

Er steigt die blaue Luft hindurch,
Bis dass er schaut auf Löwenburg.

O schaue, Mond, durchs Fensterlein,
Schön Trude lock' mit deinem Schein!

Und siehst du mich und siehst du sie,
Zwei treu're Herzen sahst du nie.

How Quiet Is the Moonrise

How quiet is the moonrise!
Blue, blue blossom,
She steals through silver-clouded skies.
Rose-garden flowers, maidens in towers,
O fairest Rosa!

She rises through the deep blue air;
She sees the Lion's castle there.

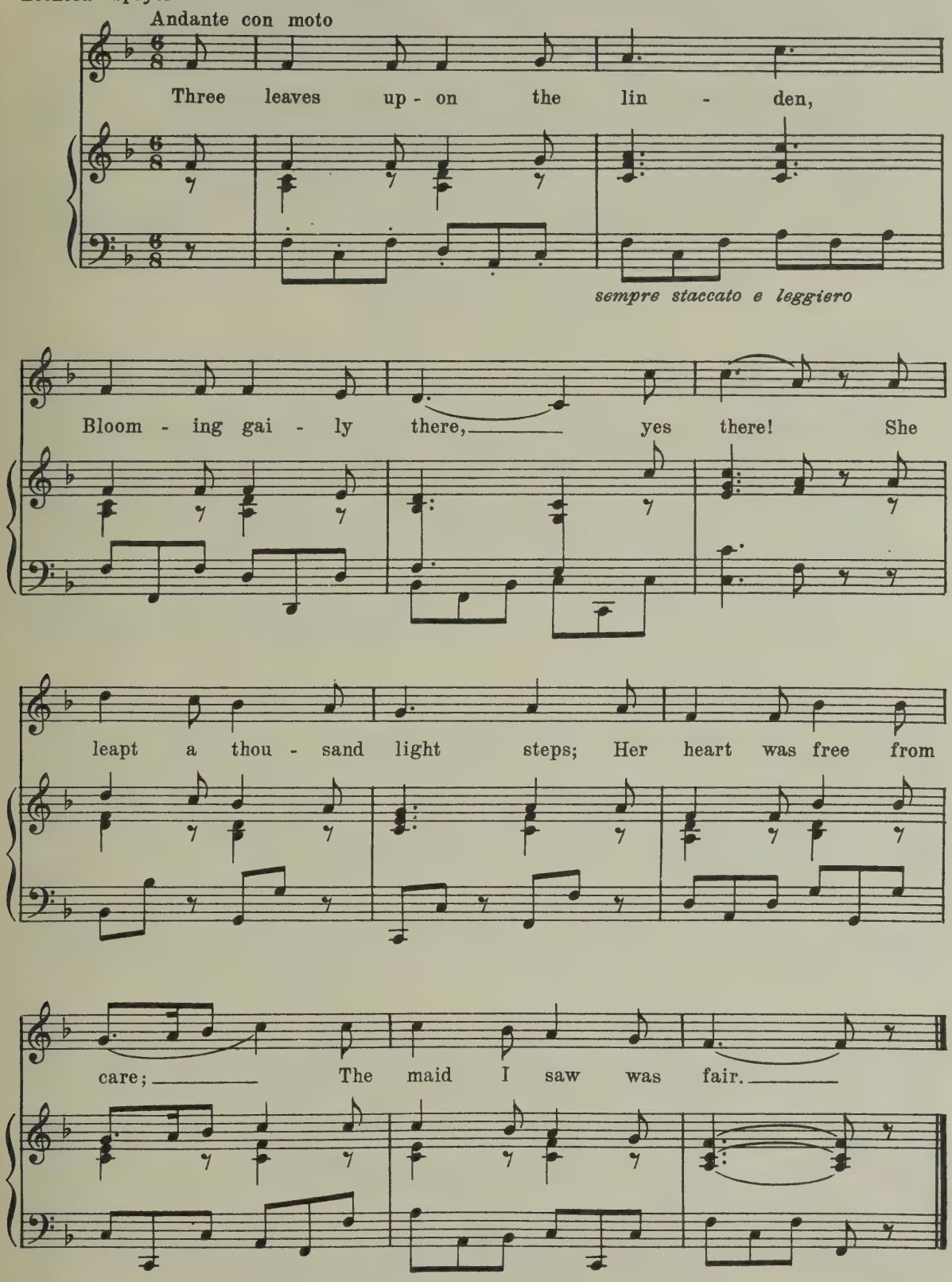
O moon, through the small window peep
And lure fair Gertrude from her sleep.

When you see her and you see me,
Two truer hearts you will not see.

English version by
JESSIE LEMONT

THREE LEAVES ON THE LINDEN-TREE

Translation by
Leonora Speyer



Drei Laub Auf Einer Linden

Drei Laub auf einer Linden
Blühen also wohl, (ja wohl)
Sie tät viel tausend Sprünge,
Ihr Herz war freudenvoll;
Ich günn's dem Maidlein wohl.

Das Maidlein, das ich minne,
Ist so hübsch und fein; (so fein)
Wenn ich dasselb anblicke
Freut sich das Herze mein;
Das Eigen will ich sein.

(1540)

Three Leaves on the Linden-Tree

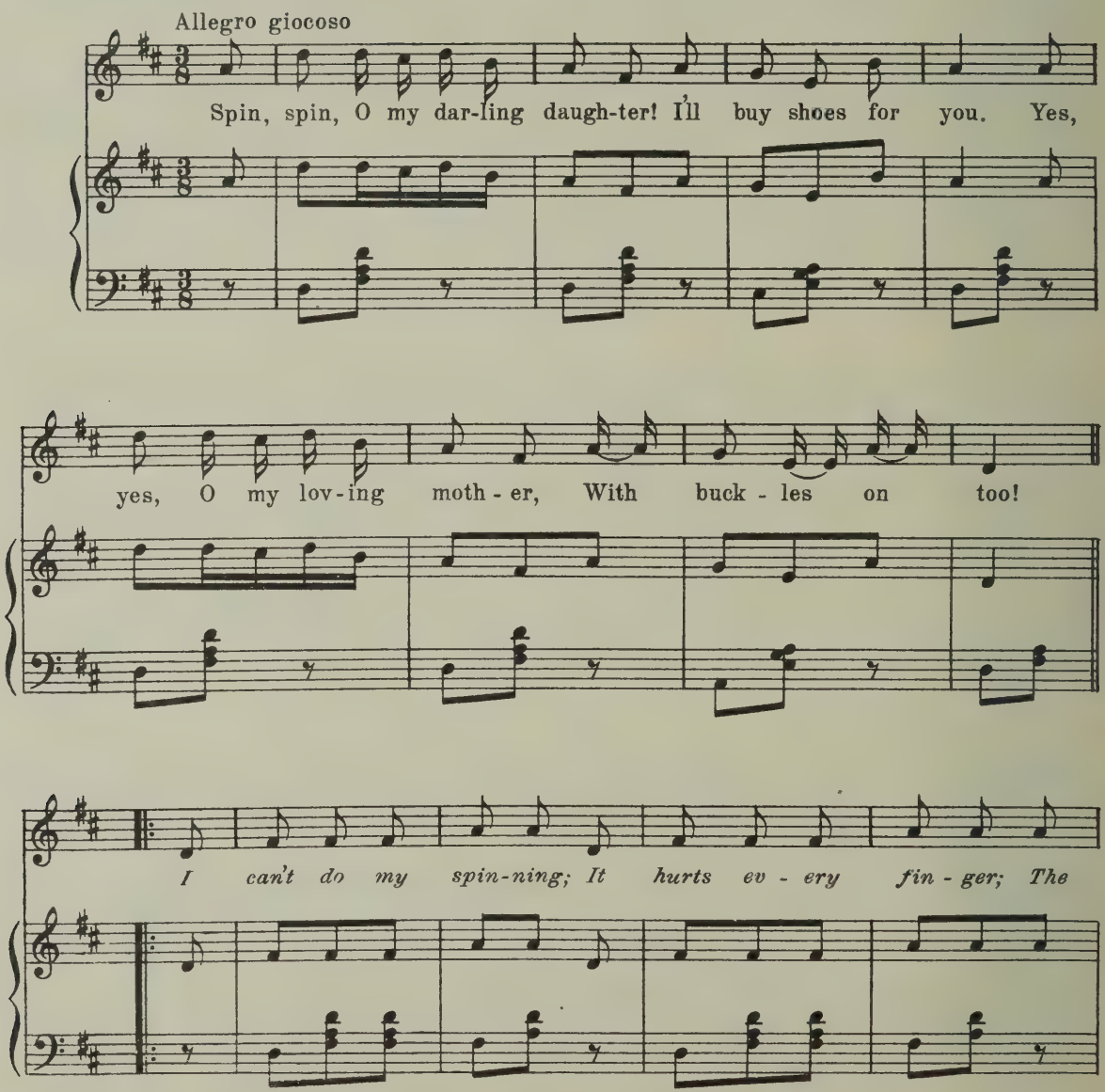
Three leaves upon the linden,
Blooming gaily there, yes, there!
She leapt a thousand light steps;
Her heart was free from care;
The maid I saw was fair.

The maiden of my loving
Is so fair and fine, so fine,
And when I look upon her
Glad beats this heart of mine.
Dear maiden, I am thine.

Translation by
LEONORA SPEYER

THE SPINNER

Translation by
Louis Untermeyer





Die Spinnerin

Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter!
Ich kauf' dir 'n Paar Schuh.
Ach ja, meine liebe Mutter,
Auch Schnallen dazu!

Ich kann ja nicht spinnen,
Es schmerzt mich mein Finger!
Und tut, und tut,
Und tut mir so weh!

Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter!
Ich kauf' dir 'n Paar Strümpf'.
Ach ja, meine liebe Mutter,
Schöne Zwicklein darin!

Ich kann ja nicht, u.s.w.

Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter!
Ich kauf' dir ein Kleid.
Ach ja, meine liebe Mutter,
Nicht zu eng und nicht zu weit!

Ich kann ja nicht, u.s.w.

Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter!
Ich kauf' dir ein'n Mann.
Ach ja, meine liebe Mutter,
Der steht mir wohl an!

Nun kann ich schon spinnen,
Es schmerzt mich kein Finger,
Und tut, und tut,
Und tut mir nicht weh!

The Spinner

Spin, spin, O my darling daughter!
I'll buy shoes for you.
Yes, yes, O my loving mother,
With buckles on too!

I can't do my spinning;
It hurts every finger;
The pain, the pain,
The pain is so great!

Spin, spin, O my darling daughter!
I'll buy stockings too.
Yes, yes, O my loving mother,
In a pattern that's new!

I can't, etc.

Spin, spin, O my darling daughter!
I'll buy gowns beside.
Yes, yes, O my loving mother,
Not too narrow and not too wide!

I can't, etc.

Spin, spin, O my darling daughter!
I'll buy you a man.
Yes, yes, O my loving mother,
As fast as you can!

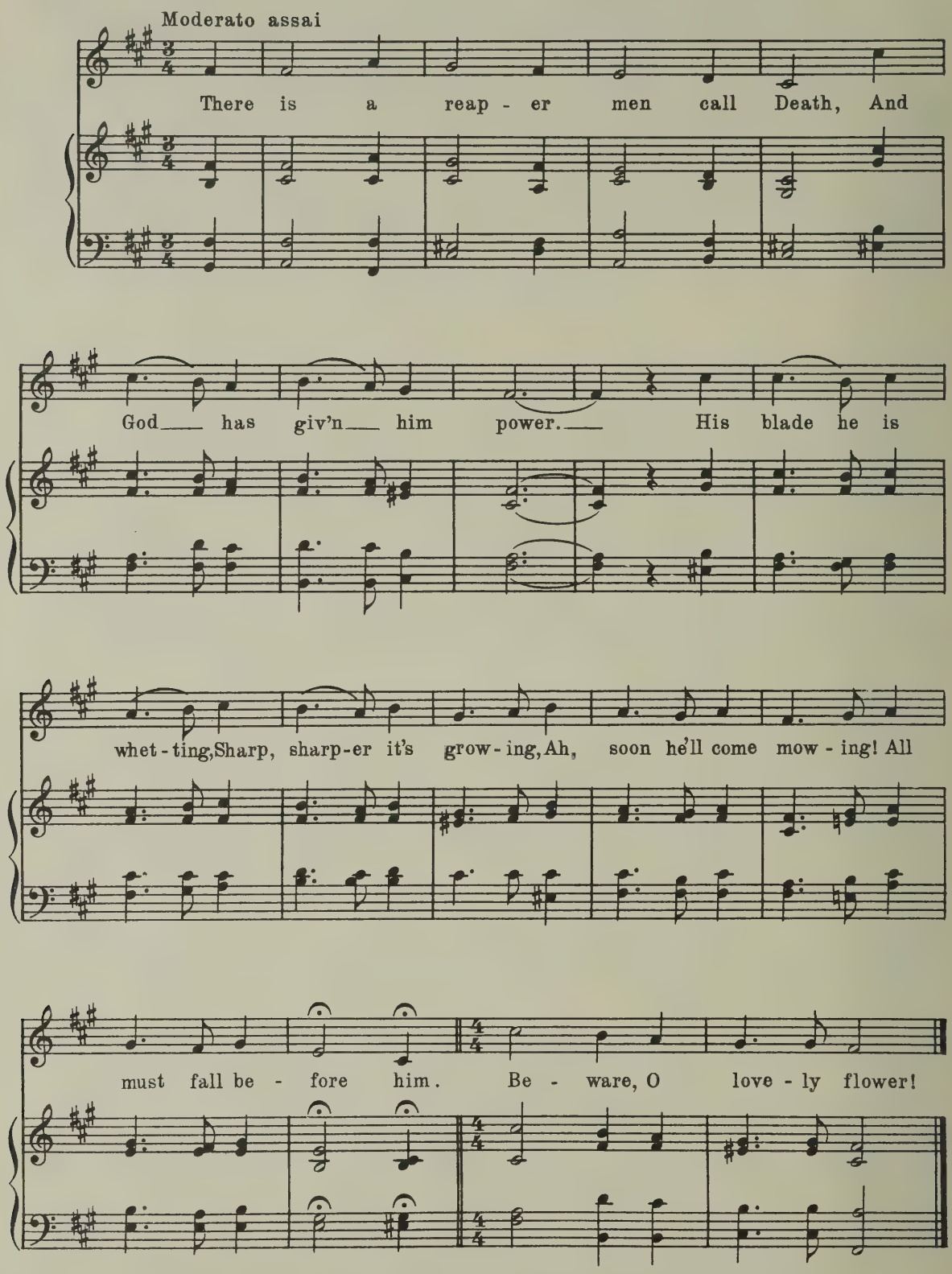
Now can I be spinning;
It hurts not a finger;
The pain, the pain,
The pain is all gone!

Translation by
LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THERE IS A REAPER

English version by
Edwin Markham

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson



Es ist ein Schnitter

Es ist ein Schnitter, der heisst Tod,
Hat G'walt vom höchsten Gott.
Heut wetzt er das Messer,
Es schneid't schon viel besser,
Bald wird er drein schneiden,
Wir müssen's nur leiden:
Hüt dich, schöns Blümelein!

Was heut noch grün und frisch da steht,
Wird Morgen weggemäht:
Die edel Narzissel,
Die englische Schlüssel,
Die schön Hyacinth,
Die türkische Bind:
Hüt dich, schöns Blümelein!

Trutz Tod! Komm her, ich fürcht dich nit!
Trutz, komm und tu ein' Schnitt!
Wenn er mich verletzet,
So werd ich versetzet,
Ich will es erwarten
Im himmlischen Garten.
Freu dich, schöns Blümelein!

There is a Reaper

There is a reaper men call Death,
And God has given him power.
His blade he is whetting;
Sharp, sharper it's growing,
Ah, soon he'll come mowing!
All must fall before him.
Beware, O lovely flower!

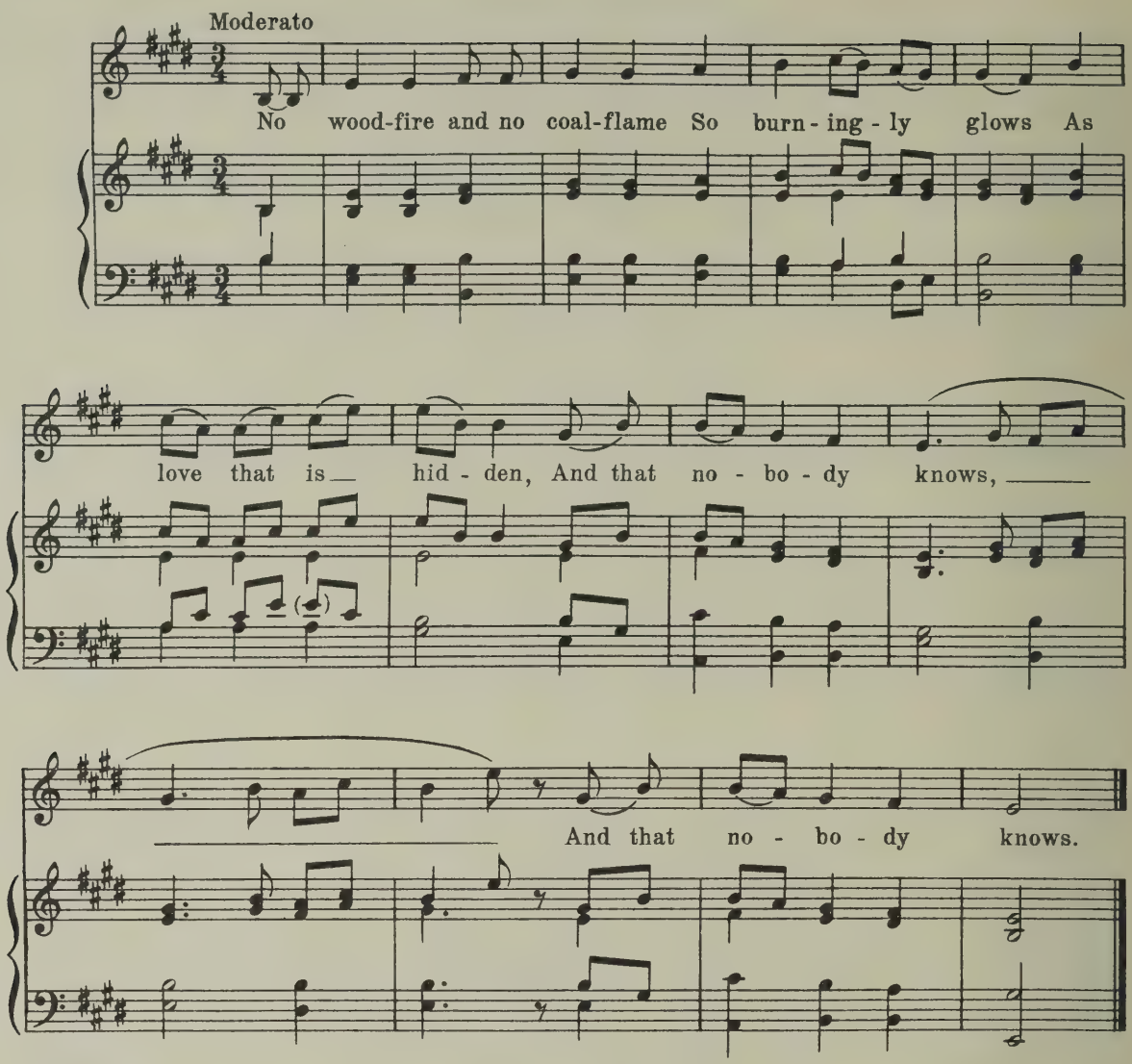
What stands today with sweet spring breath,
One touch—'tis its last hour!
Narcissus and lily
And gold daffodilly,
The hyacinth lovely,
All go down before him.
Beware, O lovely flower!

But strike me I defy you, Death!
You cannot make me cower!
Your wound comes giving
God's own living;
Your stroke means transplanting
To life in God's garden.
Rejoice, O lovely flower!

English version by
EDWIN MARKHAM

SECRET LOVE

Translation by
Babette Deutsch



Heimliche Liebe

Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kann brennen so heiss,
Als heimliche Liebe
Von der niemand nichts weiss.

Keine Rose, keine Nelke
Kann blühen so schön,
Als wenn zwei verliebte Seelen
Bei einander tun stehn.

Setze du mir einen Spiegel
Ins Herze hinein,
Damit du kannst sehen
Wie so treu ich es mein'.

Secret Love

No wood-fire and no coal-flame
So burningly glows
As love that is hidden,
And that nobody knows.

No clove-pink and no roses
Can blossom so fair
As when two true lovers
Their troth plight shall swear.

In my heart pray set a mirror
And therein you'll see
My faith and my worship
Are only for thee!

Translation by
BABETTE DEUTSCH

VII.

SONGS OF THE LOW COUNTRIES

PAGE

BELGIUM 227

THE NETHERLANDS 235

SONGS OF BELGIUM

PAGE

The Bells 228

The Little Sheep-Girl 230

Pierlala 231

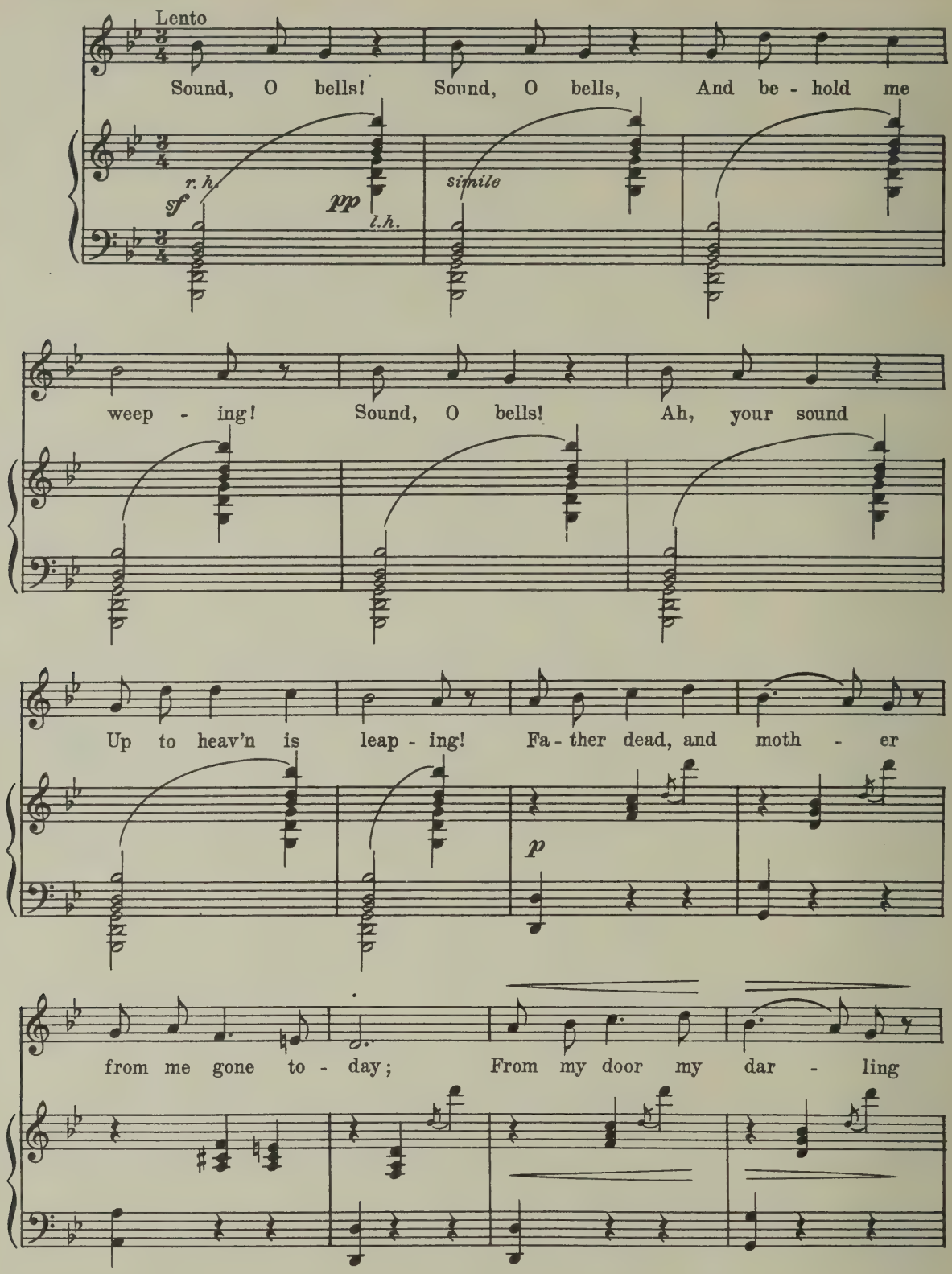
Excelsis! Gloria! 233

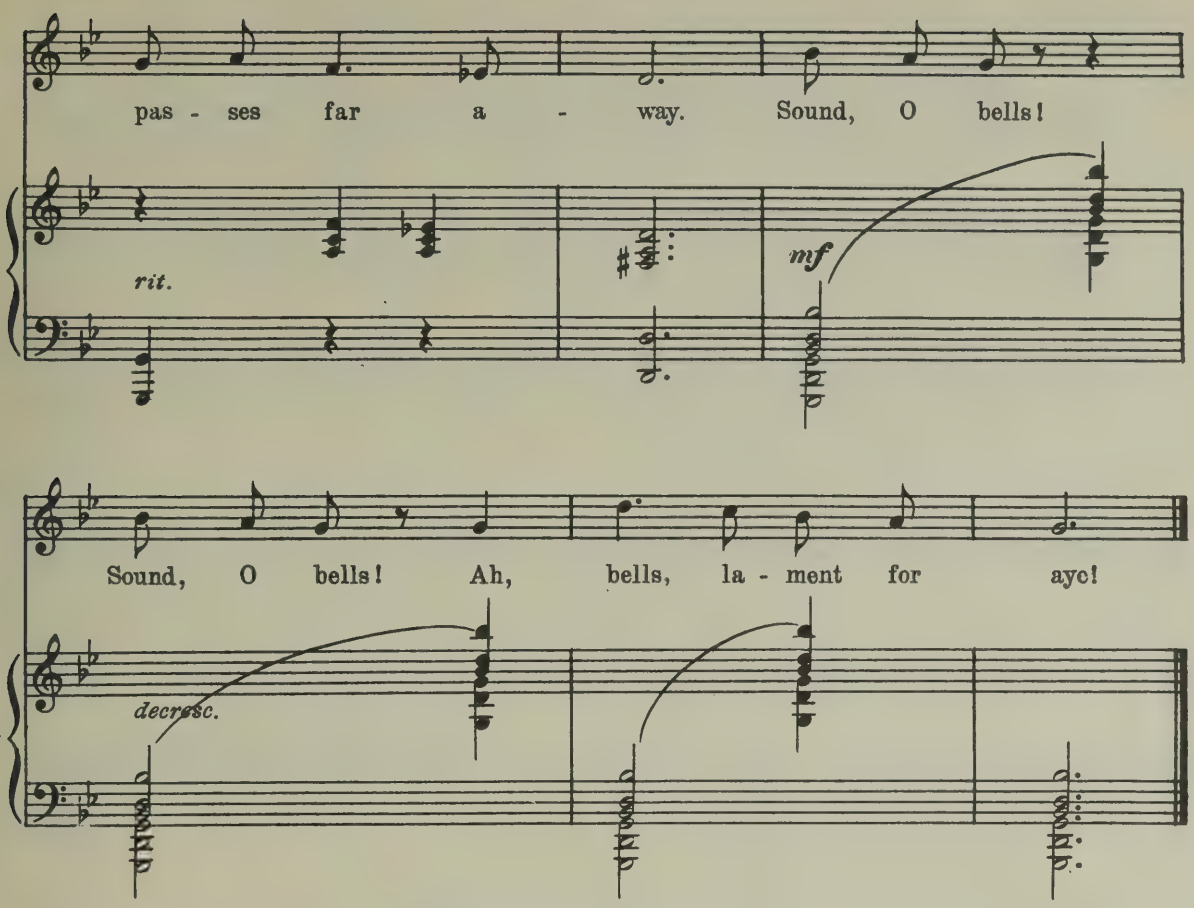
34888

THE BELLS

English version by
Richard Burton

Arranged by
Johanna Batteljée





Les Cloques

Cloques, sonez, cloques, sonez!
Vos vèyez mès larmes.
Cloques, sonez, cloques, sonez!
Mon Dieu! qués alarmes . . .
No ma-mèr' est morte, no mon-pèr' parti,
Et devant no porte m'n amiss va mori.
Cloques, sonez, cloques, sonez!
Hé! cloques, sonez toudi!

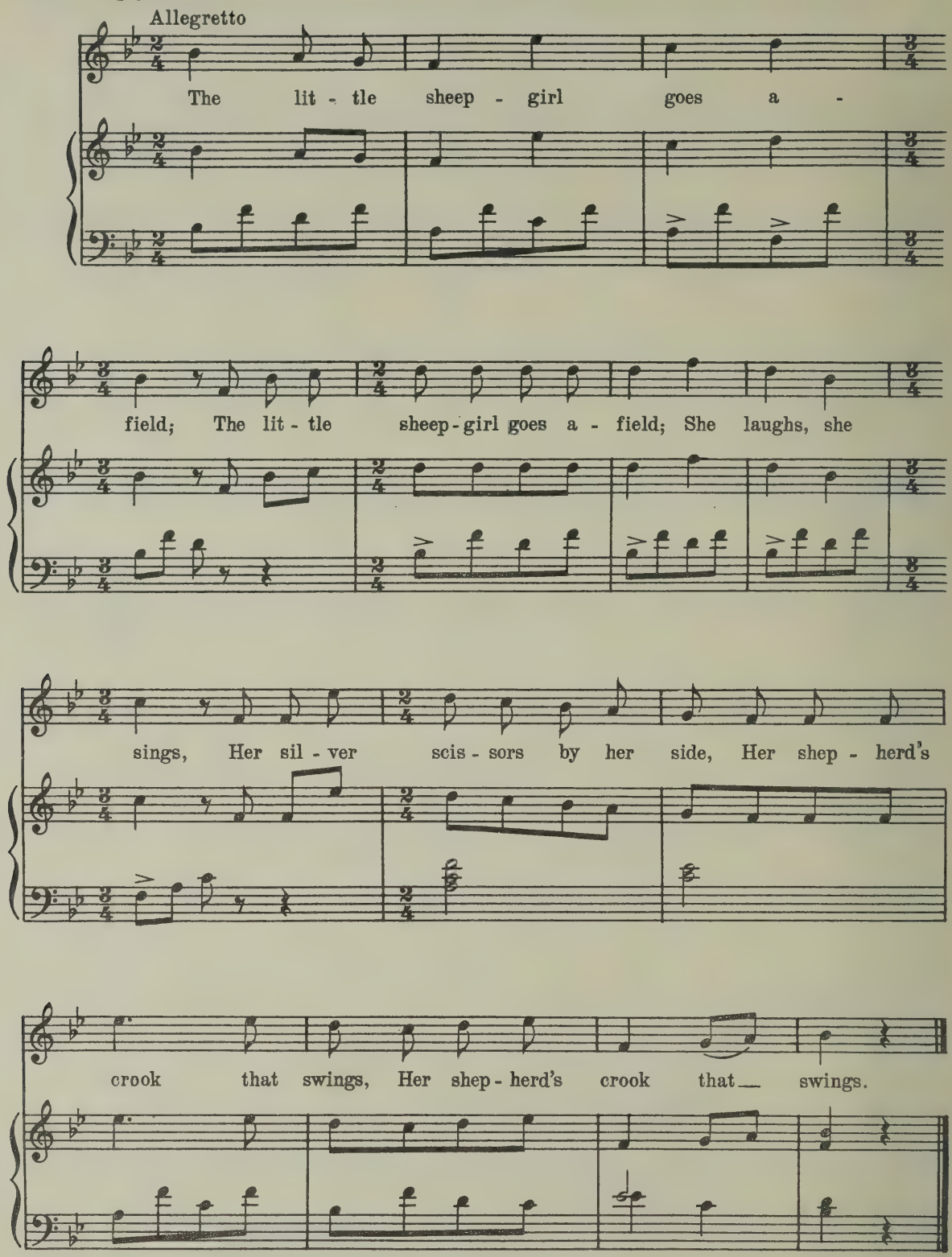
The Bells

Sound, O bells! Sound, O bells,
And behold me weeping!
Sound, O bells! Ah, your sound
Up to heaven is leaping!
Father dead, and mother from me gone today;
From my door my darling passes far away.
Sound, O bells! Sound, O bells!
Ah, bells, lament for aye!

English version by
RICHARD BURTON

THE LITTLE SHEEP-GIRL

Translation by
Leonora Speyer



La Petite Bergère

La p'tit' bergèr' s'en va aux champs,]2
Riant, chantant,
Sa guillonnette à son côté
Et son ciseau d'argent.]2

Son cher amant s'en va auprès]2
En lui disant:
„Belle bergèr' qui va si vit',
Attendez un moment.]2

„Ne vous ai-j' pas vue l'autre jour]2
Près d'un amant?
Et moi, tout seul dans mon jardin
J'ai le coeur si chagrin.]2

„N'avez-vous pas dans votre main]2
La bague au doigt,
Le rond d'or que j' vous ai donné?
La bell', rendez-le moi."]2

„Tenez, Monsieur, v'là vot' rond d'or,]2
La bague aussi;
Je n' me soucie de vot' rond d'or
Et encor' moins de vous."]2

„Oh, la bell', si j'ai mal parlé,]2
Pardonnez-moi;
A deux genoux je m'y mettrai,
La bell' dans un moment."]2

„Non, non, Monsieur, il est trop tard,]2
Il n'est plus temps;
Vous m'avez donné mon congé,
Et moi j' l'ai pris."]2

The Little Sheep-Girl

The little sheep-girl goes a-field;]2
She laughs, she sings;
Her silver scissors at her side,
Her shepherd's crook that swings.]2

Her lover follows after her;]2
To her doth say:
"Fair shepherdess, go not so fast;
Wait for me now, I pray.]2

"Saw I a sweetheart not with thee]2
But yester-eve?
And in my garden I, alone,
My heart did sorely grieve.]2

"Gleams not upon thy hand a ring]2
I gave to thee?
A round of gold thy finger wears;
Now, pretty, yield it me."]2

"There, sir, it is, your round of gold,]2
Your ring so true;
I care not for your golden ring,
And even less for you."]2

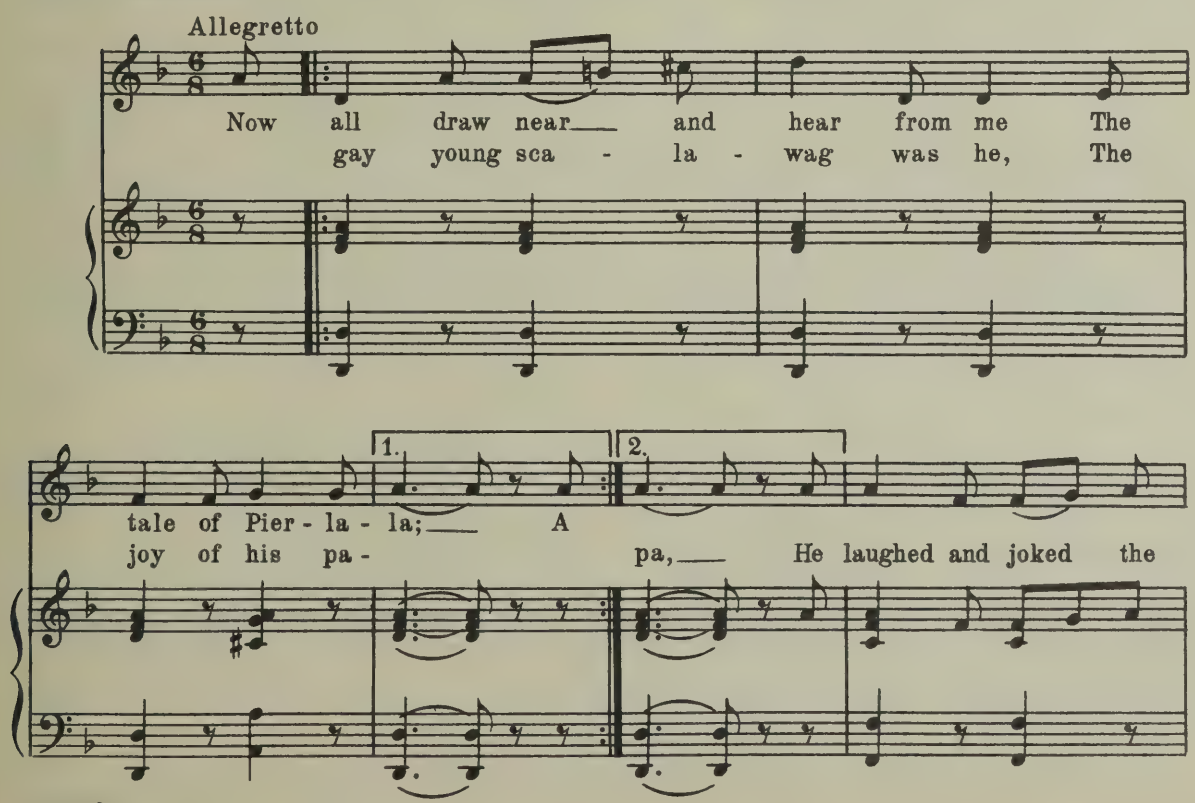
"O pretty one, forgive me now,]2
If I spoke ill;
On my two knees I'll kneel to thee,
O pretty one, I will."]2

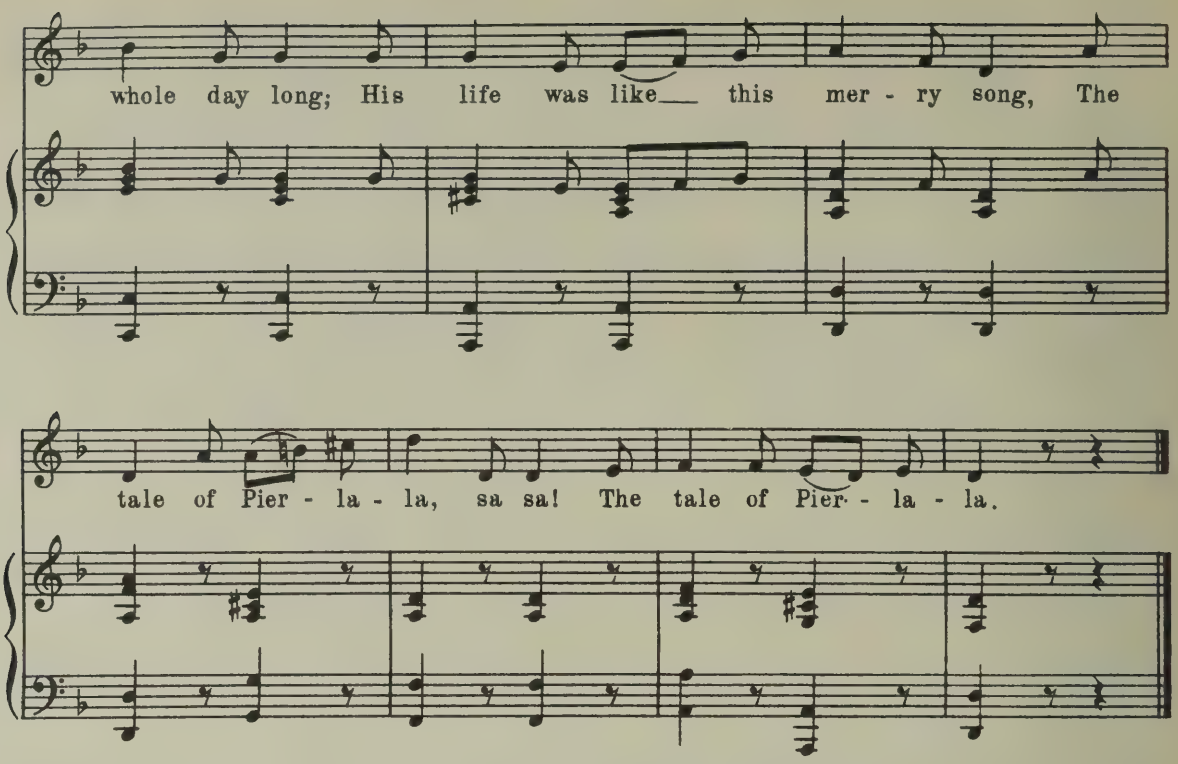
"No, no, kind sir, it is too late]2
For promise true;
You have dismissed me, sir, and so
I take my leave of you."]2

Translation by
LEONORA SPEYER

PIERLALA

English version by
Anna Mathewson





Pierlala

Komt hier al' bij, aanhoort dees klucht:
Het is van Pierlala,
Een drolig ventjen vol genucht,
De vreugd van zijn papa.
Wat in zijn leven is geschied,
Dat zult gij hooren in dit lied:
't Is al van Pierlala, sa! sa!
't Is al van Pierlala.

Zoo zeer was Pierlala bemind
Van vaartje en moertje tsaam,
Zij zegden: „Hoor eens, lieve kind,
Ons een'ger erfgenaam,
Gij wordt haast meester van ons goed,
Daerom ziet wel toe wat gij doet!"
„'t Is wel!" zij Pierlala, sa! sa!
„'t Is wel!" zij Pierlala.

Maar als nu was den vader dood,
Och armen, Pierlala!
Die heeft zijn vrienden al genood
Op d' uijtvaart van papa.
Hij hielt niet veel van lekkernij,
Hij gaf ze t'eten pap en brij:
„'t Is bon," zeij Pierlala, „Ha ha!"
„'t Is bon," zeij Pierlala.

Pierlala

Now all draw near and hear from me
The tale of Pierlala;
A gay young scalawag was he,
The joy of his papa.
He laughed and joked the whole day long;
His life was like this merry song,
The tale of Pierlala, sa, sa!
The tale of Pierlala.

So well his parents loved their pet,
They said to him, "Dear child,
Some day our riches you will get,
So, therefore, don't be wild.
Our only son and heir are you;
Now, please, be careful what you do."
"All right," said Pierlala, sa, sa!
"All right," said Pierlala.

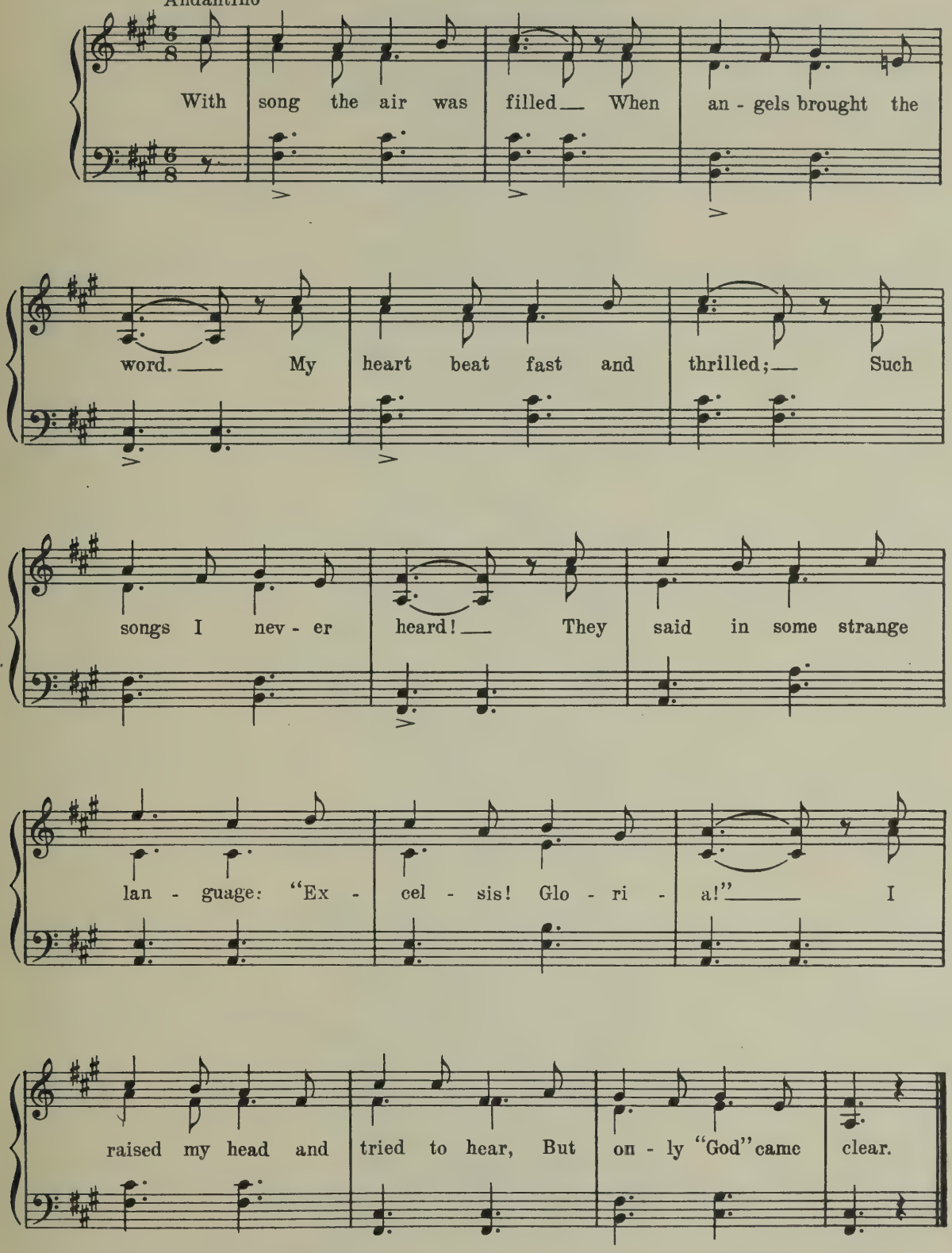
So when his father died at last,
The friends who gathered there
Expected then a fine repast
Of really royal fare.
"Rich food is bad," Pierlala said,
And gave them only pap instead,
"I'm wise," said Pierlala, "Ha ha!"
"I'm wise," said Pierlala.

English version by
ANNA MATHEWSON

EXCELSIS! GLORIA!

English version by
Kathryn White Ryan

Andantino



Noël

O! qu'a-dj'oyou è l'air?
Les andj's ôt tant tchanté.
C'esteût tot novés airs,
Ô nn'esteût tot charmé.
Is d'hint duvins leûs d'vises:
Gloriya in ecselsis!
Mi dju lèva mu tiesse è haut,
Dj'oya qu'ô d'héve: Dèyo.
O! dju pierdé v'corèdj',
Dju n'les étindé v' nin.
Dju di: Parlez m'linguèdj,
Dj'étindrè voss' latin.
Su v's avez 'n saqw'a m'dire,
Duhez-l d'on' aut' manîr',
Racontez-m el è plat walon,
Dj'étindrè voss' raison.
Is c'mincint a m'dire
Quu l'Messiye esteût v'nou,
Qu' djihéve lu tiesse so n'pire
Sins esse gote acovrou.
Duvins l'dièrinne misére.
Dju n'creûs nin qu'ô-z-èspére
Qu'i viqu'rèt bin djusqu'á matin
Su vos n'l'assistez nin.

Excelsis! Gloria!

With song the air was filled
When angels brought the word.
My heart beat fast and thrilled;
Such songs I never heard!
They said in some strange language:
"Excelsis! Gloria!"
I raised my head and tried to hear,
But only "God" came clear.
They sang and sang; but what,
I could not understand.
I answered "We know not
Your Latin in this land!
If you wish me to listen
Please speak to me straight out;
You'll find my simple plain Walloon
Will fit to any tune."
Then, dazed, I heard their news;
That Christ the Lord is born!
But that His life He'd lose,
Perhaps before the morn,
If no one brought Him comforts
For He was cold and poor;
He had a stone beneath His head
And straw was all His bed.
*I called the shepherds, quick!
We filled our bags with cake
And cheese and milk so thick,
As much as we could take.
And following the star's beam
We found the little crib.
The Virgin spoke Walloon and smiled,
And let us hold the Child!

English version by
KATHRYN WHITE RYAN

* NOTE: The last stanza is a summary of the closing stanzas in the original, which we could obtain only in prose.

SONGS OF THE NETHERLANDS

PAGE

Hey, 'Twas in the May 236

Agnes 238

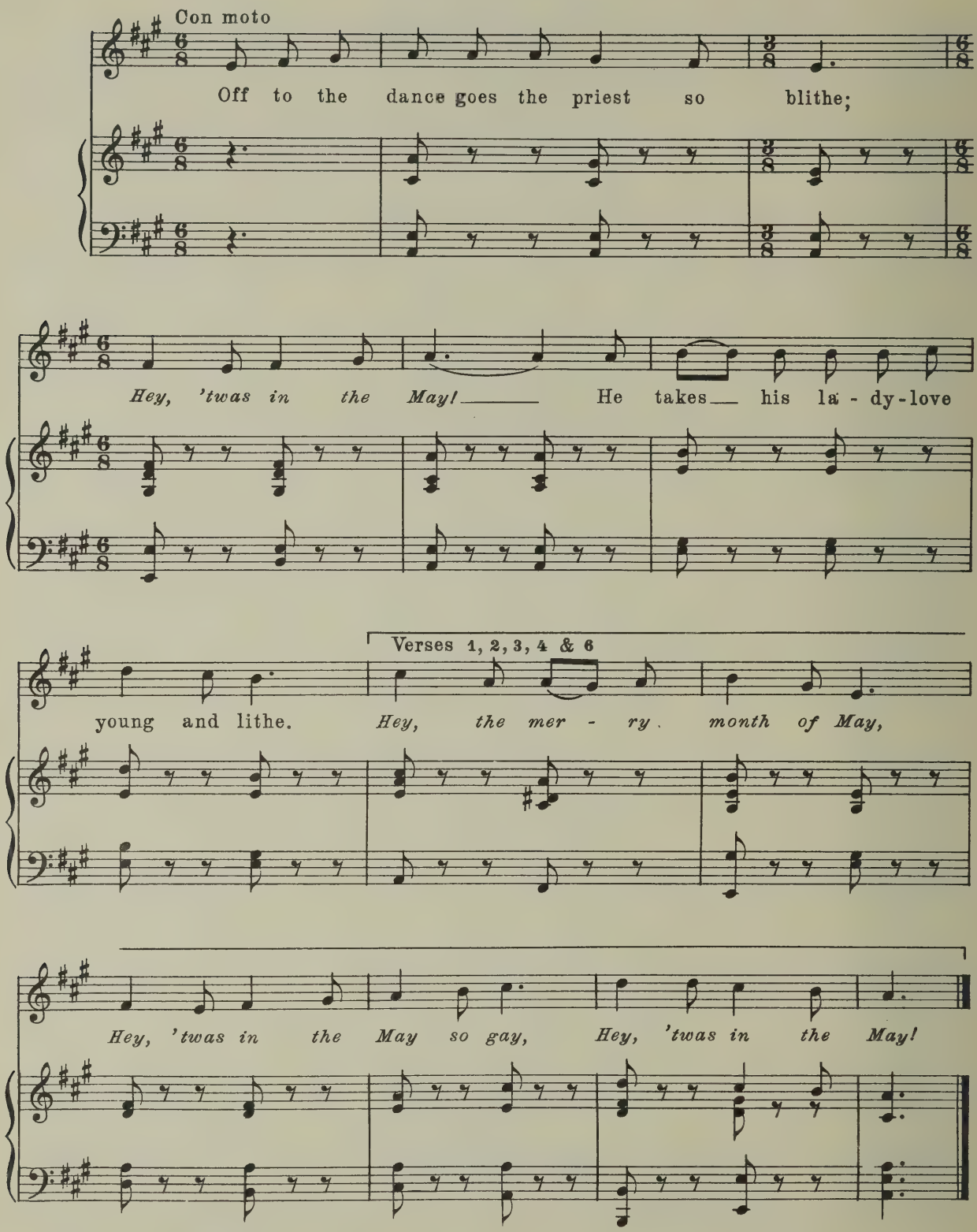
The Simple Birth 240

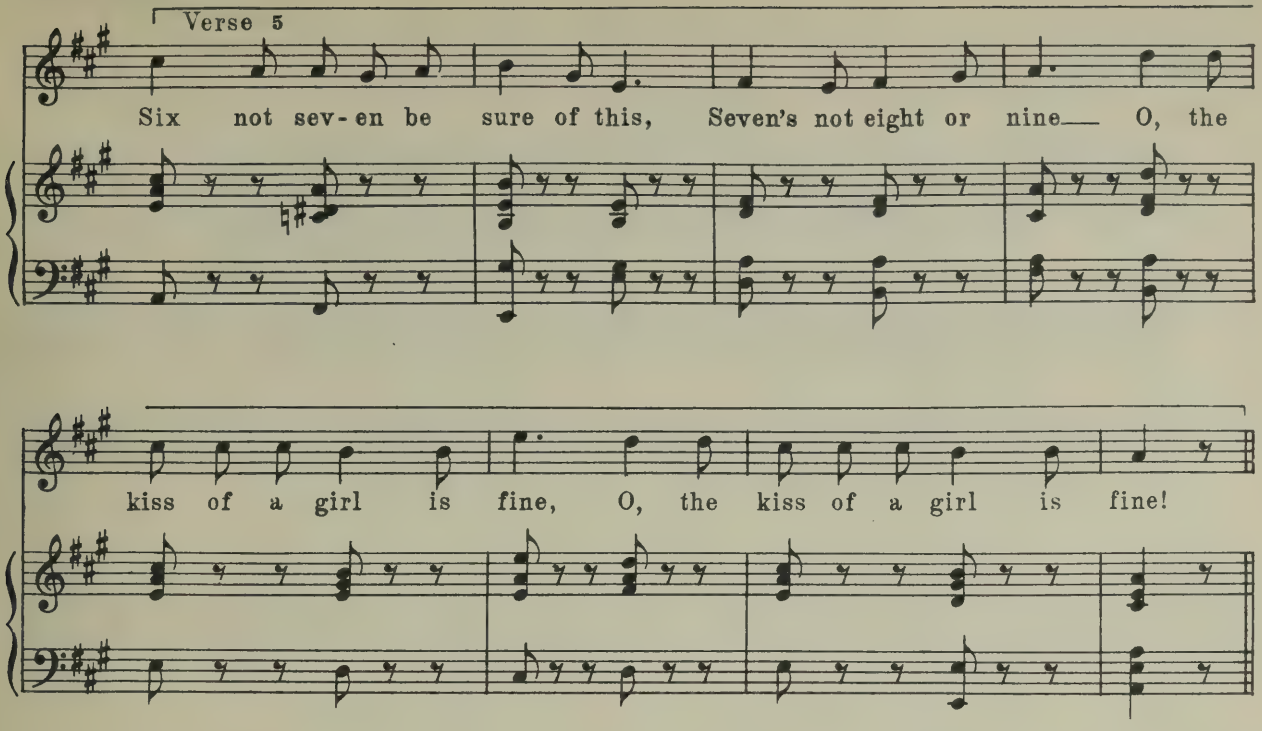
In Winter, When It's Raining 241

34888

HEY, 'TWAS IN THE MAY

English version by
Anna Mathewson





'T Patertje

Daar ging een patertje aan den dans,
Hei, 't was in de Mei!
Hij pakte zijn zoetelief bij de hand,
Hei, 't was in de Mei, Mei, Mei,
Hei, 't was in de Mei zoo blij,
Hei, 't was in de Mei!

Patertje, gij moet knielen gaan,
Hei, 't was in de Mei!
Zijn non die bleef alleenig staan,
Hei, 't was in de Mei, etc.

Patertje, spreid je zwarte kap,
Hei, 't was in de Mei!
Alwaar hij met zijn non op zat,
Hei, 't was in de Mei, etc.

Patertje, help je non eens op,
Hei, 't was in de Mei!
Zij dansten als een kermispop,
Hei, 't was in de Mei, etc.

Patertje, geef je non een zoen,
Hei, 't was in de Mei!
Dat mag je nog wel zes maal doen,
Zes maal is geen zeven,
Zeven maal is geen acht,
O, wat zoene die meisjes zacht!]2

Patertje is weer heengegaan,
Hei, 't was in de Mei!
Zijn non die bleef allenig staan,
Hei, 't was in de Mei, etc.

Hey, 'Twas in the May

Off to the dance goes the priest so blithe;
Hey, 'twas in the May!
He takes his lady-love, young and lithe.
Hey, the merry month of May,
Hey, 'twas in the May so gay,
Hey, 'twas in the May!

Now, little priest, you must bend the knee;
Hey, 'twas in the May!
The nun is left lonely, though fair to see.
Hey, the merry month, etc.

Now, little priest, spread your cowl with care,
Hey, 'twas in the May!
So you and your nun may be seated there.
Hey, the merry month, etc.

Rise, little priest, with your partner dance.
Hey, 'twas in the May!
And like little marionettes they prance.
Hey, the merry month, etc.

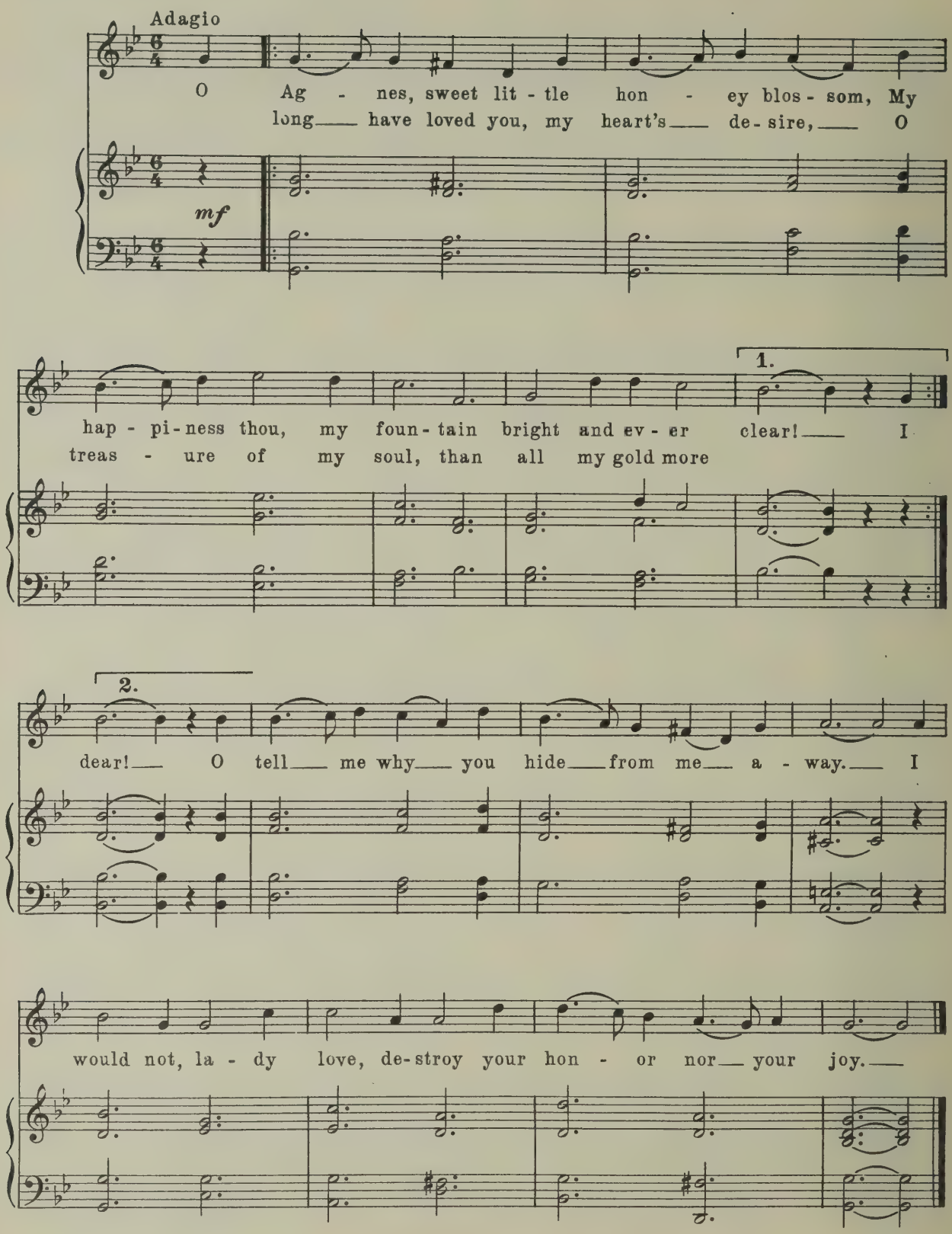
Now, little priest, give your nun a kiss;
Hey, 'twas in the May!
Another half-dozen is not amiss,
Six, not seven—be sure of this,
Seven's not eight or nine—
O the kiss of a girl is fine!]2

Now when the priest from the dance has flown,
Hey, 'twas in the May!
The poor little nun is left all alone.
Hey, the merry month, etc.

English version by
ANNA MATHEWSON

AGNES

English version by
Edwin Markham



O Angenietje

O Angenietje,
Mijn honighbietje,
Mijn vrolijckheid, mijn vreughd
Fonteyn van mijn geneughd,
Mijn soetste susje,
Mijn hooghste lusje,
Mijn alderwaertste goed,
O Vrouw van mijn gemoed,
Hoe langh sult ghy
U veynsen noch voor my,
Daer ick niet meer
Soeck of begeer
Als uw vermaeck of eer!

Denckt, dat de jaren
Dees geestige hayren,
Die ghy nu krult soo gaeu,
Haest sullen maecken graeu,
En dat dese leden
Soo geestigh besneden,
Dit bol, swack, jeughdigh lijf.
Sal worden krom en stijf;
En ghy sult dan
Alheel niet weten van
De soetigheyd
Daer elck van seyt,
Daer men u nu toe vleyt.

Och, wilt u besinnen
En wederom minnen
Die u soo troulijck mient,
Soo vierigh bidt en dient;
Soo sul-je, met kusjes
In vrolijcke lusjes,
U dagen brengen deur
Niet wetend van getreur;
En word-je weer
In 't end oud, sieck of teer,
Met alle vlijt
In uwe strijd
Worden gediend altijd.

Agnes

O Agnes, sweet little honey blossom,
My happiness thou, my fountain bright and ever clear!
I long have loved you, my heart's desire,
O treasure of my soul, than all my gold more dear!
O tell me why you hide from me away.
I would not, lady love, destroy
Your honor nor your joy.

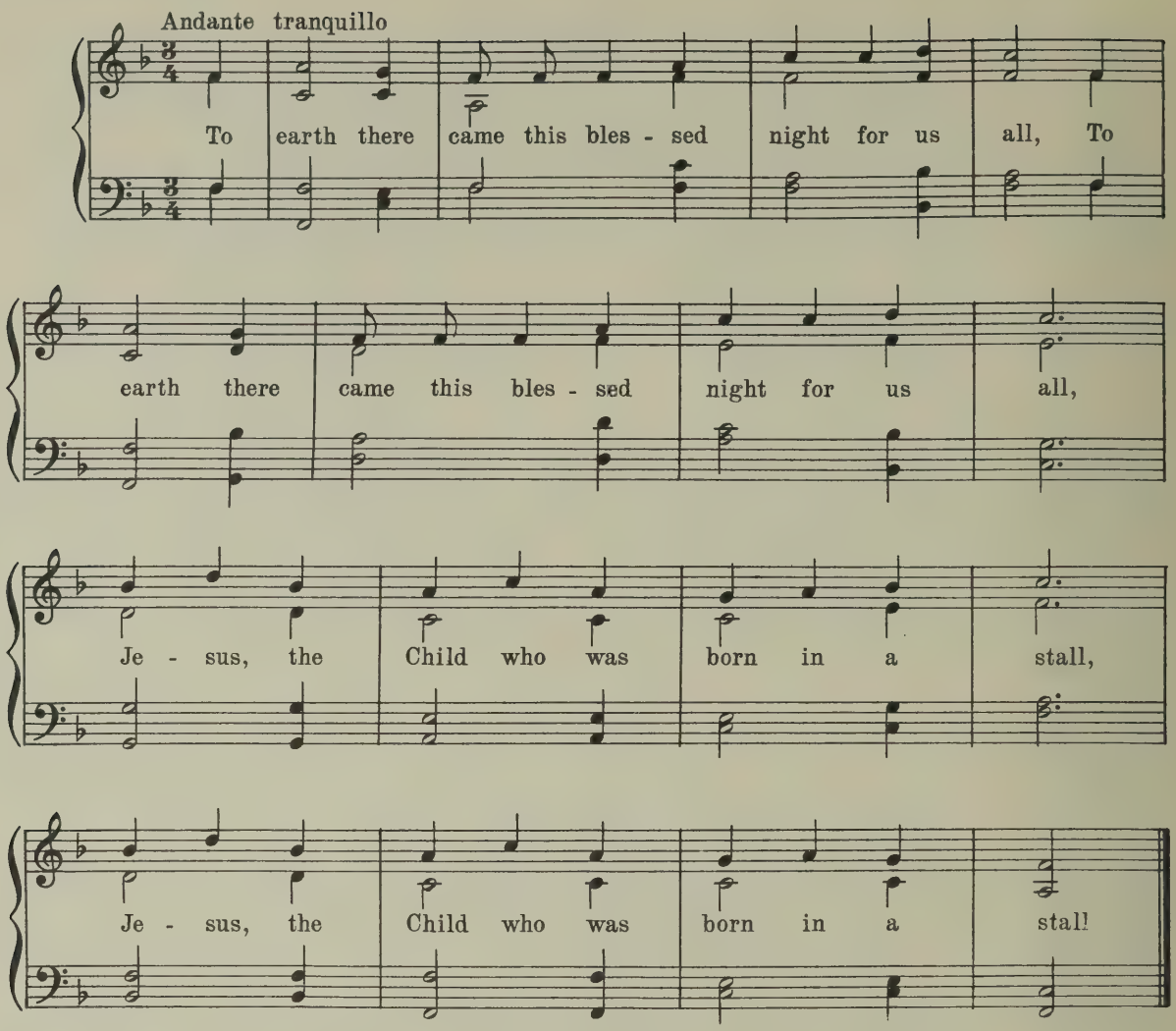
Remember, dear one, the years are coming
When curls so thick and gold-lit will turn thin and gray,
When lovely forms now so strong and fleet
No more shall swiftly run, no more with youth be gay,
And then you will not know the tender love
Of which all speak to you today;
O do not look away!

O Agnes dear, can't you change and love him,
Who only asks to love you, love and ever serve?
The days with joy and caresses will pass,
For though you may grow bent and gray, he will not swerve!
Then days will come and go without a grief;
His loving care will make you blest
And ever give you rest.

English version by
EDWIN MARKHAM

THE SIMPLE BIRTH

English version by
Louise Driscoll



De Nederige Geboorte

Er is een kindetje geboren op d'aard':
't Kwam op de aarde voor ons allegaar.

Er is eèn kindetje geboren in 't strooi,
't Lag in een kribbetje gedekt met hooi.

't Had twee schoon oogjes, zoo zwart als laget,
Twee bleuzende kaakjes, dat stond hem zoo net.

't Keek naar zijn moeder en 't lachte zoo snel,
't Kende de liefde zijns moeders zoo wel.

't Kwam op de aarde voor ons altegaar,
En 't wenscht ons een zalig nieuwe jaar.

The Simple Birth

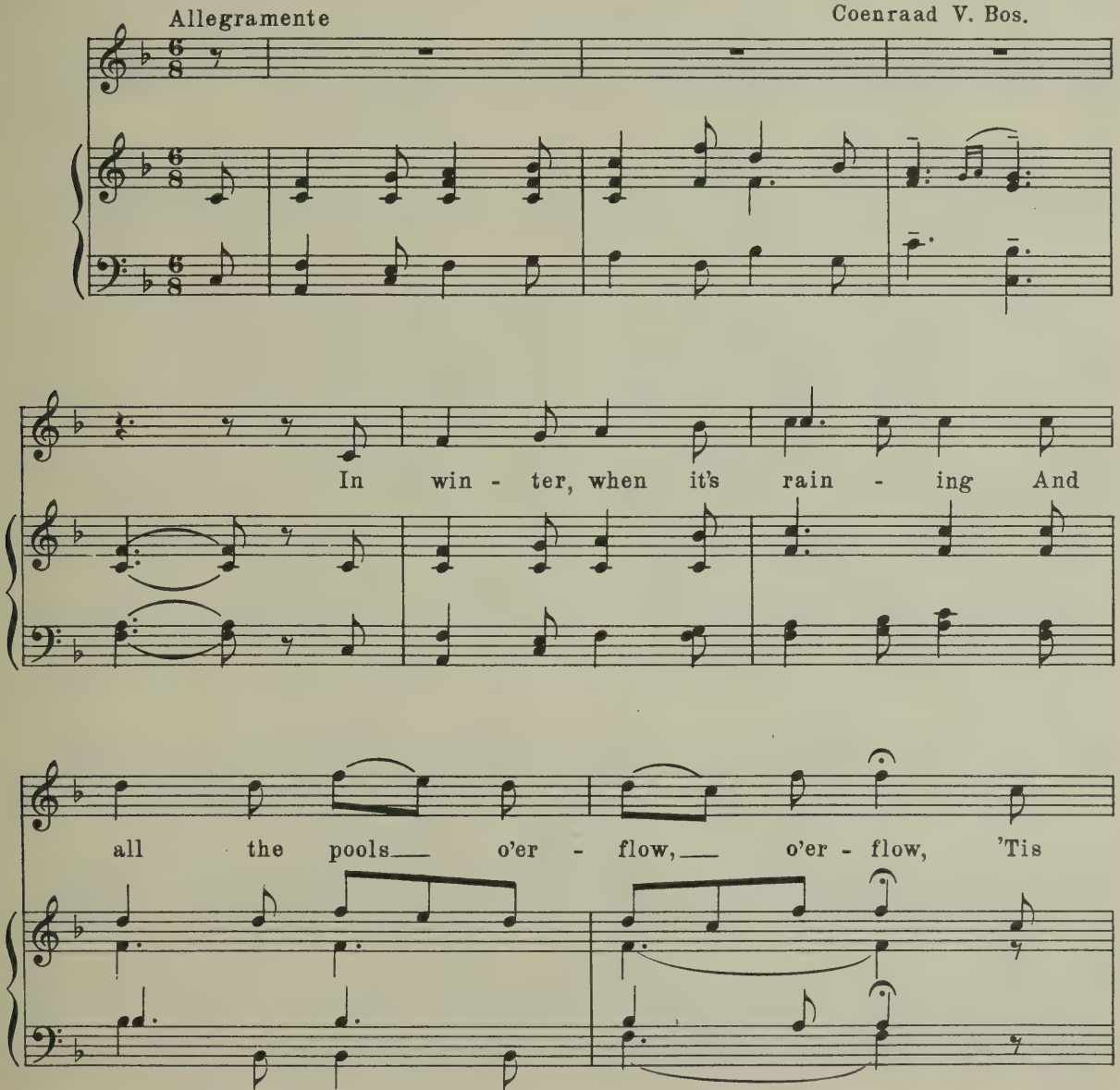
To earth there came this blessed night for us all,
Jesus, the Child who was born in a stall.
They put the Child in swaddling clothes in the hay;
There in a manger at rest did He stay.
His eyes were black as jet and bright as the star;
Rosy His cheeks as the dawn from afar.
He saw His mother's eyes so kind and He knew
She was all tender and holy and true.
He came upon the earth to bring us good cheer.
Wishing us all peace and love this New Year.

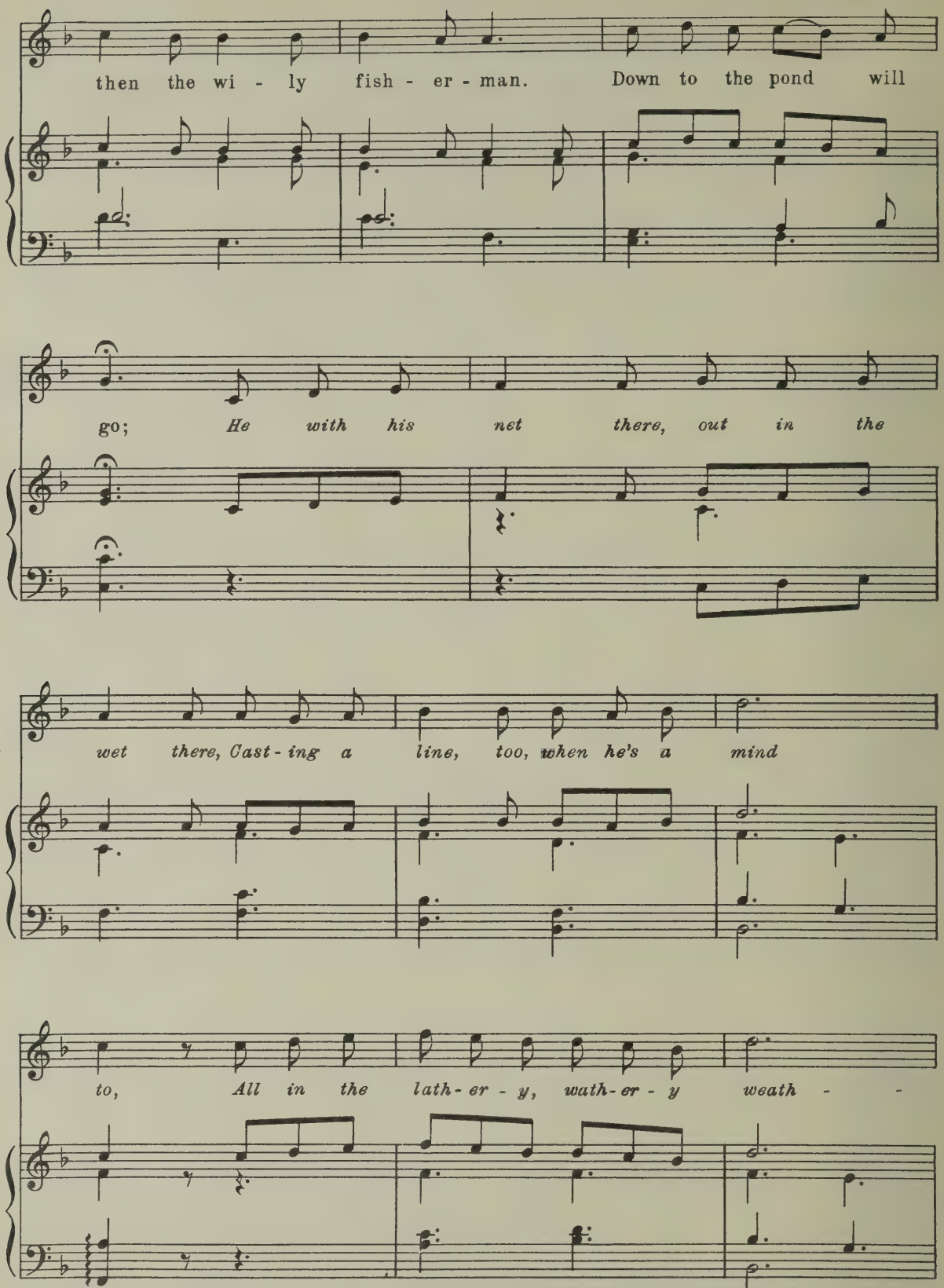
English version by
LOUISE DRISCOLL

IN WINTER, WHEN IT'S RAINING

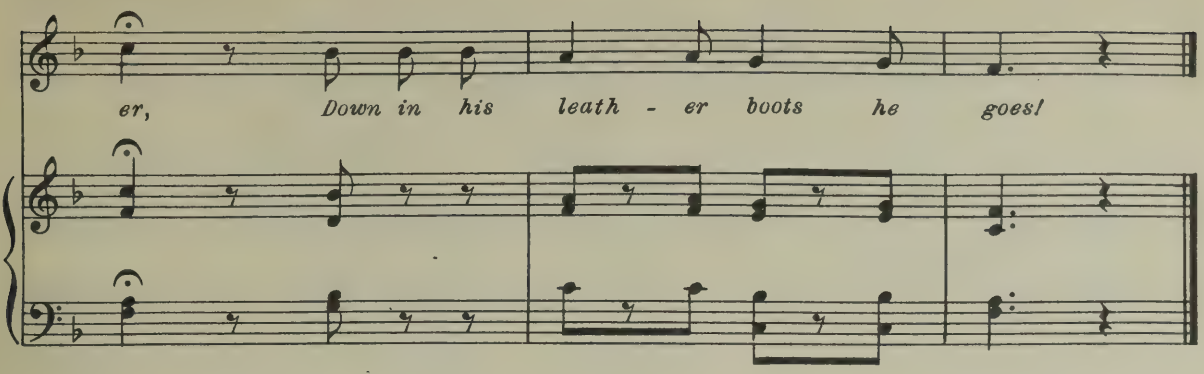
English version by
Dr. Th. Baker

From "Horae Belgicae", Part II
Arranged by
Coenraad V. Bos.





From "Dutch Folk Songs" Compiled and edited by Coenraad V. Bos. Published by G. Schirmer (Inc.)
34888



Des Winters Als Het Reghent

Des winters als het reghent,
Dan zijn de paetjes diep, ja diep,
Dan comt dat looze visschertjen
Visschen al inne dat riet.
Met sine rijfstoc, met sine strijcstoc,
Met sine lapsac, met sine cnapsac,
Met sine leere, van dirre dom deere,
Met sine leere leersjes aen."

Dat looze molenarinnetje
Ghinc in haer deurtjen staen, ja staen,
Omdat dat aerdich visschertje
Voor bi haer henen sou gaen.
Met sine rijfstoc, met sine strijcstoc,
Met sine lapsac, met sine cnapsac,
Met sine leere, van dirre dom deere,
Met sine leere leersjes aen.

"Wat heb ic jou misdreven,
Wat heb ic jou misdaen, ja daen,
En dat ic niet met vreden
Voor bi jouw deurtje mach gaen?
Met mine rijfstoc, met mine strijcstoc,
Met mine lapsac, met mine cnapsac,
Met mine leere, van dirre dom deere,
Met mine leere leersjes aen."

"Ghi hebt mi niet misdreven,
Ghi hebt mi niet misdaen, ja daen,
Maer ghi moet mi driemael soenen,
Eer ghi van hier meucht gaen.
Met uwe rijfstoc, met uwe strijcstoc,
Met uwe lapsac, met uwe cnapsac,
Met uwe leere, van dirre dom deere,
Met uwe leere leersjes aen."

In Winter, When It's Raining

In winter, when it's raining
And all the pools o'er-flow, o'er-flow
'Tis then the wily fisherman
Down to the pond will go;
He with his net there, out in the wet there,
Casting a line, too, when he's a mind to,
All in the lathery wathery weather,
Down in his leather boots he goes!

The winsome, wily miller's wife
Was waiting by her door, her door,
For there the goodly fisherman
Needs must pass before;
He with his net there, out in the wet there,
Casting a line, too, when he's a mind to,
All in the lathery wathery weather,
Down in his leather boots he goes!

What harm have I e'er done you,
Or aught of ill also, also,
That I must fear some mischief here
When to the pond I go?
I with my net here, out in the wet here,
Casting a line, too, when I've a mind to,
All in the lathery wathery weather,
Down in my leather boots I go!

No harm have you e'er done me,
Nor aught of ill I trow, I trow,
But kisses three you'll give to me,
Ere to the pond you go!
You with your net there, out in the wet there,
Casting a line, too, when you've a mind to,
All in the lathery wathery weather,
Down in your leather boots you go!

English version by
DR. TH. BAKER

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF SONGS

Title	*Country*	*English Version by*	*Page*
Across the Niemen	*Poland*	John Chipman Farrar	156
Agnes	*The Netherlands*	Edwin Markham	238
Ah! Ola, Ola	*Norway*	Miles M. Dawson	91
A High Mountain Stands	*Ukraine*	David Morton	207
Amid the Silence	*Poland*	Angela Morgan	172
As the Star	*Sweden*	Charles Wharton Stork	64
At the Spinning-Wheel	*Poland*	Katharine Lee Bates	164
At the Spring	*Lithuania*	H. B.	131
Bells, The	*Belgium*	Richard Burton	228
Bendemeer's Stream	*Ireland*	Thomas Moore	30
Bending Branch, The	*Ukraine*	Jacob Robbins	196
Beyond the Wood	*Finland*	Franklin P. Adams	103
Birch-Tree, The	*Russia*	Jacob Robbins	181
Birchen Brand, The	*Russia*	Jacob Robbins	177
Brown Lad, The	*Scotland*	Padraic Colum	17
By Daytime at My Work	*Sweden*	Charles Wharton Stork	71
By the Fireside	*Russia*	Grantland Rice	190
By the Lake	*Poland*	John Chipman Farrar	152
Caller Herrin'	*Scotland*	Lady Caroline Nairne	14
Choral	*Poland*	Clinton Scollard	141
Christ is Coming	*Russia*	Jacob Robbins	212
Christmas Greeting	*Russia*	Jacob Robbins	213
Christmas Polka	*Sweden*	Charles Wharton Stork	66
Come Lasses and Lads	*England*	Traditional	10
Come, My Dearest	*Esthonia*	David Morton	113
Cossack, The	*Poland*	Edwin Markham	162
Cossack's Lament	*Ukraine*	Clinton Scollard	202
Do Not Go, Gregory	*Ukraine*	Anna Mathewson	200
Down the Volga	*Russia*	Jacob Robbins	176
Excelsis! Gloria!	*Belgium*	Kathryn White Ryan	233
Fair Hills of Eire O, The	*Ireland*	Padraic Colum	28
Fair Una	*Ireland*	Carl G. Hardebeck	32
Fair Young Child, The	*Ireland*	Edward Walsh	40
Far in the Forest	*Finland*	Edwin Markham	105
Finnish Hymn	*Finland*	Edwin Markham	99
First Nowell, The	*England*	Traditional	12
Fly, Bird, Fly	*Denmark*	Frederick H. Martens	60
Gay Young Bachelor, The	*Finland*	Marguerite Wilkinson	108
Glory to the Lord in Zion	*Russia*	Jacob Robbins	174
Good Evening	*Denmark*	William Lyndon Wright	50
Green Grove, The	*Poland*	Grace Hazard Conkling	150
Harp Song	*Esthonia*	Marguerite Wilkinson	116
Hej Onward!	*Russia*	Jacob Robbins	182
Hey! 'Twas in the May	*The Netherlands*	Anna Mathewson	236
Hogmanay Night	*Scotland*	Amy Murray	19
How Quiet is the Moonrise	*Germany*	Jessie Lemont	219

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF SONGS—(*Cont'd*)

Title	*Country*	*English Version by*	*Page*
I Climb the Mountain	*Scotland*	Lachlan MacBean	21
In Kraakalund	*Norway*	Miles M. Dawson	84
I Laid Me Down so Softly	*Norway*	Miles M. Dawson	88
In My Dreams	*Lithuania*	C. H. B.	133
In the Orchard	*Russia*	Jacob Robbins	184
In Winter When It's Raining	*The Netherlands*	Dr. Theodore Baker	241
I See You Through the Window	*Norway*	Miles M. Dawson	78
Is This the Same Brook?	*Ukraine*	Harriet Whitney Symonds	205
Jack, Where are You Going?	*Poland*	Robert Haven Schauffler	147
Latvian National Hymn	*Latvia*	C. H. B.	122
Lithuanian National Hymn	*Lithuania*	William Griffith	126
Little Cudgel, The	*Russia*	Jacob Robbins	193
Little Sheep-Girl, The	*Belgium*	Leonora Speyer	230
Little Quail, The	*Poland*	Samuel Minturn Peck	158
Little Shepherd, The	*Poland*	Anna Hempstead Branch	145
Lovely Rose, The	*Finland*	David Morton	100
Lullaby Carol	*Poland*	Marguerite Wilkinson	170
Marsk Stig's Daughters	*Denmark*	Anna Mathewson	54
Moan to the Moon	*Esthonia*	Edwin Markham	120
Mother, Do Not Scold Me	*Russia*	Charles H. Botsford	187
Mother Sent Me	*Lithuania*	C. H. B.	136
Mountain Captive, The	*Sweden*	Charles Wharton Stork	69
Near Krakow	*Poland*	Walter Adolphe Roberts	143
Neckan's Polka	*Poland*	Charles Wharton Stork	73
Night	*Russia*	Jacob Robbins	188
Oberek	*Poland*	Arthur Guiterman	168
O, Crystal the Finest	*Sweden*	Charles Wharton Stork	75
O Fetch the Water	*Norway*	Miles M. Dawson	90
One Summer Day	*Denmark*	Margaret Widdemer	47
On the Mountain	*Germany*	Jessie Lemont	216
Onward, Brothers	*Poland*	Samuel Minturn Peck	140
Our Land	*Finland*	Dr. Montague H. Donner	94
Our Thoughts are Free	*Germany*	Jessie Lemont	218
Paul on the Hill	*Norway*	Anna Mathewson	81
Peddler, The	*Russia*	Jacob Robbins	185
Pierlala	*Belgium*	Anna Mathewson	231
Perfect Rose, The	*Denmark*	Edwin Markham	52
Petrus	*Russia*	Jacob Robbins	195
Polonaise	*Poland*	Padraic Colum	154
Polka	*Finland*	Louise Driscoll	109
Polish National Anthem	*Poland*	Edwin Markham	138
Purple-Gold Ribbon, The	*Sweden*	Gertrude H. McGiffert	67
Reapers on the Mountain	*Ukraine*	Edmund Leamy	210
Red-Headed Family, The	*Ukraine*	Jacob Robbins	203
Roselille	*Denmark*	Marion McArthur Laing	48
Rosemary	*Poland*	F. C.	161
Rötnam's Knut	*Norway*	Miles M. Dawson	86
Rushes and Roars the Wide Dnieper	*Ukraine*	Eva Valentine Trapnell	208

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF SONGS—(*Cont'd*)

Title	*Country*	*English Version by*	*Page*
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY	*England*	Henry Carey	8
SECRET LOVE	*Germany*	Babette Deutsch	226
SIMPLE BIRTH	*The Netherlands*	Louise Driscoll	240
SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL, THE	*Ireland*	George Petrie	25
SOFTLY FLOWS THE NIEMEN	*Lithuania*	Leonora Speyer	127
SONG OF MY DEAR	*Finland*	Florence Wilkinson	106
SOWING THE RUE	*Lithuania*	Edna St. Vincent Millay	130
SPINNER, THE	*Germany*	Louis Untermeyer	222
STENKA RAZIN	*Russia*	Jacob Robbins	179
SUMMER IS A-COMING IN	*England*	Traditional	2
SUN IS LOW, THE	*Ukraine*	H. B.	198
SUN RUNS ITS COURSE, THE	*Latvia*	Beatrice Barry	124
SUOMI'S SONG	*Finland*	Dr. Montague H. Donner	95
THERE IS A REAPER	*Germany*	Edwin Markham	224
THREE LEAVES ON THE LINDEN-TREE	*Germany*	Leonora Speyer	221
THREE RASCALS, THE	*Denmark*	William Lyndon Wright	56
THREE RAVENS, THE	*England*	Traditional	6
TODAY IN BETHLEHEM	*Lithuania*	F. C.	134
TROIKA, THE	*Russia*	Jacob Robbins	192
TUULAN TEI	*Finland*	Marguerite Wilkinson	99
VALE OF SHADOW	*Finland*	Charles H. Botsford	102
VENTURE, GWEN	*Welsh*	Gertrude H. McGiffert	44
WEDDING JOY	*Esthonia*	Edna St. Vincent Millay	118
WHEN THE SUN SHINES	*Poland*	Christopher Morley	165
WHERE DID YOU GROW?	*Latvia*	Beatrice Barry	123
WHY, O MOTHER?	*Poland*	Edna St. Vincent Millay	159
WIFE OF TONE, THE	*Ireland*	Padraic Colum	37
WILL YOU BE MINE?	*Esthonia*	Marguerite Wilkinson	114
WILLOW SONG	*England*	Traditional	4
WINDS BLOW, THE	*Ukraine*	Christopher Morley	199
YULETIDE	*Ukraine*	Jacob Robbins	214

34888